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DAPHNE.

AN AUTUMN PASTORAL.

I.

"HER Excellency, — will she have the politeness," said Daphne slowly, reading with some difficulty from a tiny Italian-English phrase-book, "the politeness to" — She stopped helpless. Old Giacomo gazed at her with questioning eyes. The girl turned the pages swiftly and chose another phrase.

"I go," she announced, "I go to make a walk."

Light flashed into Giacomo's face.

"*Si, si*, Signorina; yes, yes," he assented with voice and shoulders and a flourish of the spoon he was polishing. "*Capisco*; I understand."

Daphne consulted her dictionary.

"Down there," she said gravely, pointing toward the top of the great hill on whose side the villa stood.

"Certainly," answered Giacomo with a bow, too much pleased by understanding when there was no reason for it to be captious in regard to the girl's speech. "The Signorina *non ha paura*, not 'fraid?"

"I'm not afraid of anything," was the answer in English. The Italian version of it was a shaking of the head. Then both dictionary and phrase-book were consulted.

"To return," she stated finally, "to return to eat at six hours." Then she looked expectantly about.

"Assunta?" she said inquiringly, with a slight shrug of her shoul-

ders, for other means of expression had failed.

"*Capisco, capisco*," shouted Giacomo, in his excitement trailing on the marble floor the chamois skin with which he had been polishing the silver, and speaking in what seemed to his listener one word of a thousand syllables.

"The — Signorina — goes — to — walk — upon — the — hills — above — the — villa — because — it — is — a — most — beautiful — day. — She — returns — to — dine — at — six — and — wishes — Assunta — to — have — dinner — prepared. — Perhaps — the — Signorina — would — tell — what — she — would — like — for — her — dinner? — A — roast — chicken, — yes? — A — salad, — yes?"

Daphne looked dubiously at him though he had stated the case with entire accuracy, and had suggested for her solitary meal what she most liked. There was a slight pucker in her white forehead, and she vouchsafed no answer to what she did not understand.

"*Addio, addio*," she said earnestly.

"*A rivederla!*" answered Giacomo, with a courtly sweep of the chamois skin.

The girl climbed steadily up the moist, steep path leading to the deep shadow of a group of ilex trees on the hill. At her side a stream of water trickled past drooping maidenhair fern and over immemorial moss. Here and

there it fell in little cascades, making a sleepy murmur in the warm air of afternoon. Halfway up the hill Daphne paused and looked back. Below the yellow walls of the Villa Accolanti, standing in a wide garden with encompassing poplars and cypresses, stretched great grassy slopes and gray-green olive orchards. The water from the stream, gathered in a stone basin at the foot of the hill, flowed in a marble conduit through the open hall. As she looked she was aware of two old brown faces anxiously gazing after her. Giacomo and Assunta were chattering eagerly in the doorway, the black of his butler's dress and the white of his protecting apron making his wife's purple calico skirt and red shoulder shawl look more gay. They caught the last flutter of the girl's blue linen gown as it disappeared among the ilexes.

"*È molto bella*, very beautiful, the Signorina," remarked Assunta. "What gray eyes she has, and how she walks!"

"But she knows no speech," responded her husband.

"*Ma che!*" shouted Assunta scornfully, "she talks American. You could n't expect them to speak like us over there. They are not Romans in America."

"My brother Giovanni is there," remarked Giacomo. "She could have learned of him."

"She is like the Contessa," said Assunta. "You would know they are sisters, only this one is younger and has something more sweet."

"This one is grave," objected Giacomo as he polished. "She does not smile so much. The Contessa is gay. She laughs and sings and her cheeks grow red when she drinks red wine, and her hair is more yellow."

"She makes it so!" snapped Assunta.

"I have heard they all do in Rome," said Giacomo. "Some day I would like to go to see."

"To go away, to leave this girl here alone with us when she had just

arrived!" interrupted Assunta. "I have no patience with the Contessa."

"But was n't his Highness's father sick? And did n't she have to go? Else they would n't get his money, and all would go to the younger brother. You don't understand these things, you women." Giacomo's defense of his lady got into his fingers, and added much to the brightness of the spoons. The two talked together now, as fast as human tongues could go.

Assunta. She could have taken the Signorina.

Giacomo. She could n't. It's fever.

Assunta. She could have left her maid.

Giacomo. Thank the holy father she did n't!

Assunta. And without a word of language to make herself understood.

Giacomo. She can learn, can't she?

Assunta. And with the cook gone, too! It's a great task for us.

Giacomo. You'd better be about it! . . . Going walking alone on the hills! And calling me "Excellency." There's no telling what these Americans will do.

Assunta. She did n't know any better. When she has been here a week she won't call you "Excellency!" I must make macaroni for dinner.

Giacomo. *Ma che!* Macaroni? Roast chicken and salad.

Assunta. *Niente!* Macaroni!

Giacomo. Roast chicken! You are a pretty one to take the place of the cook!

Assunta. Roast chicken then! But what are you standing here for in the hall polishing spoons? If the Contessa could see you!

Assunta dragged her husband by the hem of his white apron through the great marble-paved dining room out into the smoke-browned kitchen in the rear.

"Now where's Tommaso, and how am I going to get my chicken?" she demanded. "And why, in the name of all the saints, should an American signorina's illustrious name be Daphne?"

II.

An hour later it was four o'clock. High, high up among the sloping hills Daphne sat on a great gray stone. Below her, out beyond olive orchards and lines of cypress, beyond the distant stone pines, stretched the Campagna, rolling in, like the sea that it used to be, wave upon wave of color, green here, but purple in the distance, and changing every moment with the shifting shadows of the floating clouds. Dome and tower there, near the line of shining sea, meant Rome.

Full sense of the enchantment of it all looked out of the girl's face. Wonder sat on her forehead, and on her parted lips. It was a face serious, either with persistent purpose or with some momentary trouble, yet full of an exquisite hunger for life and light and space. Eyes and hair and curving cheek, — all the girl's sensitive being seemed struggling to accept the gift of beauty before her, almost too great to grasp.

"After this," she said half aloud, her far glance resting on Rome in the hazy distance, "anything is possible."

"I don't seem real," she added, touching her left hand with the forefinger of her right. "It is Italy, *Italy*, and that is Rome. Can all this exist within two weeks of the rush and jangle of Broadway?"

There was no answer, and she half closed her eyes, intoxicated with beauty.

A live thing darted across her foot, and she looked down to catch a glimpse of something like a slender green flame licking its way through the grass.

"Lizards crawling over me unrebuked," she said smiling. "Perhaps the millennium has come."

She picked two grass blades and a single fern.

"They are n't real, you know," she said, addressing herself. "This is all too good to be true. It will fold up in a minute and move away to make ready

for the next act, and that will be full of tragedy, with an ugly background."

The heights still invited. She rose, and wandered on and up. Her step had the quick movement of a dweller in cities, not the slow pace of those who linger along country roads, keeping step with nature. In the cut and fashion of her gown was evinced sophistication, and a high seriousness, possibly not her own.

She watched the deep imprint that her footsteps made in the soft grass.

"I'm half afraid to step on the earth here," she murmured to herself. "It seems to be quivering with old life."

The sun hung lower in the west. Of its level golden beams were born a thousand shades of color on the heights and in the hollows of the hills. Over all the great Campagna blue, yellow, and purple blended in an autumn haze.

"Oh!" cried the girl, throwing out her arms to take in the new sense of life that came flooding in upon her. "I cannot take it in. It is too great."

As she climbed, a strength springing from sheer delight in the wide beauty before her came into her face.

"It was selfish, and I am going to take it back. To-night I will write and say so. I could face anything now."

This hill, and then the side of that; one more gate, then Daphne turned for another look at Rome and the sea. Rome and the sea were gone. Here was a great olive orchard, there a pasture touching the sky, but where was anything belonging to her? Somewhere on the hills a lamb was bleating, and near the crickets chirped. Yes, it was safe, perfectly safe, yet the blue gown moved where the heart thumped beneath it.

A whistle came floating down the valley to her. It was merry and quick, but it struck terror to the girl's breast. That meant a man. She stood and watched, with terrified gray eyes, and presently she saw him: he was crashing

through a heavy undergrowth of bush and fern not far away. Daphne gathered her skirts in one hand and fled. She ran as only an athletic girl can run, swiftly, gracefully. Her skirt fluttered behind her; her soft dark hair fell and floated on the wind.

The whistle did not cease, though the man was motionless now. It changed from its melody of sheer joy to wonder, amazement, suspense. It took on soothing tones; it begged, it wheedled. So a mother would whistle, if mothers whistled, over the cradle of a crying child, but the girl did not stop. She was running up a hill, and at the top she stood, outlined in blue, against a bluer sky. A moment later she was gone.

Half an hour passed. Cautiously above the top of the hill appeared a girl's head. She saw what she was looking for: the dreaded man was sitting on the stump of a felled birch tree, gazing down the valley, his cheeks resting on his hands. Daphne, stealing behind a giant ilex, studied him. He wore something that looked like a golf suit of brownish shade; a soft felt hat drooped over his face. The girl peered out from her hiding place cautiously, holding her skirts together to make herself slim and small. It was a choice of evils. On this side of the hill was a man; on that, the whole wide world, pathless. She was hopelessly lost.

"No bad man could whistle like that," thought Daphne, caressingly touching with her cheek the tree that protected her.

Once she ventured from her refuge, then swiftly retreated. Courage returning, she stepped out on tiptoe and crept softly toward the intruder. She was rehearsing the Italian phrases she meant to use.

"Where is Rome?" she asked pleadingly, in the Roman tongue.

The stranger rose, with no sign of being startled, and removed his hat. Then Daphne sighed a great sigh of relief, feeling that she was safe.

"Rome," he answered, in a voice both strong and sweet, "Rome has perished, and Athens too."

"Oh" — said the girl. "You speak English. If you are not a stranger here, perhaps you can tell me where the Villa Accolanti is."

"I can," he replied, preparing to lead the way.

Daphne looked at him now. He was different from any person she had ever seen. Face and head belonged to some antique type of virile beauty; eyes, hair, and skin seemed all of one golden brown. He walked as if his very steps were joyous, and his whole personality seemed to radiate an atmosphere of firm content. The girl's face was puzzled as she studied him. This look of simple happiness was not familiar in New York.

They strode on side by side, over the slopes where the girl had lost her way. Every moment added to her sense of trust.

"I am afraid I startled you," she said, "coming up so softly."

"No," he answered smiling. "I knew that you were behind the ilex."

"You could n't see!"

"I have ways of knowing."

He helped her courteously over the one stone wall they had to climb, but, though she knew that he was watching her, he made no attempt to talk. At last they reached the ilex grove above the villa, and Daphne recognized home.

"I am grateful to you," she said, wondering at this unwonted sense of being embarrassed. "Perhaps, if you will come some day to the villa for my sister to thank you" — The sentence broke off. "I am Daphne Willis," she said abruptly, and waited.

"And I am Apollo," said the stranger gravely.

"Apollo — what?" asked the girl. Did they use the old names over here?

"Phœbus Apollo," he answered, unsmiling. "Is America so modern that you do not know the older gods?"

"Why do you call me an American?"

A smile flickered across Apollo's lips.

"A certain insight goes with being a god."

Daphne started back and looked at him, but the puzzled scrutiny did not deepen the color of his brown cheek. Suddenly she was aware that the sunlight had faded, leaving shadow under the ilexes and about the fountain on the hill.

"I must say good-night," she said, turning to descend.

He stood watching every motion that she made until she disappeared within the yellow walls of the villa.

III.

Through the great open windows of the room night with all her stars was shining. Daphne sat by a carved table in the salon, the clear light of a four-flamed Roman lamp falling on her hair and hands. She was writing a letter, and, judging by her expression, letter writing was a matter of life and death.

"I am afraid that I was brutal," the wet ink ran. "Every day on the sea told me that. I was cowardly, too."

She stopped to listen to the silence, broken only by the murmur of insects calling to each other in the dark. Suddenly she laughed aloud.

"I ought never to have gone so far away," she remarked to the night. "What would Aunt Alice say? Anyway he is a gentleman, even if he is a god!"

"For I thought only of myself," the pen continued, "and ignored the obligations I had accepted. It is for you to choose whether you wish the words of that afternoon unsaid."

The letter signed and sealed, she rose with a great sigh of relief, and walked out upon the balcony. Overhead was the deep blue sky of a Roman night, broken by the splendor of the stars. She leaned over the stone railing of the balcony, feeling beneath her, beyond the

shadow of the cypress trees, the distance and darkness of the Campagna. There was a murmur of water from the fountain in the garden, and from the cascades on the hill.

"If he were Apollo," she announced to the listening stars, "it would not be a bit more wonderful than the rest of it. This is just a different world, that is all, and who knows whom I shall meet next? Maybe, if I haunt the hills, Diana will come and invite me to go a-hunting. Perhaps if Anna had stayed at home this world would seem nearer."

She came back into the salon, but before she knew it, her feet were moving to a half-remembered measure, and she found herself dancing about the great room in the dim light, the cream-colored draperies of her dinner gown moving rhythmically after her. Suddenly she stopped short, realizing that her feet were keeping pace with the whistling of this afternoon, the very notes that had terrified her while the stranger was unseen. She turned her attention to a piece of tapestry on the wall, tracing the faded pattern with slim fingers. For the twentieth time her eyes wandered to the mosaic floor, to the splendid, tarnished mirrors on the walls, to the carved chairs and table legs, wrought into cunning patterns of leaf and stem.

"Oh, it is all perfect! And I've got it all to myself!" she exclaimed.

Then she seated herself at the table again and began another letter.

PADRE MIO, — It is an enchanted country! You never saw such beauty of sky and grass and trees. These cypresses and poplars seem to have been standing against the blue sky from all eternity; time is annihilated, and the gods of Greece and Rome are wandering about the hills.

Anna has gone away. Her father-in-law is very ill, and naturally Count Accolanti is gone too. Even the cook has departed, because of a family crisis

of his own. I am here with the butler and his wife to take care of me, and I am perfectly safe. Don't be alarmed, and don't tell Aunt Alice that the elaborate new gowns will have no spectators save two Roman peasants and possibly a few sheep. Anna wanted to send me an English maid from Rome, but I begged with tears, and she let me off. Assunta is all I need. She and Giacomo are the real thing, peasants, absolutely unspoiled. They have never been five miles away from the estate, and I know they have all kinds of superstitions and beliefs that go with the soil. I shall find them out when I can understand. At present we converse with eyes and fingers, for our six weeks' study of Italian has not brought me knowledge enough to order my dinner.

Padre carissimo, I've written to Eustace to take it all back. I am afraid you won't like it, for you seemed pleased when it was broken off, but I was unkind and I am sorry, and I want to make amends. You really ought n't to disapprove of a man, you know, just because he wants altar candles and intones the service. And I think his single-minded devotion is beautiful. You do not know what a refuge it has been to me through all Aunt Alice's receptions and teas.

Do leave New York, and come and live with me near ancient Rome. We can easily slip back two thousand years.

I am your spoiled daughter,

DAPHNE.

There was a knock at the door.

"Avanti," called the girl.

Assunta entered, with a saffron-colored nightcap on. In her hand she held Giacomo's great brass watch, and she pointed in silence to the face, which said twelve o'clock. She put watch and candle on the table, marched to the windows, and closed and bolted them all.

"The candles are lighted in the Signorina's bedroom," she remarked.

"Thank you," said Daphne, who did not understand a word.

"The bed is prepared, and the night things are put out."

"Yes?" answered Daphne, smiling.

"The hot water will be at the door at eight in the morning."

"So many thanks!" murmured Daphne, not knowing what favor was bestowed, but knowing that if it came from Assunta it was good.

"Good-night, Signorina."

The girl's face lighted. She understood that.

"Good-night," she answered, in the Roman tongue.

Assunta muttered to herself as she lighted her way with her candle down the long hall.

"*Molto intelligente, la Signorina!* Only here three days, and already understands all."

"You don't need speech here," said Daphne, pulling aside the curtains of her tapestried bed a little later. "The Italians can infer all you mean from a single smile."

Down the road a peasant was merrily beating his donkey to the measure of the tune on his lips. Listening, and turning over many questions in her mind, Daphne fell asleep. A flood of sunshine awakened her in the morning, and she realized that Assunta was drawing the window curtains.

"Assunta," asked the girl, sitting up in bed, and rubbing her eyes, "are there many Americans here?"

"Si," answered Assunta, "very many."

"And many English?"

"Too many," said Assunta.

"Young ones?" asked the girl.

Assunta shrugged her shoulders.

"Young men?" inquired Daphne.

The peasant woman looked sharply at her, then smiled.

"I saw one man yesterday," said Daphne, her forehead puckered painfully in what Assunta mistook for a look of fear. Her carefully prepared

phrases could get no nearer the problem she wished solved.

"*Ma che! agnellina mia*, my little lamb!" cried the peasant woman, grasping Daphne's hand in order to kiss her fingers, "you are safe, safe with us. No Americans nor English shall dare to look at the Signorina in the presence of Giacomo and me."

IV.

It was not a high wall, that is, not very high. Many a time in the country Daphne had climbed more formidable ones, and there was no reason why she should not try this. No one was in sight except a shepherd, watching a great flock of sheep. There was a forgotten rose garden over in that field: had Cæsar planted it, or Tiberius, centuries ago? Certainly no one had tended it for a thousand years or two, and the late pink roses grew unchecked. Daphne slowly worked her way to the top of the wall: this close masonry made the proceeding more difficult than it usually was at home. She stood for a moment on the summit, glorying in the widened view, then sprang, with the lightness of a kitten, to the other side. There was a skurry of frightened sheep, and then a silence. She knew that she was sitting on the grass, and that her left wrist pained. Some one was coming toward her.

"Are you hurt?" asked Apollo anxiously.

"Not at all," she answered, continuing to sit on the grass.

"If you were hurt, where would it be?"

"In my wrist," said the girl, with a little groan.

The questioner knelt beside her, and Daphne gave a start of surprise that was touched with fear.

"It isn't you?" she stammered. "You are n't the shepherd?"

A sheepskin coat disguised him. The rough hat was of soft drooping felt, like

that of any shepherd watching on the hills, and in his hand he held a crook. An anxious mother-sheep was sniffing eagerly at his pockets, remembering gifts of salt.

"Apollo was a shepherd," said Daphne slowly, with wonder in her face. "He kept the flocks of King Admetus."

"You seem to be well read in the classical dictionary," remarked the stranger with twinkling eyes. "You have them in America then?"

He was examining her wrist with practiced fingers, touching it firmly here and there.

"We have everything in America," said the girl, eyeing him dubiously.

"But no gods, except money, I have heard."

"Yes, gods, and impostors too," she answered significantly.

"So I have heard," said Apollo, with composure.

The maddening thing was that she could not look away from him: some radiance of life in his face compelled her eyes. He had thrown his hat upon the grass, and the girl could see strength and sweetness and repose in every line of forehead, lip, and chin. There was pride there, too, and with it a slight leaning forward of the head.

"I presume that comes from listening to beseeching prayers," she was thinking to herself.

"Ow!" she remarked suddenly.

"That is the place, is it?"

He drew from one of the pockets of the grotesque coat a piece of sheepskin which he proceeded to cut into two strips with his knife.

"It seems to be a very slight sprain," remarked Apollo. "I must bandage it. Have you any pins about you?"

"Can the gods lack pins?" asked the girl, smiling. She searched, and found two in her belt, and handed them to him.

"The gods do not explain themselves," he answered, binding the sheepskin tightly about her wrist.

"So I observe," she remarked dryly.

"Is that right?" he asked. "Now, when you reach home, you must remove the bandage, and hold your hand and wrist first in very hot water, then in cold. Is there some one who can put the bandage back as I have it? See, it simply goes about the wrist, and is rather tight. You must pardon my taking possession of the case, but no one else was near. Apollo has always been something of a physician, you know."

"You apparently used the same classical dictionary that I did," retorted Daphne. "I remember the statement there."

Then she became uncomfortable, and wished her words unsaid, for awe had come upon her. After all, nothing could be more unreal than she was to herself in these days of wonder. Her mind was full of dreams as they sat and watched white clouds drifting over the deep blue of the sky. Near them the sheep were cropping grass, and all the rest was silence.

"You look anxious," said the physician. "Is it the wrist?"

"No," answered the girl, facing him bravely, under the momentary inspiration of a wave of common sense, "I am wondering why you make this ridiculous assumption about yourself. Tell me who you really are."

If he had defended himself she would have argued, but he was silent and she half believed.

"But you look like a mortal," she protested, answering her own thoughts. "And you wear conventional clothing. I don't mean this sheepskin, but the other day."

"It is a realistic age," he answered, smiling. "People no longer believe what they do not see. We are forced to adopt modern methods and modern costume to show that we exist."

"You do not look like the statue of Apollo," ventured Daphne.

"Did people ever dare tell the truth about the gods? Never! They made

up a notion of what a divine nose should be, and bestowed it upon all the gods impartially. So with the forehead, so with the hair. I assure you, Miss Willis, we are much more individual than Greek art would lead you to expect."

"Do you mind just telling me why you are keeping sheep now?"

"I will, if you will promise not to consider a question of mine impertinent."

"What is the question?"

"I only wished to know why an American young lady should bear a Greek name? It is a beautiful name, and one that is a favorite of mine, as you may know."

"I did n't know," said Daphne. "It was given me by my father. He was born in America, but he had a Greek soul. He has always longed to live in Greece, but he has to go on preaching, preaching, for he is a rector, you know, in a little church in New York, that is n't very rich, though it is very old. All his life he has been hungry for the beauty and the greatness of the world over here."

"That accounts for your expression," observed Apollo.

"What expression?"

"That is n't the question I promised to answer. If you will take a few steps out of your way, I can satisfy you in regard to the first one you asked."

He rose, and the white shepherd dog sprang ahead, barking joyously. The sheep looked up and nibbled in anxious haste, fearing that any other bit of pasture might be less juicy than this. Daphne followed the shepherd god to a little clump of oak trees, where she saw a small, rough gray tent, perhaps four feet in height. Under it, on brown blankets, lay a bearded man, whose eyes lighted at Apollo's approach. A blue bowl with a silver spoon in it stood on the ground near his head, and a small heap of charred sticks with an overhanging kettle showed that cooking had been done there.

"The shepherd has a touch of fever," explained the guide. "Meanwhile, somebody must take care of the sheep. I am glad to get back my two occupations as shepherd and physician at the same time."

The dog and his master accompanied her part way down the hill, and the girl was silent, for her mind was busy, revolving many thoughts. At the top of the last height above the villa she stopped and looked at her companion. The sun was setting, and a golden haze filled the air. It ringed with light the figure before her, standing there, the face, with its beauty of color, and its almost insolent joyousness, rising above the rough sheepskin coat.

"Who are you?" she gasped, terrified. "Who are you, really?" The confused splendor dazzled her eyes, and she turned and ran swiftly down the hill.

V.

"A man is ill," observed Daphne, in the Roman tongue.

"What?" demanded Giacomo.

"A man is ill," repeated Daphne firmly. She had written it out, and she knew that it was right.

"Her mind wanders," Giacomo hinted to his wife.

"No, no, no! It's the Signorina herself," cried Assunta, whose wits were quicker than her husband's. "She is saying that she is ill. What is it, Signorina mia? Is it your head, or your back, or your stomach? Are you cold? Have you fever?"

"Si," answered Daphne calmly. The answer that usually quieted Assunta failed now. Then she tried the smile. That also failed.

"Tell me," pleaded Assunta, speaking twice as fast as usual in order to move the Signorina's wits to quicker understanding. "If the Signorina is ill the Contessa will blame me. It is measles perhaps; Sor Tessa's children

have it in the village." She felt of the girl's forehead and pulse, and stood more puzzled than before.

"The Signorina exaggerates, perhaps," she remarked in question.

"Thank you!" said Daphne beseechingly. That was positively her last shot, and if it missed its aim she knew not what to do. She saw that the two brown faces before her were full of apprehension, and she came back to her original proposition.

"A man is ill."

The faces were blank. Daphne hastily consulted her phrase-book.

"I wish food," she remarked glibly.

"I wish soup, and fish, and red wine and white, and everything included, *tutto compreso*."

The two faces lighted: these were more familiar terms.

"Now?" cried Assunta and Giacomo in one breath, "at ten o'clock in the morning?"

"Si," answered Daphne firmly, "please, thank you." And she disappeared.

An hour later they summoned her, and looked at her in bewilderment when she entered the dining-room with her hat on. Giacomo stood ready for service, and the Signorina's soup was waiting on the table.

The girl laughed when she saw it.

"*Per me?* No," she said, touching her dress with her finger; "for him, up there," and she pointed upward.

Giacomo shook his head and groaned, for his understanding was exhausted.

"I go to carry food to the man who is ill," recited Daphne, her foot tapping the floor in impatience. She thrust her phrase-book out toward Giacomo, but he shook his head again, being one whose knowledge was superior to the mere accomplishment of reading.

Daphne's short skirt and red felt hat disappeared in the kitchen. Presently she returned with Assunta and a basket. The two understood her immediate purpose now, however bewildering the ulti-

mate. They packed the basket with a right good will: red wine in a transparent flask, yellow soup in a shallow pitcher, bread, crisp lettuce, and thin slices of beef. Then Daphne gave the basket to Giacomo and beckoned him to come after her.

He climbed behind his lady up the narrow path by the waterfall, through damp grass and trickling fern, then up the great green slope toward the clump of oak trees. By the low gray tent they halted, and Giacomo's expression changed. He had not understood the Signorina, he said hastily, and he begged the Signorina's pardon. She was good, she was gracious.

"Speak to him," said Daphne impatiently; "go in, give him food."

He lifted the loose covering that served as the side of a tent and found the sick man. Giacomo chattered, his brown fingers moving swiftly by way of punctuation. The sick man chattered, too, his fingers moving more slowly in their weakness. Giacomo seemed excited by what he heard, and Daphne, watching from a little distance, wondered if fever must not increase under the influence of tongues that wagged so fast. She strolled away, picking tiny, pink-tipped daisies and blue succory blossoms growing in the moist green grass. From high on a distant hillside, among his nibbling sheep, the shepherd watched.

Giacomo presently stopped talking and fed the invalid the soup and part of the wine he had brought. He knew too much, as a wise Italian, to give a sick man bread and beef. Then he made promises of blankets, and of more soup to-morrow, tucked the invalid up again, and prepared to go home. On the way down the hill he was explosive in his excitement: surely the Signorina must understand such vehement words.

"The sheep are Count Gianelli's sheep," he shouted. "I knew the sheep before, and there is n't a finer flock on the hills. This man is from Ortalo, a

day's journey. The Signorina understands?"

She smiled, the reassuring smile that covers ignorance. Then she came nearer, and bent her tall head to listen.

"His name is Antoli," said Giacomo, speaking more distinctly. "Four days ago he fell ill with fever and with chills. He lay on the ground among the sheep, for he had only his blanket that the shepherds use at night. The sheep nibbled close to him, and touched his face with their tongues, and bit off hairs from his head as they cropped the grass, but they did not care. Sheep never do! Ah, how a dog cares! The Signorina wishes to hear the rest?"

Daphne nodded eagerly, for she had actually understood several sentences.

"The second day he felt a warm tongue licking his face, and there were paws on his breast as he waked from sleep. It was a white dog. He opened his eyes, and there before him was a Signorino, young, beautiful as a god, in a suit of brown. Since then Antoli has wanted nothing, food, nor warm covering, nor medicine, nor kind words. The Signorino wears his sheepskin coat and tends his sheep!"

Giacomo's voice was triumphant with delight as he pointed toward the distant flock with the motionless attendant. The girl's face shone, half in pleasure, half in fear. "Beautiful as a god" was more like the Italian she had read in her father's study in New York than were the phrases Giacomo and Assunta employed for every day. She had comprehended all of her companion's excitement, and many of his words, for much of the story was already hers.

"Giacomo," she said, speaking slowly, "are the gods here yet?"

The old peasant looked at her with cunning eyes, and made with his fingers the sign of the horn that wards off evil.

"*Chi lo sa?* Who knows, Signorina?" he said, half whispering. "There are stories — I have heard — the Signorina sees these ilex trees? Over yon-

der was a great one in my father's day, and the old Count Accolanti would have it cut. He came to watch it as it fell, and the tree tumbled the wrong way and struck him so that he half lost his wits. There are who say that the tree god was angry. And I have heard about the streams too, Signorina: when they are turned out of their course, they overflow and do damage, and surely there used to be river gods. I do not know; I cannot tell. The priest says they are all gone since the coming of our Lord, but I would n't, not for all the gold in Rome, I would n't see this stream of the water-falls turned away from flowing down the hill and through the house. What there is in it I do not know, but in some way it is alive."

"Thank you!" said Daphne. The look on her face pleased the old man.

"I think I prefer her to the Contessa after all," said Giacomo that afternoon to Assunta as he was beating the salad dressing for dinner. "She is *simpatica*! It is wonderful how she understands, though she cannot yet talk much. But her eyes speak."

They served her dinner with special care that night, for kindness to an unfortunate fellow peasant had won what still needed winning of their hearts. She sat alone in the great dining-hall, with Giacomo moving swiftly about her on the marble floor. On the white linen and silver, on her face and crimson gown gleamed the light of many candles, standing in old-fashioned branching candlesticks. She pushed away her soup: it seemed an intrusion. Not until she heard Giacomo's murmur of disappointment as she refused salad did she rouse herself to do justice to the dressing he had made. Her eyes were the eyes of one living in a dream. Suddenly she awakened to the fact that she was hungry, and Giacomo grinned as she asked him to bring back the roast, and let him fill again with cool red wine the slender glass at her right hand. When the time for dessert came, she lifted a bunch of

purple grapes and put them on her plate, breaking them off slowly with fingers that got stained.

"I shall wake up by and by!" she said, leaning back in her carved Florentine chair. "Only I hope it may be soon. Otherwise," she added, nibbling a bit of ginger, unconscious that her figures were mixed, "I shall forget my way back to the world."

VI.

There were two weeks of golden days. The sun rose clear over the green hills behind the villa, and dropped at night into the blue sea the other side of Rome. Daphne counted off the minutes in pulse beats that were actual pleasure. Between box hedges, past the clusters of roses, chrysanthemums and dahlias in the villa garden, she walked, wondering that she had never known before that the mere crawling of the blood through the veins could mean joy. She was utterly alone, solitary, speechless; there were moments when the thought of her sister's present trouble, and of the letter she was expecting from New York, would take the color from the sky; but no vexatious thought could long resist the enchantment of this air, and she forgot to be unhappy. She saw no more of the shepherd god, but always she was conscious of a presence in the sunshine on the hills.

On the eighth morning, as she paced the garden walks a lizard scampered from her path, and she chased it as a five year old child might have done. A slim cypress tree stood in her way; she grasped it in her arms, and held it, laying her cheek against it as if it were a friend. Some new sense was dawning in her of kinship with branch and flower. She was forgetting how to think: she was Daphne, the Greek maiden, whose life was half the life of a tree.

When she took her arms from the tree she saw that he was there, looking

at her from over the hedge, with the golden brown lights in eyes and hair, and the smile that had no touch of amusement in it, only of happiness.

"Sometimes," he murmured, "you remind me of Hebe, but, on the whole, I think you are more like my sister Diana."

"Tell me about Diana," begged Daphne, coming near the hedge, and putting one hand on the close green leaves.

"We were great friends as children," observed Apollo. "It was I who taught her how to hunt, and we used to chase each other in the woods. When I went faster than she did, she used to get angry and say she would not play. Oh, those were glorious mornings, when the light was clear at dawn!"

"Why are you here?" asked Daphne abruptly, "and, if you will excuse me, where did you come from?"

"Surely you have heard about the gods being exiled from Greece! We wander, for the world has cast us out. Some day they will need us again, and will pluck the grass from our shrines, and then we shall come back to teach them."

"Teach them what?" asked the girl. She could make out nothing from the mystery of that face, and, besides, she did not dare to look too closely.

"I should teach them joy," he answered simply.

They were so silent, looking at each other over the dark green hedge, that the lizards crept back in the sunshine close to their feet. Daphne's blue gown and smooth dark hair were outlined against the deep green of her cypress tree. A grape-vine that had grown about the tree threw the shadow of delicate leaf and curling tendril on her pale cheek and scarlet lips. The expression of the heathen god as he looked at her denoted entire satisfaction.

"I know what you would teach them," she said slowly. "You would show them how to ignore suffering and pain. You would turn your back on need. Oh, that

makes me think that I have forgotten to take your friend Antoli any soup lately! For three days I took it, and then, and then—I have been worried about things."

His smile was certainly one of amusement now.

"You must pardon me for seeming to change the subject," he said. "Why should you worry? There is nothing in life worth worrying about."

Fine scorn crept into the girl's face.

"No," he continued, answering her expression. "I don't ignore. I am glad because I have chosen to be glad, and because I have won my content. There is a strenuous peace for those who can fight their way through to it."

Suddenly, through the beauty of his color, the girl saw, graven as with a fine tool upon his face, a story of grief mastered. In the lines of chin and mouth and forehead it lurked there, half hidden by his smile.

"Tell me," said Daphne impulsively. Her hand moved nearer on the hedge, but she did not know it. He shook his head, and the veil dropped again.

"Why tell?" he asked. "Isn't there present misery enough before our eyes always without remembering the old?"

She only gazed at him, with a puzzled frown on her forehead.

"So you think it is your duty to worry?" he asked, the joyous note coming back into his voice.

Daphne broke into a smile.

"I suppose I do," she confessed. "And it's so hard here. I keep forgetting."

"Why do you want to remember?"

"It is so selfish not to."

He nodded, with an air of ancient wisdom.

"I have lived on this earth more years than you have, some thousands, you remember, and I can assure you that more people forget their fellows because of their own troubles than because of their own joys."

The girl pulled at a tendril of the vine with her fingers, eyeing her companion keenly.

"I presume," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "that you are an Englishman, or an American who has studied Greek thought deeply, being tired of modern people and modern ways, and that you are trying to get back to an older, simpler way of living."

"It has ever been the custom," said Apollo, gently taking the tendril of the vine from her fingers, "for nations to refuse to believe the divinity of the other's gods."

"Any way," mused the girl, not quite conscious that she was speaking aloud, "whatever you think, you are good to the shepherd."

He laughed outright.

"I find that most people are better than their beliefs," he answered. "Now, Miss Willis, I wonder if I dare ask you questions about the way of living that has brought you to believe in the divine efficacy of unhappiness."

"My father is a clergyman," answered the girl, with a smile.

"Exactly!" said the heathen god.

"We have lived very quietly, in one of the streets of older New York. I won't tell you the number, for of course it would not mean anything to you."

"Of course not," said Apollo.

"He is rector of a queer little old-fashioned church that has existed since the days of Washington. It is quaint and irregular, and I am very fond of it."

"It is n't the Little Church of All the Saints," demanded her companion.

"It is. How did you know?"

"Divination," he answered.

"Oh," said Daphne. "Why don't you divine the rest?"

"I should rather hear you tell it, if you don't mind."

"I have studied with my father a great deal," she went on. "And then, there have been a great many social things, for I have an aunt who entertains a great deal, and she always needs

me to help her. That has been fun, too."

"Then it has been religion and dinners," he summarized briefly.

"It has."

"With a Puritan ancestry, I suppose?"

"For a god," murmured Daphne, "it seems to me you know a great deal too much about some things, and not enough about others."

"I have brought you something," he said, suddenly changing the subject.

He lifted the sheepskin coat and held out to her a tiny lamb, whose heavy legs hung helpless, and whose skin shone pink through the little curls of wool. The girl stretched out her arms, and gathered the little creature in them.

"A warm place to lie, and warm milk are what it needs," he said. "It was born out of its time, and its mother lies dead on the hills. Spring is for birth, not autumn."

Daphne watched him as he went back to his sheep, then turned toward the house. Giacomo and Assunta saw her coming in her blue dress between the beds of flowers with the lambkin in her arms.

"Like our Lady," said Assunta, hurrying to the rescue.

The two brown ones asked no questions, possibly because of the difficulty of conversing with the Signorina, possibly from some profounder reason.

"Maybe the others do not see him," thought the girl in perplexity. "Maybe I dream him, but this lamb is real."

She sat in the sun on the marble steps of the villa, the lamb on her lap. A yellow bowl of milk stood on the floor, close to the little white head that dangled from her blue knee. Daphne, acting on Assunta's directions, curled one little finger under the milk and offered the tip of it to the lamb to suck. He responded eagerly, and so she wheedled him into forgetfulness of his dead mother.

An hour later, as she paced the gar-

den paths, a faint bleat sounded at the hem of her skirt, and four unsteady legs supported a weak little body that tumbled in pursuit of her.

VII.

Up the long smooth road that lay by the walls of the villa came toiling a team of huge grayish oxen, with monstrous spreading horns tied with blue ribbons. The cart that they drew was filled with baskets loaded with grapes, and a whiff of their fragrance smote Daphne's nostrils as she walked on the balcony in the morning air.

"Assunta, Assunta!" she cried, leaning over the gray, moss-coated railing, "what is it?"

Assunta was squatting on the ground in the garden below, digging with a blunt knife at the roots of a garden fern. There was a gay red cotton shawl over her head, and a lilac apron upon her knees.

"It's the vintage, Signorina," she answered, "the wine makes itself."

"Everything does itself in this most lazy country," remarked Daphne. "Dresses make themselves, boots repair themselves, food eats itself. There's just one idiom, *si fa*," —

"What?" asked Assunta.

"Reflections," answered the girl, smiling down on her. "Assunta, may I go and help pick grapes?"

"*Ma che!*" screamed the peasant woman, losing her balance in her sudden emotion and going down on her knees in the loosened soil. "The Signorina, the sister of the Contessa, go to pick grapes in the vineyard?"

"*Si*," answered Daphne amiably. Her face was alive with laughter.

"But the Contessa would die of shame!" asserted Assunta, rising with bits of dirt clinging to her apron, and gesticulating with the knife. "It would be a scandal, and all the pickers would say, 'Behold the mad Englishwoman!'"

She looked up beseechingly at her mistress. She and Giacomo never could tell beforehand which sentences the Signorina was going to understand.

"Come with me!" coaxed the girl.

"But does the Signorina want to?" —

"I want everything!" Daphne interrupted. "Grapes and flowers and wine and air and sunshine. I want to see and feel and taste and touch and smell everything there is. The days are too short to take it all in. Hurry!"

As most of this outburst was in English, Assunta could do nothing but look up with an air of deepened reproach. Daphne disappeared from the railing, and a minute later was at Assunta's side.

"Come, come, come!" she cried, pulling her by the lilac apron. "Our time is brief, and we must gather rosebuds while we may. I am young and you are old, and neither of us has any time to lose."

Before she knew it, Assunta was trotting meekly down the road at the young lady's heels, carrying a great flat basket for the Signorina's use in picking grapes.

They were bound for the lower slopes; the grapes ripened earlier there, the peasant woman explained, and the frosts came later. The loaded wagons that they met were going to Arata, a wine press in the valley beyond this nearest hill. Perhaps the Signorina would like to go there to see the new wine foaming in the vat? Strangers often went to see this.

Daphne's blood went singing through her veins, with some new sense of freedom and release, for the gospel of this heathen god was working in her pulses. Wistfully her eyes wandered over the lovely slopes with their clothing of olive and of vine, and up and down the curling long white roads. At some turning of the way, or at some hilltop where the road seemed to touch the blue sky, surely she would see him coming with that look of divine content upon his face!

Suddenly she realized that they were inside the vineyard walls, for fragrance assailed her nostrils, fragrance of ripened grapes, of grapes crushed under foot as the swift pickers went, snipping the full purple bunches with their shears.

"I shall see Bacchus coming next," she said to herself, but hoping that it would not be Bacchus. "He will go singing down the hill with his Mænads behind him, with fluttering hair and draperies."

It was not nearly so picturesque as she had hoped, she confessed to herself, as her thoughts came down to their customary level. The vineyard of her dreams, with its long, trailing vines, was not found in this country; there were only close-clipped plants, trained to stakes. But there was a sound of talking and of laughter, and the pickers, moving among the even lines in their gay rags, lent motley color to the picture. There was scarlet of waistcoat or of petticoat, blue and saffron of jacket and apron, and a blending of all bright tints in the kerchiefs above the hair. The rich dark soil made a background for it all: the moving figures, the clumps of pale green vine leaves, the great baskets of piled-up grapes.

Assunta was chattering eagerly with a young man who smiled, and took off his hat to the Signorina, and said something polite, with a show of white teeth. Daphne did not know what it was, but she took the pair of scissors that were given her, and began to cut bunch after bunch of grapes. If she had realized that the peasant woman, her heart full of shame, had confessed to the overseer her young lady's whim, and had won permission for her to join the ranks of the pickers, she might have been less happy. As it was she noticed nothing, but diligently cut her grapes, piling them, misty with bloom, flecked with gold sunlight, in her basket. Then she found a flat stone and sat on it, watching the workers, and slowly eating a great bunch of grapes. She had woven

green leaves into the cord of her red felt hat; the peasants as they passed smiled back to her in swift recognition of her beauty and her friendliness.

Her thoughts flamed up within her with sudden anger at herself. The encompassing beauty and this vivid joy had but one meaning: it was her sense of the glad presence of this new creature, man or god, who seemed continually with her, were he near or far.

"I'm as foolish as a sixteen-year-old girl," she murmured, fingering the grapes in the basket with their setting of green leaves, "and yet, and yet he is n't a man, really; he is only a state of mind!"

She sat, with the cool air of autumn on her cheeks, watching the pickers who went with even motion up the great slope. Sometimes there was silence on the hillside: now and then there was a fragment of song. One gay, tripping air, started by three women who stood idle with arms akimbo for a moment on the hillside, was caught up and echoed back by invisible singers on the other side of the hill. And once the red-cheeked Italian lads who were carrying loaded baskets down toward the vineyard gates burst into responsive singing that made her think that she had found, on the Roman hills, some remnant of the old Bacchic music, of the alternate strains that marked the festival of the god of wine. It was something like this:—

Carlo.

"Of all the gifts of all the gods
I choose the ruddy wine.
The brimming glass shall be my lot"—

Giovanni (interrupting).

"Carlotta shall be mine!

Take you the grape, I only ask
The shadow of the vine
To screen Carlotta's golden head"—

Carlo (interrupting).

"Give me the ruddy wine."

Together.

G. "Carlotta shall be mine!"

C. "Give me the ruddy wine!"

Assunta was visibly happy when the Signorina signified her willingness to go home. The pride of the house servant was touched by being compelled to come too closely in contact with the workers in the fields, and where is there pride like that of a peasant? But her joy was short-lived. Outside the great iron gates stood a team of beautiful fawn-colored oxen, with spotless flanks, and great, blue, patient eyes looking out from under broad foreheads. They were starting, with huge muscles quivering under their white skin, to carry a load of grapes to the wine press, the yield of this year being too great for the usual transportation on donkey back.

"Assunta, I go too," cried Daphne.

Five minutes later, the Signorina, with her unwilling handmaid at her side, rode in triumph up the broad highway with the measured motion of slow oxen feet. Place had been made for them among the grape baskets, and they sat on folded blankets, Assunta's face wearing the expression of one who was a captive indeed, the Signorina's shining with simple happiness, and somewhat stained by grapes.

The wine press was nothing after all but a machine, and, though a certain interest attached to the great vats, hollowed out in the tufa rock, into which the new-made wine trickled, Daphne soon signified her willingness to depart. Before she left they brought her a great glass of rich red grape juice, fresh from the newly crushed grapes. She touched her lips to it, then looked about her. Assunta was talking to the workman who had given it to her and he was looking the other way. She feasted her eyes on the color of the thing she held in her hand. It was a rough glass whose shallow bowl had the old Etruscan curves of beauty, and the crimson wine caught the sunlight in a thousand ways. Bending over, she poured it out slowly on the green grass.

"A libation to Apollo," she said, not without reverence.

VIII.

"I shall call you," said Daphne to the lamb on the fourth day of his life with her, "I shall call you Hermes, because you go so fast."

Very fast indeed he went. By garden path, or on the slopes below the villa he followed her with swift gallop, interrupted by many jumps and gambols, and much frisking of his tail. If he lost himself in his wayward pursuit of his mistress, a plaintive bleat summoned her to his side. On the marble stairs of the villa, even in the sacred precincts of the salon, she heard the tinkle of his hard little hoofs, and she had no courage to turn him back. He bleated so piteously outside the door when his lady dined that at last he won the desire of his heart and lapped milk from a bowl on the floor at her side as she broke her salad or ate her grapes.

"What scandal!" muttered Giacomo every time he brought the bowl. The Contessa would discharge him if she knew! But he always remembered, even if Daphne forgot, and meekly dried the milk from his sleek black trousers whenever Hermes playfully dashed his hoof, instead of his nose, into the bowl. As Giacomo explained to Assunta in the kitchen, it was for the Signorina, and the Signorina was very lonely.

She was less lonely with Hermes, for he spoke her language.

"It is almost time to hear from Eustace," Daphne told him one day, as she sat on a stone under an olive tree in the orchard below the house. Hermes stood before her, his head down, his tail dejectedly drooped.

"Perhaps," she added, dreamily looking up at the blue sky through its broken veil of gray-green olive leaves, "perhaps he does not want me back, and the letter will tell me so."

Hermes gave an incredible jump high in the air, lighted on his four feet, pranced, gamboled, curveted.

"It is very hard to know one's duty or to do it, Hermes," said Daphne, patting his woolly brow. Hermes intimidated by means of frisking legs and tail that he would not try.

"I believe you are bewitched," said the girl, suddenly taking him up in her arms. "I believe you are some little changeling god, sent by your master Apollo to put his thoughts into my head."

He squirmed, and she put him down. Then she gave him a harmless slap on his fleecy side.

"But you are n't a good interpreter, Hermes. Some way, I think that his joyousness lies the other side of pain. He never ran away from hard things."

This was more than the lambkin could understand or bear, and he fled, hiding from her in the tall fern of a thicket in a corner of the field.

The days were drifting by too fast. Already the Contessa Accolanti had been away three weeks, and her letters held out no hope of an immediate return. Giacomo and Assunta were very sorry for their young mistress, not knowing how little she was sorry for herself, and they tried to entertain her. They had none of the hard exclusiveness of English servants, but admitted her generously to such of their family joys as she would share. Giacomo introduced her to the stables and the horses; Assunta initiated her into some of the mysteries of Italian cooking. Tommaso, the scullion, and Pia, the maid, stood by in grinning delight one day when the Contessa's sister learned to make macaroni.

"Now I know," said Daphne, after she had stood for half an hour under the smoke-browned walls of the kitchen, watching Assunta's manipulation of eggs and flour, the long kneading, the rolling out of a thin layer of dough, with the final cutting into thin strips: "to make Sunday and festal-day macaroni you take all the eggs there are, and mix them up with flour, and do all that to it; and then you boil it on the stove,

and make a sauce for it out of everything there is in the house, bits of tomato, and parsley, and onion, and all kinds of meat. *È vero?*"

"*Sì*," said Assunta, marveling at the *patois* that the Signorina spoke, and wondering if it contained Indian words.

The very sight of the rows of utensils on the kitchen walls deepened the rebellious mood of this descendant of the Puritans.

"Even the pots and pans have lovely shapes," said Daphne wistfully, for the slender necks, the winning curves, the lines of shallow bowl and basin bore testimony to the fact that the meanest thought of this people was a thought of beauty. "I wonder why the Lord gave to them the curve, to us the angle?"

When the macaroni was finished, Assunta invited the Signorina to go with her to a little house set by itself on the sloping hill back of the kitchen.

"*È carin'*, eh?" demanded Assunta, as she opened the door.

Fragrance met them at the threshold, fragrance of fruit and of honey. The warm sun poured in through the dirty, cobwebbed window when Assunta lifted the shade. Ranged on shelves along the wall stood bottles of yellow oil: partly buried in the ground were numerous jars of wine, bottles and jars both keeping the beautiful Etruscan curves. On shallow racks were spread bunches of yellow and of purple grapes, and golden combs of honey gleamed from dusky corners.

"*Ecco!*" said Assunta, pointing to the wine jar from which she had been filling the bottle in her hand. "The holy cross! Does the Signorina see it?"

"*Sì*," said Daphne.

"And here also?" asked Assunta, pointing to another.

The girl nodded doubtfully. Two irregular scratches could, by imaginative vision, be translated into a cross.

"It's on every one, Signorina," said Assunta triumphantly. "And nobody puts it there. It comes by itself."

"Really?" asked the girl.

"*Veramente*," replied the peasant woman. "It has to, and not only here, but everywhere. You see, years and years ago, there were heathen spirits in the wine, and they made trouble when our Lord came. I have heard that the jars burst and the wine was wasted because the god of the wine was angry that the real God was born. And it lasted till San Pietro came and exorcised the wicked spirit, and he put a cross on a wine jar to keep him away. Since then, every wine jar bears somewhere the sign of the cross."

"What became of the poor god?" asked Daphne.

"He fled, I suppose to hell," answered Assunta piously.

"Poor heathen gods!" murmured Daphne.

The sunshine, flooding the little room, fell full on her face, and made red lights in her brown hair.

"There was a god of the sun, too, named Apollo," she said, warming her hands in level rays. "Was he banished too?"

Assunta shrugged her shoulders.

"Who knows? They dare not show their faces here since the Holy Father has blessed the land."

Hermes bleated at the door, and the trio descended the hill together, Assunta carrying a basket of grapes and a bottle of yellow oil, Daphne with a slender flask of red wine in her hand.

The next day the heavens opened, and rain poured down. The cascades above the villa became spouting waterfalls; the narrow path beside them a leaping brook. The rain had not the steady and persistent motion of well-conducted rain: it came in sheets, blown by sudden gusts against the windows, or driven in wild spurts among the cypresses. The world from the villa windows seemed one blur of watery green, with a thin gray veil of mist to hide it.

Daphne paced the mosaic floors in idleness, or spelled out the meaning of

Petrarchan sonnets in an old vellum copy she had found in the library. Sometimes she sat brooding in one of the faded gilt and crimson chairs in the salon, by the diminutive fireplace where two or three tiny twigs burned out their lives in an Italian thought of heat.

What did a Greek god do when sunshine disappeared? she wondered. Or had the god of the sun gone away altogether, and was this deluge the result? The shepherd Antoli had been taken home, Giacomo assured her, but he was exceedingly reticent when asked who was herding the sheep, only shrugging his shoulders with a "*Chi lo sa?*"

On the second day of the rain Daphne saw that the flock had come near the house. From the dining-room window she could see the sheep, with water soaking into their thick wool. Some one was guarding them. With little streams dashing from the drooping felt hat to the sheepskin clad shoulders, the keeper stood, motionless in the pelting rain. The sheep ate greedily the wet, juicy grass, while the shepherd leaned on his staff and watched. Undoubtedly it was Antoli's peasant successor, Daphne thought, as she stood with her face to the dripping window pane. Then the shepherd turned, and she recognized, under the wet hat brim, the glowing color and undaunted smile of her masquerading god. Whether he saw her or not she could not tell, but she stood by the storm-washed window in her scarlet house gown, and watched, longing to give him shelter.

IX.

He came to her next through music, when the rain clouds had broken away. That divine whistle, mellow, mocking, irresistible, still was heard when morning lay on the hills. Often, when afternoon had touched all the air to gold, when the shadows of chestnut and cypress and gnarled olive lay long on the

grass, other sounds floated down to Daphne, music from some instrument that she did not know. It was no harp, surely, yet certain clear, ringing notes seemed to come from the sweeping of harp strings; again, it had all the subtle, penetrating melody of the violin. Whatever instrument gave it forth, it drew the girl's heart after it to wander its own way. When it was gay it won her feet to some dance measure, and all alone in the great empty rooms she would move to it with head thrown back and her whole body swaying in a new sense of rhythm. When it was sad, it set her heart to beating in great throbs, for then it begged and pleaded. There was need in it, a human cry that surely was not the voice of a god. It spoke out of a great yearning that answered to her own. Whether it was swift or slow she loved it, and waited for it day by day, thinking of Apollo and his harping to the muses nine.

So her old life and her old mood slipped away like a garment no longer needed: her days were set to melody, and her nights to pleasant dreams. The jangle of street cars and the twinges of conscience, the noises of her native city, and her heart searchings in the Little Church of All the Saints faded to the remoteness of a faint gray bar of cloud that makes the sunset brighter in the west. She went singing among the olives or past the fountain under the ilexes on the hill: duties and perplexities vanished in the clear sunshine and pleasant shadow of this golden world.

And all this meant that she had forgotten about the mails. She had ceased to long for letters containing good news, or to fear that one full of bad tidings would come, and every one knows that such a state of mind as this is serious. Now, when Assunta found her one morning, pacing the long, frescoed hall, by the side of the running water, and put a whole sheaf of letters into her hand, Daphne looked at them cautiously, and started to open one, then lost her

courage and held them for a while to get used to them. Finally she went upstairs and changed her dress, putting on her short skirt and red felt hat, and walked out into the highway with Hermes skipping after her. She walked rapidly up the even way, under the high stone walls green with overhanging ivy and wistaria vines, and the lamb kept pace with her with his gay gallop, broken now and then by a sidelong leap of sheer joy up into the air. Presently she found a turning that she had not known before, marked by a little wayside shrine, and taking it, followed a narrow grass-grown road that curled about the side of a hill.

She read her father's letter first, walking slowly and smiling. If he were only here to share this wide beauty! Then she read her sister's, which was full of woeful exclamations and bad news. The sick man was slowly dying, and they could not leave him. Meanwhile she was desolated by thinking of her little sister. Of course she was safe, for Giacomo and Assunta were more trustworthy than the Italian government, but it must be very stupid, and she had meant to give Daphne such a gay time at the villa. She would write at once to some English friends at Lake Scala, ten miles away, to see if they could not do something to relieve her sister's solitude.

"To relieve my solitude!" gasped Daphne. "Oh, I am so afraid something will!"

There were several other letters, all from friends at home. One, in a great square envelope, addressed with an English scrawl, she dreaded, and she kept it for the last. When she did tear it open her face grew quite pale. There was much in it about duty and consecration, and much concerning two lives sacrificed to the same great ideal. It breathed thoughts of denial and of annihilation of self, and, — yes, Eustace took her at her word and was ready to welcome again the old relation. If she

would permit him, he would send back the ring.

Hermes hid behind a stone and dashed out at his mistress to surprise her, expecting to be chased as usual, but Daphne could not run. With heavy feet and downcast eyes she walked the green roadway, then, when her knees suddenly became weak, sat down on a stone and covered her face with her hands. She had not known until this moment how she had been hoping that two and two would not make four; she had not really believed that this could be the result of her letter of atonement. Her soul had traveled far since she wrote that letter, and it was hard to find the way back. Hiding the brown and purple distances of the Campagna came pictures of dim, candle-lighted spaces, of a thin face with a setting of black and white priestly garments, and in her ears was the sound of a voice endlessly intoning. It made up a vision of the impossible.

She sat there a long, long time, and when she wakened to a consciousness of where she was, it was a whining voice that roused her.

"Signorina, for the love of heaven, give me a few soldi, for I am starving."

Daphne looked up and was startled, and yet old beggar women were common enough sights here among the hills. This one had an evil look, with her cunning, half-shut eyes.

The girl shook her head.

"I have no money with me," she remarked.

"But Signorina, so young, so beautiful, surely she has money with her." A dirty brown hand came all too close to Daphne's face, and she sprang to her feet.

"I have spoken," she said severely, giving a little stamp. "I have none. Now go away."

The whining continued, unintermittent. The old woman came closer, and her hand touched the girl's skirt. Wrenching herself away, Daphne found

herself in the grasp of two skinny arms, and an actual physical struggle began. The girl had no time for fear, and suddenly help came. A firm hand caught the woman's shoulder, and the victim was free.

"Are you hurt?" asked Apollo anxiously.

She shook her head, smiling.

"Frightened?"

"No. Don't you always rescue me?"

"But this is merest accident, my being here. It really is n't safe for you alone on these roads."

"I knew you were near."

"And yet, I have just this minute come round the hill. You could not possibly have seen me."

"I have ways of knowing," said Daphne, smiling demurely.

A faint little bleat interrupted them.

"Oh, oh!" cried the girl, "she is running away with Hermes!"

Never did Apollo move more swiftly than he did then; Daphne followed, with flying feet. He reached the beggar woman, held her, took the lamb with one hand from her and handed it to Daphne. There followed a scene which the girl remembered afterward with a curious sense of misgiving and of question. The thief gave one glance at the beautiful, angry face of the man, then fell at his feet, groveling and beseeching. What she was saying the girl did not know, but her face and figure bore a look of more than mortal fear.

"What does she think him?" murmured the girl. Then she turned away with him, and, with the lamb at their heels, they walked together back along the grassy road.

"You look very serious," remarked her protector. "You are sure it is not fright?"

She shook her head, holding up her bundle of letters.

"Bad news?"

"No, good," she answered, smiling bravely.

"I hope good news will be infre-

quent," he answered. "You look like Iphigenia going to be sacrificed."

"Well, I'll admit that there is a problem," said the girl. "There's a question about my doing something."

"And you know it must be right to do it because you hate it?" he asked. She nodded.

"Don't you think so, too? Now when you answer," she added triumphantly, "I shall know what kind of god you are."

They had reached the turning of the ways, and he stopped, as if intending to leave her.

"I cannot help you," he said sadly, "for I do not know the case. Only, I think it is best not to decide by any abstruse rule. Life is life's best teacher, and out of one's last experience comes insight for the next. But don't be too sure that duty and unhappiness are one."

She left him, standing by the little wayside shrine with a queer look on his face. A tortured Christ hung there, casting the shadow of pain upon the passers-by. The expression in the brown eyes of the heathen god haunted her all the way down the hill, and throughout the day: they seemed to understand, and yet be glad.

X.

It was nine o'clock as the Signorina descended the stairs. Through the open doorway morning met her, crisp and cool, with sunshine touching grass and green branch, still wet with dew. The very footfalls of the girl on the shallow marble steps were eager and expectant, and her face was gayer than those of the nymphs in the frescoes on the wall. At the bottom of the stairs, Giacomo met her, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Bertuccio has returned," he announced.

"*Si, si*, Signorina," came the voice of Assunta, who was pushing her way

through the dining-room door behind Giacomo. She had on her magenta Sunday shawl, and the color of her wrinkled cheeks almost matched it.

"What is Bertuccio?" asked the girl. "A kitten?"

"A kitten!" gasped Assunta.

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" swore Giacomo.

Then the two brown ones devoted mind and body to explanation. Giacomo gesticulated and waved the napkin he had in his hand; Assunta shook her black silk apron: and they both spoke at once.

"*Il mio Bertuccio!* It is my little son, Signorina, and my only, and the Signorina has never seen his like. When he was three years old he wore clothing for five years, and now he is six inches taller than his father."

This and much more said Assunta, and she said it as one word. Giacomo, keeping pace and giving syllable for syllable, remarked:—

"It is our Bertuccio who has been working in a tunnel in the Italian Alps, and has come home for rest. He is engineer, Signorina, and has genius. And before he became this he was guide here in the mountains, and he knows every path, every stone, every tree."

"What?" asked Daphne feebly.

Then, in a multitude of words that darkened knowledge, they said it all over again. Bertuccio, the light of their eyes, the sole hope of their old age, had come home. He could be the Signorina's guide among the hills, being very strong, very trusty, *molto forte, molto fedele*.

"Oh, I know!" cried the Signorina, with a sudden light in her face. "Bertuccio is your son!"

"*Si, si, si*, Signorina!" exclaimed Giacomo and Assunta together, ushering her into the dining-room.

"It is the blessed saints who have managed it," added Assunta devoutly.

"A wreath of flowers from Rome, all gauze and spangles, will I lay at the shrine of our Lady, and there shall be

a long red ribbon to say my thanks in letters of gold."

The hope of the house was presented to the Signorina after breakfast. He was a broad-shouldered, round-headed offshoot of Italian soil, with honest brown eyes like those of both father and mother. It was a face to be trusted, Daphne knew, and when, recovering from the embarrassment caused by his parents' pride in him, he blurted out the fact that he had already been to the village that morning to find a little donkey for the Signorina's wider journeyings, the girl welcomed the plan with delight. Grinning with pride Bertuccio disappeared among the stables, and presently returned, leading an *asinetto*. It was a little, dun-colored thing, wearing a red-tasseled bridle, and a small sheepskin saddle with red girth, but all the gay trappings could not soften the old primeval sadness of the donkey's face, under his long, questioning ears. So Daphne won palfrey and cavalier.

In the succeeding days the two jogged for hours together over the mountain roads. Now they followed some grassy path climbing gently upward to the site of a buried town, where only mound and gray fragment of stone marked garden and forum. Here was a bit of wall, with a touch of gay painting mouldering on an inner surface, Venus, in robe of red, rising from a daintily suggested sea in lines of green. They gathered fragments of old mosaic floor in their hands, blue lapis lazuli, yellow bits of giallo antico, red porphyry, trodden by gay feet and sad, unnumbered years ago. They found broken pieces of iridescent glass that had fallen, perhaps, from shattered wine cups of the emperors, and all these treasures Bertuccio stored away in his wide pockets. Again, they climbed gracious heights and looked down over slopes and valleys, where deep grass grew over rich, crumbling earth, deposit of dead volcanoes, or saw, circled by soft green hills, some mountain lake, reflecting the perfect blue of Italian sky.

Bertuccio usually walked behind; Daphne rode on ahead, with the sun burning her cheeks, and the air, fragrant with the odor of late ripening grapes on the upper hillsides, bringing intoxication. She seemed to herself so much a thing of falling rain, rich earth, and wakening sunshine, that she would not have been surprised to find the purple bloom of those same grapes gathering on her cheeks, or her soft wisps of hair curling into tendrils, or spreading into green vine leaves. They usually came home in the splendor of sunset, tired, happy, the red of Daphne's felt hat, the gorgeousness of Bertuccio's blue trousers and yellow waistcoat lighting the gloom of the cool, green-shaded ways. Hermes always ran frisking to meet them, outstripping by his swiftness the slow plodding of the little ass. Perhaps the lambkin felt the shadow of a certain neglect through these long absences, but at least he was generous and loved his rival. Quitting the kitchen and dining-room, he chose for his portion the pasture where the donkey grazed, in silence and in sadness, and frisked dangerously near his comrade's heels. For all his melancholy, the *asinetto* was not insensible to caresses, and at night, when the lamb cuddled close to him as the two lay in the grass in the darkness, would curl his nose round now and then protectingly to see how this small thing fared.

So Daphne kept forgetting, forgetting, and nothing recalled her to her perplexity, except her donkey. San Pietro Martire she named him, for on his face was written the patience and the suffering of the saints. Some un-Italian sense of duty stiffened his hard little legs, gave rigid strength to his back. Willing to trudge on with his load, willing to rest, carrying his head a little bent, blinking mournfully at the world from under the drab hair on his forehead, San Pietro stood as a type of the disciplined and chastened soul. His very way of cropping the grass had some-

thing ascetic in it, reminding his mistress of Eustace at a festive dinner.

"San Pietro, San Pietro," said Daphne one day, when Bertuccio was plodding far in the rear, whistling as he followed, "San Pietro, must I do it?"

There was a drooping forward of the ears, a slight bending of the head, as the little beast put forth more strength to meet the difficulty of rising ground.

"San Pietro, do you know what you are advising? Do you at all realize what it is to be a clergyman's wife?"

The steady straining of the donkey's muscles seemed to say that, to whatever station in life it pleased Providence to call him, he would think only of duty.

Then Daphne alighted and sat on a stone, with the donkey's face to hers, taking counsel of those long ears which were always eloquent, whether pricked forward in expectation or laid back in wrath.

"San Pietro, if I should give it up, and stay here and live, — for I never knew before what living is, — if I should just try to keep this sunshine and these great spaces of color, what would you think of me?"

Eyes, ears, and the tragic corners of the mouth revealed the thought of this descendant of the bearers of burdens for all the earth's thousands of years.

"Little beast, little beast," said Daphne, burying her face in the brownish fuzz of his neck, and drying her eyes there, "you are the one thing in this land of beauty that links me with home. You are the Pilgrim Fathers and the Catechism in one! You are the Puritan Conscience made visible! I will do it; I promise."

San Pietro Martire looked round with mild inquiry on his face as to the meaning and the purpose of caresses in a hard world like this.

XI.

Bertuccio sprawled on his stomach on the grassy floor of the presence chamber

in a palace of the Cæsars', kicking with one idle foot a bit of stone that had once formed the classic nose of a god. San Pietro Martire was quietly grazing in the long spaces of the Philosophers' Hall, nibbling deftly green blades of grass that grew at the bases of the broken pillars. Near by lay the old amphitheatre, with its roof of blue sky, and its rows of grassy seats, circling a level stage and pit, and rising, one above another, in irregular outlines of green. Here, in the spot on which the central royal seat had once been erected, sat Daphne on her Scotch plaid steamer blanket: her head was leaning back against the turf, her lips were slightly parted, her eyes half closed. She thought that she was meditating on the life that had gone on in this imperial villa well-nigh two thousand years ago: its banquets, its philosophers' disputes, its tragedies and comedies played here with tears and laughter. In reality she was half asleep.

They were only a half mile from home, measuring by a straight line through the intervening hill; in time they were two hours away. San Pietro had climbed gallantly, with little silvery bells tinkling at his ears, to the summit of the mountain, and had descended, with conviction and with accuracy, planting firm little hard hoofs in the slippery path where the dark soil bore a coating of green grass and moss. For all their hard morning's work they were still on the confines of the Villa Gianelli, whose kingdom was partly a kingdom of air and mountain.

Drowsing there in the old theatre in the sun, Daphne presently saw, stepping daintily through one of the entrances at the side, an audience of white sheep. They overspread the stage, cropping as they went. They climbed the green encircling seats, leaping up or down, where a softer tuft of grass invited. They broke the dreamy silence with the muffled sound of their hoofs, and an occasional bleat.

The girl knew them now. She had seen before the brown-faced twins, both wearing tiny horns; they always kept together. She knew the great white ewe with a blue ribbon on her neck, and the huge ram with twisted horns that made her half afraid. Would he mind Scotch plaid, she wondered, as he raised his head and eyed her? She sat alert, ready for swift flight up the slope behind her in case of attack, but he turned to his pasture in the pit with the air of one ready to waive trifles, and the girl leaned back again.

When Apollo, the keeper of sheep, entered, Daphne received his greeting with no surprise: even if he had come without these forerunners she would have known that he was near. It was she who broke the silence as he approached.

"A theatre seems a singularly appropriate place for you and your flock," she remarked. "You make a capital actor."

There was no laughter in his eyes today, and he did not answer. A wistful look veiled the triumphant gladness of his face.

"They did n't play pastorals in olden time, did they?" asked Daphne.

"No," he answered, "they lived them. When they had forgotten how to do that they began to act."

He took a flute from his pocket and began to play. A cry rang out through the gladness of the notes, and it brought tears to the girl's eyes. He stopped, seeing them there, and put the flute back into his pocket.

"Did you take my advice the other day?" he asked.

"The advice was very general," said Daphne. "I presume an oracle's always is. No, I did not follow it."

"Antigone, Antigone," he murmured.

"Why Antigone?" demanded the girl.

"Because your duty is dearer to you than life, and love."

"Please go down there," said the girl imperiously, "and play Antigone for me. Make me see it and feel it. I have been sitting here for an hour wishing that I could realize here a tragedy of long ago."

He bowed submissively.

"Commands from Caesar's seat must always be obeyed," he observed. "Do you know Greek, Antigone?"

She nodded.

"I know part of this play by heart," she faltered. "My father taught me Greek words when I was small enough to ride his foot."

He stepped down among the sheep to the grassy stage, laying aside his hat and letting the sun sparkle on his bright hair. The odd sheepskin coat lent a touch of grotesqueness to his beauty as he began.

"Nay, be thou what thou wilt; but I will bury him: well for me to die in doing that. I shall rest, a loved one with him whom I have loved, sinless in my crime; for I owe a longer allegiance to the dead than to the living: in that world I shall abide forever."

Slow, full, and sweet the words came, beating like music on the girl's heart. All the sorrow of earth seemed gathered up in the undertones, all its hunger and thirst for life and love: in it rang the voice of a will as strong as death and strong as love.

The sheep lifted their heads and looked on anxiously, as if for a moment even the heart of a beast were touched by human sorrow. From over the highest ridge of this green amphitheatre San Pietro looked down with the air of one who had nothing more to learn of woe. Apollo stood in the centre of the stage, taking one voice, then another: now the angry tone of the tyrant, Creon, now the wail of the chorus, hurt but undecided, then breaking into the unspeakable sweetness and firmness of Antigone's tones. The sheep went back to their nibbling; San Pietro trotted away with his jingling bells, but

Daphne sat with her face leaning on her hands, and slow tears trickling over her fingers.

The despairing lover's cry broke in on Antigone's sorrow; Hæmon, "bitter for the baffled hope of his marriage," pleaded with his father Creon for his beloved's life. Into his arguments for mercy and justice crept that cry of the music on the hills that had sounded through lonely hours in Daphne's ears. It was the old call of passion, pleading, imperious, irresistible, and the girl on Cæsar's seat answered to it as harp strings answer to the master's hand. The wail of Antigone seemed to come from the depths of her own being:—

"Bear me witness, in what sort, unwept of friends, and by what laws I pass to the rock-closed prison of my strange tomb, ah me unhappy! . . . No bridal bed, no bridal song hath been mine, no joy of marriage."

The sun hung low above the encircling hills when the lover's last cry sounded in the green theatre, drowning grief in triumph as he chose death with his beloved before all other good. Then there was silence, while the round, golden sun seemed resting in a red-gold haze on the hilltop, and Daphne, sitting with closed eyes, felt the touch of two hands upon her own.

"Did you understand?" asked a voice that broke in its tenderness.

She nodded, with eyes still closed, for she dared not trust them open. He bent and kissed her hands, where the tears had fallen on them, then, turning, called his sheep. Three minutes later there was no trace of him or of them: they had vanished as if by magic, leaving silence and shadow. The girl climbed the hill toward home on San Pietro's back, shaken, awed, afraid.

XII.

If Bertuccio had but shown any signs of having seen her companion of yes-

terday, Daphne's bewilderment would have been less; but to keep meeting a being who claimed to belong to another world, who came and went, invisible, it would seem, when he chose, to other eyes except her own, might well rouse strange thoughts in the mind of a girl cut off from her old life in the world of commonplace events. To be sure, the shepherd Antoli had seen him, but had spoken of him voluntarily as a mysterious creature, one of the blessed saints come down to aid the sick. The beggar woman had seen him, but had fallen prostrate at his feet as in awe of supernatural presence. When the wandering god had talked across the hedge the eyes of Giacomo and Assunta had apparently been holden; and now Bertuccio, whose ears were keen, and whose eyes, in their lazy Italian fashion, saw more than they ever seemed to, Bertuccio had been all the afternoon within a stone's throw of the place where the god had played to her, and Bertuccio gave no sign of having seen a man. She eyed him questioningly as they started out the next morning on their way to the ruins of some famous baths on the mountain facing them.

There was keenness in the autumn air that morning, but the green slopes far and near bore no trace of flaming color or of decay, as in fall at home; it was rather like a glimpse of some cool, eternal spring. A stream of water trickled down under thick grass at the side of the road, and violets grew there.

"San Pietro!" said Daphne, with a little tug at the bridle. The long ears were jerked hastily back to hear what was to come. "I know you disapprove of me, for you saw it all."

The ears kept that position in which any one who has ever loved a donkey recognizes scathing criticism. Daphne fingered one of them with her free hand.

"It is only on your back that I feel any strength of mind," she added. "When I am by myself something seems sweeping me away, as the tides sweep

driftwood out to sea; but here, resolution crawls up through my body. We must be a new kind of centaur, San Pietro."

Suddenly her face went down between his ears.

"But if you and I united do drive him away, what shall we do, — afterwards?"

"Signorina!" called Bertuccio, running up behind them. "Look! The olives pick themselves."

At a turn in the road the view had opened. There, in a great orchard on the side of the hill, the peasants were gathering olives before the coming of the frost. There were scores of pickers wearing great gay-colored aprons in which they placed the olives as they gathered them from the trees. Ladders leaned against knotty tree trunks; baskets filled with the green fruit stood on the ground. Ladder and basket suggested the apple orchards of her native land, but the motley colors of kerchief and apron, yellow, magenta, turquoise, and green, and the gray of the eternal olive trees with the deep blue of the sky behind them, recalled her to the enchanted country where she was fast losing the landmarks of home.

"Signorina Daphne," said Bertuccio, speaking slowly as to a child, "did you ever hear them tell of the maiden on the hills up here who was carried away by a god?"

Daphne turned swiftly and tried to read his face. It was no less expressionless than usual.

"No," she answered. "Tell me. I am fond of stories."

They were climbing the winding road again, leaving the olive pickers behind. Bertuccio walked near, holding the donkey's tail to steady his steps.

"It was long ago, ages and ages. Her father had the care of an olive orchard that was old, older than our Lord," said Bertuccio, devoutly crossing himself. "There was one tree in it that was enormously big, as large as

this, — see the measure of my arms. It was open and hollow, but growing as olives will when there is every reason why they should be dead. One night the family were eating their *polenta* — has the Signorina tasted our *polenta*? It makes itself from chestnuts, and it is very good. I must speak to my mother to offer some to the Signorina. Well, the door opened without any knocking, and a stranger stood there: he was young, and beyond humanity, beautiful."

Bertuccio paused; the girl felt slow red climbing to her cheek. She dared not look behind, yet she would have given half her possessions to see the expression of his face. Leaning forward, she played with the red tassels at San Pietro's ears.

"Go on! go on!" she commanded. "*Avanti!*"

San Pietro thought that the words were meant for him, and indeed they were more appropriate here for donkey than for man.

"He sat with them and shared their *polenta*," continued Bertuccio, walking more rapidly to keep up with San Pietro's quickened step. "And he made them all afraid. It was not that he had any terrible look, or that he did anything strange, only, each glance, each motion told that he was more than merely man. And he looked at the maiden with eyes of love, and she at him," said Bertuccio, lacking art to keep his hearer in suspense. "She too was beautiful, as beautiful, perhaps, as the Signorina," continued the storyteller.

Daphne looked at him sharply: did he mean any further comparison? There were hot waves now on neck and face, and her heart was beating furiously.

"He came often, and he always met the maiden by the hollow tree: it was large enough for them to stand inside. And her father and mother were troubled, for they knew he was a god, not one of our faith, Signorina, but one of

the older gods who lived here before the coming of our Lord. One day as he stood there by the tree and was kissing the maiden on her mouth, her father came, very angry, and scolded her, and defied the god, telling him to go away and never show his face there again. And then, he never knew how it happened, for the stranger did not touch him, but he fell stunned to the ground, with a queer flash of light in his eyes. When he woke, the stars were shining over him, and he crawled home. But the maiden was gone, and they never saw her any more, Signorina. Whether it was for good or for ill, she had been carried away by the god. People think that they disappeared inside the tree, for it closed up that night, and it never opened again. Sometimes they thought they heard voices coming from it, and once or twice, cries and sobs of a woman. Maybe she is imprisoned there and cannot get out: it would be a terrible fate, would it not, Signorina? Me, I think it is better to fight shy of the heathen gods."

Bertuccio's white teeth showed in a broad smile, but no scrutiny on Daphne's part could tell her whether he had told his story for pleasure merely, or for warning. She rode on in silence, realizing, as she had not realized before, how far this peasant stock reached back into the elder days of the ancient world.

"Do you think that your story is true, Bertuccio?" she asked, as they came in sight of the grass-grown mounds of the buried watering-place toward which their steps were bent.

"*Ma che!*" answered Bertuccio, shrugging his shoulders, and snapping his fingers meaningly. "Much is true that one does not see, and one cannot believe all that one does see."

Daphne started. What *had* he seen?

"Besides," added Bertuccio, "there is proof of this. My father's father saw the olive tree, and it was quite closed."

XIII.

Over the shallow tufa basin of the great fountain on the hill Daphne stood gazing into the water. She had sought the deep shadow of the ilex trees, for the afternoon was warm, an almost angry summer heat having followed yesterday's coolness. Her yellow gown gleamed like light against the dull brown of the stone and the dark moss-touched trunks of the trees. Whether she was looking at the tufts of fern and of grass that grew in the wet basin, or whether she was studying her own beauty reflected there, no one could tell, not even Apollo, who had been watching her for some time.

Into his eyes as he looked leaped a light like the flame of the sunshine beyond the shadows on the hill; swiftly he stepped forward and kissed the girl's shoulder where the thin yellow stuff of her dress showed the outward curve to the arm. She turned and faced him, without a word. There was no need of speech: anger battled with unconfessed joy in her changing face.

"How dare you?" she said presently, when she had won her lips to curves of scorn. "The manners of the gods seem strange to mortals."

"I love you," he answered simply.

Then there was no sound save that of the water, dropping over the edge of the great basin to the soft grass beneath.

"Can't you forgive me?" he asked humbly. "I am profoundly sorry; only, my temptation was superhuman."

"I had thought that you were that too," said the girl in a whisper.

"There is no excuse, I know; there is only a reason. I love you, little girl. I love your questioning eyes, and your firm mouth, and your smooth brown hair" —

"Stop!" begged Daphne, putting out her hands. "You must not say such things to me, for I am not free to hear them. I must go away," and

she turned toward home. But he grasped one of the outstretched hands and drew her to the stone bench near the fountain, and then seated himself near her side.

"Now tell me what you mean," he said quietly.

"I mean," she answered, with her eyes cast down, "that two years ago I promised to love some one else. I must not even hear what you are trying to say to me."

"I think, Miss Willis," he said gently, "that you should have told me this before."

"How could I?" begged the girl. "When could I have done it? Why should I?"

"I do not know," he answered wearily; "only, perhaps it might have spared me some shade of human anguish."

"Human?" asked Daphne, almost smiling.

"No, no, no," he interrupted, not hearing her. "It would not have done any good, for I have loved you from the first minute when I saw your blue drapery flutter in your flight from me. Some deeper sense than mortals have told me that every footstep was falling on my sleeping heart and waking it to life. You were not running away; in some divine sense you were coming toward me. Daphne, Daphne, I cannot let you go!"

The look in the girl's startled eyes was his only answer. By the side of this sun-browned face, in its beauty and its power, rose before her a vision of Eustace Denton, pale, full-lipped, with an ardor for nothingness in his remote blue eyes. How could she have known, in those old days before her revelation came, that faces like this were on the earth: how could she have dreamed that glory of life like this was possible?

In the great strain of the moment they both grew calm and Daphne told him her story, as much of it as she

thought it wise for him to know. Her later sense of misgiving, the breaking of the engagement, the penitence that had led to a renewal of the bonds, she concealed from him; but he learned of the days of study and of quiet work in the shaded corners of her father's library, and of those gayer days and evenings when the figure of the young ascetic had seemed to the girl to have a peculiar saving grace, standing in stern contrast to the social background of her life.

He thanked her, when she had finished, and he watched her, with her background of misty blue distance, sitting where the shadow of the ilxes brought out the color of her scarlet lips and deep gray eyes.

"Daphne," he said presently, "you have told me much about this man, but you have not told me that you love him. You do not speak of him as a woman speaks of the man who makes her world for her. You defend him, you explain him, you plead his cause, and it must be that you are pleading it with yourself, for I have brought no charge, that you must defend him to me. Do you love him?"

She did not answer.

"Look at me!" he insisted. Her troubled eyes turned toward his, but dared not stay, and the lashes fell again.

"Do not commit the crime of marrying a man you do not love," he pleaded.

"But," said the girl slowly, "even if I gave him up I might not care for you."

"Dear," he said softly, "you do love me. Is it not so?"

She shook her head, but her face belied her.

"I have waited, waited for you," he pleaded, in that low tone to which her being vibrated as to masterful music, "so many lifetimes! I have found you out at last!"

"How long?" she asked willfully.

"Æons," he answered. "Since the

foundation of the world. I have waited, and now that I have found you I will not let you go. I will not let you go!"

She looked at him with wide-opened eyes: a solemn fear possessed her. Was it Bertuccio's story of yesterday that filled her with foreboding? Hardly. Rather it seemed a pleasant thought that he and she should feel the bark of one of these great trees closing round them, and should have so beautiful a screen of brown bark and green moss to hide their love from all the world. No, no fear could touch the thought of any destiny with him: she was afraid only of herself.

"You are putting a mere nothing between us," the voice went on. "You are pretending that there is an obstacle when there is none, really."

"Only another man's happiness," murmured the girl.

"I doubt if he knows what happiness is," said Apollo. "Forgive me, but will he not be as happy with his altar candles and his chants without you? Does he not care more for the abstract cause for which he is working than for you? Hasn't he missed the simple meaning of human life, and can anything teach it to him?"

"How did you know?" asked Daphne, startled.

"The gods should divine some things that are not told! Besides, I know the man," he answered, smiling, but Daphne did not hear. She had leaned back and closed her eyes. The warm, sweet air, with its odor of earth, wooed her; the little breeze that made so faint a rustle in the ilex leaves touched her cheek like quick, fluttering kisses. The rhythmic drops from the fountain seemed falling to the music of an old order of things, some simple, elemental way of loving that made harmony through all life. Could love, that had meant only duty, have anything to do with this great joy in mere being, which turned the world to gold?

"I must, I must win you," came the voice again, and it was like a cry. "Loving with more than human love, I will not be denied!"

She opened her eyes and watched him: the whole, firmly-knit frame in the brown golf-suit was quivering.

"It has never turned out well," she said lightly, "when the sons of the gods married with the daughters of men."

Perhaps he would have rebuked her for the jest, but he saw her face.

"I offer you all that man or god can offer," he said, standing before her. "I offer you the devotion of a whole life. Will you take it?"

"I will not break my promise," said the girl, rising. Her eyes were level with his. She found such power in them that she cried out against it in sudden anger.

"Why do you tempt me so? Why do you come and trouble my mind and take away my peace? Who are you? What are you?"

"If you want a human name for me" — he answered.

She raised her hand swiftly to stop him.

"No, don't!" she said. "I do not want to know. Don't tell me anything, for the mystery is part of the beauty of you."

A shaft of golden sunlight pierced the ilex shade and smote her forehead as she stood there.

"Apollo, the sun god," she said, smiling, as she turned and left him alone.

XIV.

Overhead was a sky of soft, dusky blue, broken by the clear light of the stars: all about were the familiar walks of the villa garden, mysterious now in the darkness, and seeming to lead into infinite space. The lines of aloe, fig, and palm stood like shadows guarding a world of mystery. Daphne, wandering alone in the garden at midnight,

half exultant, half afraid, stepped noiselessly along the pebbled walks with a feeling that that world was about to open for her. Ahead, through an arch where the thick foliage of the *ilexes* had been cut to leave the way clear for the passer-by, a single golden planet shone low in the west, and the garden path led to it.

Daphne had been unable to sleep, for sleeplessness had become a habit during the past week. Whether she was too happy or too unhappy she could not tell: she only knew that she was restless and smothering for air and space. Hastily dressing, she had stolen on tiptoe down the broad stairway by the running water and out into the night, carrying a tiny Greek lamp with a single flame, clear, as only the flame of olive oil can be. She had put the lamp down in the doorway and it was burning there now, a beacon to guide her footsteps when she wanted to return. Meanwhile, the air was cool on throat and forehead and on her open palms: she had no wish to go in.

Here was a fountain whose jets of water, blown high from the mouths of merry dolphins, fell in spray in a great stone basin where mermaids waited for the shower to touch bare shoulders and bended heads. The murmur of the water, mingled with the murmur of unseen live things, and the melody of night touched the girl's discordant thoughts to music. Of what avail, after all, was her fierce struggle for duty? Here were soft shadows, and great spaces, and friendly stars.

Of course her lover-god, Apollo, was gone. She had known the other day when she left him on the hill that she would not see him again, for the look of his face had told her that. Of course, it was better so. Now, everything would go on as had been intended. Anna would come home; after this visit was over, there would be New York again, and Eustace. Yes, she was brave to share his duty with him, and the years

would not be long. And always these autumn days would be shining through the dark hours of her life, these perfect days of sunshine without shadow. Of their experiences she need not even tell, for she was not sure that it had actually been real. She would keep it as a sacred memory that was half a dream.

She was walking now by the rows of tall chrysanthemums, and she reached out her fingers to touch them, for she could almost feel their deep yellow through her finger-tips. It was like taking counsel of them, and they, like all nature, were wise. Cypress and acacia and palm stood about like strong comforters; help came from the tangled vines upon the garden wall, from the matted periwinkle on the ground at her feet, and the sweet late roses, blossoming in the dark.

Yes, he was gone, and the beauty and the power of him had vanished. It was better so, she kept saying to herself, her thoughts, no matter where they wandered, coming persistently back, as if the idea, so obviously true, needed proving after all. The only thing was, she would have liked to see him just once more to show him how invincible she was. He had taken her by surprise that day upon the hill, and had seen what she had not meant to tell. Now, if she could confront him once, absolutely unshaken, could tell him her decision, give him words of dismissal in a voice that had no tremor in it, as her voice had had the other day, that would be a satisfactory and triumphant parting for one who had come badly off. Her shoulder burned yet where he had kissed it, and yet she was not angry. He must have known that day how little she was vexed. If she could only see him once again, she said wistfully to herself, to show him how angry she was, all would be well.

Daphne had wandered to the great stone gate that led out upon the highway, and was leaning her forehead against a moss-grown post, when she heard a sud-

den noise. Then the voice of San Pietro Martire broke the stillness of the night, and Daphne, listening, thought she heard a faint sound of bleating. Hermes was calling her, and Hermes was in danger. Up the long avenue she ran toward the house, and, seizing the tiny lamp at the doorway, sped up the slope toward the inclosure where the two animals grazed, the flame making a trail of light like that of a firefly moving swiftly in the darkness. The bray rang out again, but there was no second sound of bleating. Inside the pasture gate she found the donkey anxiously sniffing at something that lay in the grass. Down on her knees went Daphne, for there lay Hermes stretched out on his side, with traces of blood at his white throat.

The girl put down her lamp and lifted him in her arms. Some cowardly dog had done this thing, and had run away on seeing her, or hearing her unfasten the gate. She put one finger on the woolly bosom, but the heart was not beating. The lamb's awkward legs were stretched out quite stiffly, and his eyes were beginning to glaze. Two tears dropped on the fat white side; then Daphne bent and kissed him. Looking up, she saw San Pietro gazing on with the usual grief of his face intensified. It was as if he understood that the place at his back where the lamb had cuddled every night must go cold henceforward.

"We must bury him, San Pietro," said Daphne presently. "Come help me find a place."

She put the lambkin gently down upon the ground, and, rising, started, with one arm over San Pietro's neck, to find a burial place for the dead. The donkey followed willingly, for he permitted himself to love his lady with a controlled but genuine affection; and together they searched by the light of the firefly lamp. At last Daphne halted by a diminutive cypress, perhaps two feet high, and announced that she was content.

The tool-house was not far away. In-

vestigating, she found, as she had hoped, that the door was not locked. Arming herself with a hoe she came back, and, under the light of southern stars, dug a little grave in the soft, dark earth, easily loosened in its crumbling richness. Then she took the lamp and searched in the deep thick grass for flowers, coming back with a mass of pink-tipped daisies gathered in her skirt. The sight of the brown earth set her to thinking: there ought to be some kind of shroud. Near the tool-house grew a laurel tree, she remembered, and from that she stripped a handful of green, glossy leaves, to spread upon the bottom of the grave. This done, she bore the body of Hermes to his resting-place, and strewed the corpse with pink daisies.

"Should he have Christian or heathen burial?" she asked, smiling. "This seems to be a place where the two faiths meet. I think neither. He must just be given back to Mother Nature."

She heaped the sod over him with her own hands, and fitted neatly together some bits of turf. Then she took up her lamp to go. San Pietro, tired of ceremony, was grazing in the little circle of light.

"To-morrow," said Daphne, as she went down the hill, "he will be eating grass from Hermes' grave."

XV.

The shadow of branching palms fell on the Signorina's hair and hands as she sat at work near the fountain in the garden weaving a great wreath of wild cyclamen and of fern gathered from the hillside. Assunta was watching her anxiously, her hands resting on her hips.

"It's a poor thing to offer the Madonna," she said at length, "just common things that grow."

Daphne only smiled at her and went on weaving white cord about the stems under green fronds where it could not be seen.

"I was ready to buy a wreath of beautiful gauze flowers from Rome," ventured Assunta, "all colors, red and yellow and purple. I have plenty of silver for it upstairs in a silk bag. Our Lady will think I am not thankful, though the blessed saints know I was never so thankful in my life as I was for Bertuccio's coming home when he did."

"The Madonna will know," said Daphne. "She will like this better than anything else."

"Are you sure?" asked Assunta dubiously.

"Yes," asserted the girl, laughing. "She told me so!"

The audacity of the remark had an unexpected effect on the peasant woman. Assunta crossed herself.

"Perhaps she did! Perhaps she did! And do you think she does not mind my waiting?"

"No," answered Daphne gravely. "She knows that you have been very busy taking care of me."

Assunta trotted away, apparently content, to consult Giacomo about dinner. The girl went on working with busy fingers, the shadow of her lashes on her cheek. As she worked her thoughts wove for her the one picture that they made always for her now: Apollo standing on the hillside under the ilexes with the single ray of sunshine touching his face. All the rest of her life kept fading, leaving the minutes of that afternoon alone distinct. And it was ten days ago!

Presently Giacomo came hurrying down the path toward her, dangling his white apron by its string as he ran.

"Signorina!" he called breathlessly. "Would the Signorina, when she has finished that, graciously make another wreath?"

"Certainly. For you?"

"Not for me," he answered mysteriously, drawing nearer. "Not for me, but for Antoli, the shepherd who herds the flock of Count Gianelli. He has

seen from the window the Signorina making a wreath for our Lady, and he too wants to present her with a thank-offering for the miracle she wrought for him. But will the Signorina permit him to come and tell her?"

Even while Giacomo was speaking Daphne saw the man slowly approaching, urged on apparently by encouraging gestures from Assunta, who was standing at the corner of the house. A thrill went through the girl's nerves as she saw the rough brown head of the peasant rising above the sheepskin coat that the shepherd-god had worn. Unless miracle had made another like it, it was the very same, even to the peculiar jagged edge where it met in front.

Antoli's expression was foolish and ashamed, but at Giacomo's bidding he began a recital of his recent experiences. The girl strained her ears to listen, but hardly a word of this dialect of the Roman hills was intelligible to her. The gesture wherewith the shepherd crossed himself, and his devout pointing to the sky were all she really understood.

Then Giacomo translated.

"Because he was ill — but the Signorina knows the story — the blessed Saint Sebastian came down to him and guarded the sheep, and he went home and became well, miraculously well. See how he is recovered from his fever! It was our Lady who wrought it all. Now he comes back and all his flock is there: not one is missing, but all are fat and flourishing. Does not the Signorina believe that it was some one from another world who helped him?"

"*Sì*," answered Daphne, looking at the sheepskin coat.

"No one has seen the holy saint except himself, but the blessed one has appeared again to him. Antoli came back, afraid that the sheep were scattered, afraid of being dismissed. He found his little tent in order; food was there, and better food than shepherds have, eggs and wine and bread. While he waited the blessed one himself came,

with light shining about his hair. He brought back the coat that he had worn: see, is it not proof that he was there?"

"The coat was a new one," interrupted the shepherd.

Giacomo repeated, and went on.

"He smiled and talked most kindly, and when he went away — the Signorina understands?"

Daphne nodded.

"He gave his hand to Antoli," said Giacomo breathlessly.

"I will make the wreath," said the Signorina smiling. "It shall be of these," and she held up a handful of pink daisies, mingled with bits of fern and ivy leaves. "Assunta shall take it to the church when she takes hers. I rejoice that you are well," she added, turning to Antoli with a polite sentence from the phrase-book.

As she worked on after they were gone, Assunta came to her again.

"The Signorina heard?" she asked.

"*Sì*. Is the story true?" asked Daphne.

Assunta's eyes were full of hidden meaning.

"The Signorina ought to know."

"Why?"

"Has not the Signorina seen the blessed one herself?" she asked.

"I?" said Daphne, starting.

"The night the lambkin was hurt, did not the Signorina go out in great distress, and did not the blessed one come to her aid?"

"*Ma che!*" exclaimed Daphne faintly, falling back upon Assunta's vocabulary in her astonishment.

"I have told no one, not even Giacomo," said Assunta, "but I saw it all. The noise had wakened me, and I followed, but I stopped when I saw that the divine one was there. Only I watched from the clump of cypress trees."

"Where was he?" asked Daphne with unsteady voice.

"Beyond the laurel trees," said Assunta. "Did not the Signorina see?"

The girl shook her head.

"How did you know that he was one of the divine?" she asked.

"Can I not tell the difference between mortal man and one of them?" cried the peasant woman scornfully.

"It was the shining of his face, and the light about his hair, Signorina. Every look and every motion showed that he was not of this world. Besides, how could I see him in the dark if he were not the blessed Saint Sebastian? And who sent the dog away if it was not he?" she added triumphantly.

"But why should he appear to me?" asked Daphne. "I have no claim upon the help of the saints."

"Perhaps because the Signorina is a heretic," answered Assunta tenderly. "Our Lady must have special care for her if she sends out the holy ones to bring her to the fold."

The woman's face was alight with reverence and pride, and Daphne turned back to her flowers, shamed by these peasant folk for their belief in the immanence of the divine.

Half an hour later Assunta reappeared, clad in Sunday garments, wearing her best coral earrings and her little black silk shoulder shawl covered with gay embroidered flowers. She held out a letter to the girl.

"I go to take the wreaths to our Lady," she announced, "and to confess and pray. The Signorina has made them pretty, if they are but common things."

Daphne was reading her letter; even the peasant woman could see that it bore glad tidings, for the light that broke in the girl's face was like the coming of dawn over the hills.

"Wait, Assunta," she said quietly, when she had finished, and she disappeared among the trees. In a minute she came back with three crimson roses, single, and yellow at the heart.

"Will you take them with your wreaths for me to the Madonna?" she said, putting them into Assunta's hand. "I am more thankful than either one of you."

XVI.

Assunta had carried a small tray out to the arbor in the garden, and Daphne was having her afternoon tea there alone. About her, on the frescoed walls of this little open-air pavilion, were grouped pink shepherds and shepherdesses, disporting themselves in airy garments of blue and green in a meadow that ended abruptly to make room for long windows. The girl leaned back and sipped her tea luxuriously. She was clad in a gown that any shepherdess among them might have envied, a pale yellow crêpy thing shot through with gleams of gold. Before her the Countess Accolanti's silver service was set out on an inlaid Florentine table, partially protected by an open work oriental scarf. Upon it lay the letter that had come an hour before, and the Signorina now and then feasted her eyes upon it. Just outside the door was a bust of Masaccio, set on a tall pedestal, grass growing on the rough hair and heavy eyelids. Pavilion and tea-table seemed an odd bit of convention, set down in the neglected wildness of this old garden, and Daphne watched it all with entire satisfaction over her Sèvres teacup.

Presently she was startled by seeing Assunta come hurrying back with a teacup and saucer in one hand, a hot water jug in the other. The rapid Italian of excited moments Daphne never pretended to understand, consequently she gathered from Assunta's incoherent words neither names nor impressions, only the bare fact that a caller for the Countess Accolanti had rung the bell.

"He inquired, too, for the Signorina," remarked the peasant woman finally, when her breath had nearly given out.

"Do you know him?" asked Daphne. "Have you seen him before?"

"But yes, thousands of times," said Assunta in a stage whisper. "See, he comes. I thought it best to say that he would find the Signorina in the garden.

And the Signorina must pardon me for the card: I dropped it into the tea-kettle and it is wet, quite wet."

Assunta had time to note with astonishment before she left that hostess and caller met as old friends, for the Signorina held out her hand in greeting before a word of introduction had been said.

"I am told that your shepherd life is ended," remarked Daphne, as she filled the cup just brought. Neither her surprise nor her joy in his coming showed in her face.

"For the present, yes."

"You have won great devotion," said Daphne, smiling. "Only, they all mistake you for a Christian saint."

"What does it matter?" said Apollo. "The feeling is the same."

"Assunta knew you at once as one of those in her calendar," the girl went on, "but she seems to recognize your supernatural qualities only by candlelight. I am a little bit proud that I can detect them by day as well."

Her gayety met no response from him, and there was a long pause. To the girl it seemed that the enveloping sunshine of the garden was only a visible symbol of her new divine content. If she had looked closely, which she dared not do, she would have seen that the lurking sadness in the man's face had leaped to the surface, touching the brown eyes with a look of eternal grief.

"I ventured to stop," he said presently, "because I was not sure that happy chance would throw us together again. I have come to say good-by."

"You are going away?"

"I am going away," he answered slowly.

"So shall I, some day," said Daphne, "and the moss will grow green on my seat by the fountain, and San Pietro will be sold to some peddler who will beat him. Of course it had to end! Sometimes, when you tread the blue heights of Olympus, will you think of me walking on the hard pavements of New York?"

"I shall think of you, yes," he said, failing to catch her merriment.

"And if you ever want a message from me," she continued, "you must look for it on your sacred laurel there on the hill by Hermes' grave. It is just possible, you know, that I shall be inside, and if I am, I shall speak to you through my leaves, when you wander that way."

Something in the man's face warned her, and her voice became grave.

"Why do you go?" she asked.

"It is the only thing to do," he answered. "Life has thrown me back into the old position, and I must face the same foes again. I always rush too eagerly to snatch my good; I always hit my head against some impassable wall. I thought I had won my battles and was safe, and then you came."

The life had gone out of his voice, the light from his face. Looking at him Daphne saw above his temples a touch of gray in the golden brown of his hair.

"And then?" she asked softly.

"Then my hard won control vanished, and I felt that I could stake my hopes of heaven and my fears of hell to win you."

"A Greek god, with thoughts of hell?" murmured Daphne.

"Hell," he answered, "is, a feeling, not a place, as has often been observed. I happen to be in it now, but it does not matter. Yes, I am going away, Daphne, Daphne. You say that there are claims upon you that you cannot thrust aside. I shall go, but in some life, some time, I shall find you again."

Daphne looked at him with soft triumph in her eyes. Secure in the possession of that letter on the table, she would not tell him yet! This note of struggle gave deeper melody to the joyous music of the shepherd on the hills.

"I asked you once about your life and all that had happened to you: do you remember?" he inquired. "I have never told you of my own. Will you let me tell you now?"

"If you do not tell too much and explain yourself away," she answered.

"It is a story of tragedy, and of folly, recognized too late. I have never told it to any human being, but I should like you to understand. It has been an easy life, so far as outer circumstances go. Until I was eighteen I was lord and dictator in a household of women, spoiled by mother and sisters alike. Then came the grief of my life. Oh, I cannot tell it, even to you!"

The veins stood out on his forehead, and his face was indeed like the face of a tortured Saint Sebastian. The girl's eyes were sweet with sympathy, and with something else that he did not look to see.

"There was a plan made for a journey. I opposed it for some selfish whim, for I had a scheme of my own. They yielded to me as they always did, and took my way. That day there was a terrible accident, and all who were dear to me were killed, while I, the murderer, was cursed with life. So, when I was eighteen, my world was made up of four graves in the cemetery at Rome, and of that memory. Whatever the world may say, I was as guilty of those deaths as if I had caused them by my own hand."

He had covered his face with his palms, and his head was bent. The girl reached out as if to touch the rumpled brown hair with consoling fingers, then drew her hand back. In a moment, when her courage came, he should know what share of comfort she was ready to give him. Meanwhile, she hungered to make the farthest reach of his suffering her own.

"Since then?" she asked softly.

"Since then I have been trying to build my life up out of its ruins. I have tried to win content and even gladness, for I hold that man should be master of himself, even of remorse for his old sins. You see, I've been busy trying to find out people who had the same kind of misery, or some other kind, to face."

"Shepherd of the wretched," said the girl dreamily.

"Something like that," he answered.

The girl's face was all a-quiver for pity of the tale; in listening to the story of his life she had completely forgotten her own. Then, before she knew what was happening, he rose abruptly and held out his hand.

"Every minute that I stay makes matters harder," he said. "I've got to go to see if I cannot win gladness even out of this, for still my gospel is the gospel of joy. Good-by."

Suddenly Daphne realized that he was gone! She could hear his footsteps on the pebble-stones of the walk as he swung on with his long stride. She started to run after him, then stopped. After all, how could she find words for what she had to say? Walking to the great gate by the highway she looked wistfully between its iron rods, for one last glimpse of him. A sudden realization came to her that she knew nothing about him, not even an address, "except Delphi," she said whimsically to herself. Only a minute ago he was there; and now she had wantonly let him go out of her life forever.

"I wonder if the Madonna threw my roses away," she thought, coming back with slow feet to the arbor, and realizing for the first time since she had reached the Villa Accolanti that she was alone, and very far away from home.

XVII.

San Pietro and Bertuccio were waiting at the doorway, both blinking sleepily in the morning air. At San Pietro's right side hung a tiny pannier, covered by a fringed white napkin, above which lay a small flask decorated with corn husk and gay yarn, where red wine sparkled like a ruby in the sunshine. The varying degrees of the donkey's resignation were registered exactly in the changing angles at which his right ear was cocked.

"*Pronta!*" called Assunta, who was putting the finishing touches on saddle and luncheon basket. "If the Signorina means to climb the Monte Altiera she must start before the sun is high."

On the hillside above Daphne heard, but her feet strayed only more slowly. She was wandering, with a face like that of a sky across which thin clouds scud, in the grass about Hermes' grave. In her hand was the letter of yesterday, and in her eyes the memory of the days before.

"It is all too late," said Daphne, who had learned to talk aloud in this world where no one understood. "The Greeks were right in thinking that our lives are ruled by mocking fate. I wonder what angry goddess cast forgetfulness upon my mind, so that I forgot to tell Apollo what this letter says."

Daphne looked to the open sky, but it gave no answer, and she paused by the laurel tree with head bent down. Then, with a sudden, wistful little laugh, she held out the letter and fastened it to the laurel, tearing a hole in one corner to let a small bare twig go through. With a blunt pencil she scribbled on it in large letters: "Let Apollo read, if he ever wanders this way."

"He will never find it," said the girl, "and the rain will come and soak it, and it will bleach in the sun. But nobody knows enough to read it, and I shall leave it there on his sacred tree, as my last offering. I suppose there is some saving grace even in the sacrifices that go astray."

Then she descended the hill, climbed upon San Pietro's back, and rode through the gateway.

An hour later, Assunta, going to find a spade in the tool-house, for she was transplanting roses, came upon the Signorina's caller of yesterday standing near the tool-house with something in his hand. The peasant woman's face showed neither awe nor fear; only lively curiosity gleamed in the blinking brown eyes.

"Buon' giorno," said Apollo, exactly as mortals do.

"Buon' giorno, Altezza," returned Assunta.

"Is the Signorina at home?" asked the intruder.

"But no!" cried Assunta. "She has started to climb the very sky to-day, Monte Altiera, and for what I can't make out. It only wears out Bertuccio's shoes and the *asinetto's* legs."

"Grazia," said Apollo, moving away.

"Does his Highness think that the Signorina resembles her sister, the Contessa?" asked the peasant woman for the sake of a detaining word.

"Not at all," answered the visitor, and he passed into the open road.

Then he turned over in his hand the letter which he had taken from the laurel. Though he had read it three times he hardly understood as yet, and his face was the face of one who sees that the incredible has come to pass. The letter was made up of fifteen closely written pages, and it told the story of a young clergyman, who, convinced at last that celibacy and the shelter of the Roman priesthood were his true vocation, had, after long prayer and much meditation, decided to flee the snares of the world and to renounce its joys for the sake of bliss the other side of life.

"When you receive this letter, my dear Daphne," wrote Eustace Denton, "I shall have been taken into the brotherhood of Saint Ambrose, for I wish to place myself in a position where there will be no retracing my steps."

The face of the reader on the Roman hills, as it was lifted from the page again to the sunshine, was full of the needless pity of an alien faith.

Along the white road that led up the mountain, and over the grass-grown path that climbed the higher slopes, trod a solitary traveler. Now his step was swift, as if some invisible spirit of the wind were wafting him on; and again the pace was slow and his head bent, as

if some deep thought stayed his speed. There were green slopes above, green slopes below, and the world opened out as he climbed on and up. Out and out stretched the great Campagna, growing wider at each step, with the gray, unbroken lines of aqueduct leading toward Rome and the shining sea beyond.

On a great flat stone far up on the heights sat two motionless figures: below them, partly veiling the lower world, floated a thin mist of cloud.

"This must be Olympus," said Daphne.

"Any mountain is Olympus that touches the sky," answered Apollo.

"Where are the others?" demanded the girl. "Am I not to know your divine friends?"

"Don't you see them?" he asked as in surprise, — "Aphrodite just yonder in violet robe, and Juno, and Hermes with winged feet" —

"I am afraid I am a wee bit blind, being but mortal," answered Daphne. "I can see nothing but you."

Beside them on the rock, spread out on oak leaves, lay clusters of purple grapes, six black ripe olives, and a little pile of *biscotti Inglesi*. The girl bent and poured from the curving flask red wine that bubbled in the glass, then gave it to her companion, saying: "Quick, before Hebe gets here," and the sound of their merriment rung down the hillside.

"Hark!" whispered Daphne. "I hear an echo of the unquenchable laughter of the gods! They cannot be far away."

From another stone near at hand Bertuccio watched them with eyes that feigned not to see. Bertuccio did not understand English, but he understood everything else. Goodly shares of the nectar and ambrosia of this feast had fallen to his lot, and Bertuccio was almost as happy as the lovers in his own way. In the soft grass near San Pietro Martire nibbled peacefully, now and then lifting his eyes to see what was going on.

Once he brayed. He alone, of all nature, seemed impervious to the joy that had descended upon earth.

It was only an hour since Daphne had been overtaken. Few words had sufficed for understanding, and Bertuccio had looked away.

"My only fear was that I should find you turned into a laurel tree," said Apollo. "I shall always be afraid of that."

"Apollo," said Daphne irrelevantly, holding out to him a bunch of purple grapes in the palm of her hand, "there is a practical side to all this. People will have to know, I am afraid. I must write to my sister."

"I have reason to think that the Countess Accolanti will not be displeased," he answered. There was a queer little look about his mouth, but Daphne asked for no explanation.

"There is your father," he suggested.

"Oh!" said Daphne. "He will love you at once. His tastes and mine are very much alike."

The lover-god smiled, quite satisfied.

"You chose the steepest road of all to-day, little girl," he said. "But it is

not half so long nor so hard as the one I expected to climb to find you."

"You are tired!" said Daphne anxiously. "Rest."

Bertuccio was sleeping on his flat rock; San Pietro lay down for a brief, ascetic slumber. The lovers sat side by side, with the mystery of beauty about them: the purple and gold of nearness and distance; bright color of green grass near, sombre tint of cypress and stone pine afar.

"I shall never really know whether you are a god or not," said Daphne dreamily.

"A very proper attitude for a woman to have toward her husband," he answered with a smile. "I must try hard to live up to the character. You will want to live on Olympus, and you really ought, if you are going to wear gowns woven of my sunbeams like the one you had on yesterday. How shall I convince you that Rome must do part of the time? You will want me to make you immortal: that always happens when a maiden marries a god."

"I think you have done that already," said Daphne.

Margaret Sherwood.

THE CONCENTRATION OF BANKING INTERESTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

I.

EVER since Andrew Jackson overthrew the Second Bank of the United States, the American banking system has consisted of a large number of small institutions possessing little desire or power of helpful coöperation. Large banks with numerous branches, such as exist in Canada and Scotland, have been unknown in the United States, save for a few transient enterprises of ante-bellum days. A central institution, en-

joying federal patronage and serving to unify banking interests, has been a political impossibility since Nicholas Biddle rashly ventured upon a trial of strength with the masterful statesman from Tennessee. National banks, state banks, private banks, trust companies, competing vigorously for public favor, have met tolerably well the needs of the country in fair weather; but in times of stress and storm these separate institutions have been unable to oppose a united front to the forces of financial

disorder. Yet, upon the whole, this decentralization of banking interests has been generally approved as democratic in its tendencies and well adapted to the diverse needs of our vast territory.

At the head of the system stand the national banks, which possess the exclusive power to issue circulating notes. For twenty years following the civil war this privilege remained sufficiently remunerative to gain for these institutions a decided predominance over the banks of deposit and discount incorporated by the several states; but since the early eighties causes which are well understood have reduced the profit derived from the issue of notes, and have decreased the attractiveness of a federal charter. In 1884 there were 2550 national banks and but 1022 state associations, while in 1902 there existed 5397 state banks and 4601 national. In point of resources and banking power the national associations still retain their preëminence, having nearly three times the capital and over twice the deposits shown by the state institutions; yet banks of the latter class are increasing more rapidly than those of the former, despite the temporary influence of recent changes in the national banking laws.

The state banks of deposit and discount have multiplied rapidly in the Mississippi Valley, and especially in the South and West. In general, the laws under which they are formed are more liberal in their provisions concerning loans upon real estate, and permit the establishment of banks with smaller capitals than are required under the federal statutes. This last circumstance accounts for the rapid growth of state associations in communities where a capital of \$25,000, the minimum fixed for national banks, is too large to be employed with the greatest profit. In some cases the state laws may verge perilously toward the point of laxity, but in general these banks are safely conducted and enjoy excellent credit in their own

communities. In New England and the Middle Atlantic States a decided preference is shown for national banks; but New York has nearly two hundred state associations, some of which, in New York city, make large advances to operators on the exchanges.

Private bankers are very numerous in most parts of the United States, and are usually allowed to conduct their business without public supervision. In 1902 no less than 4188 such individuals or firms paid the internal revenue tax then levied upon their capital and surplus. In most sections their resources are small, and their average capital in many states does not exceed ten or fifteen thousand dollars. In agricultural districts such agencies are useful in supplying credit facilities, but in recent years the state bank with small capital has secured an increasing share of such business. Our large cities, however, have many private bankers who are conducting enterprises of the largest size. Besides receiving deposits and making discounts, these firms frequently do a brokerage business or deal in foreign exchange. Many of them have gained their greatest reputation and profits from promoting, consolidating, or reorganizing large corporations. In New York city there are private bankers whose capital is counted by the millions, and whose names have become household words.

In recent years a new class of institutions has forced its way into the field of American banking. Trust companies have existed in the United States for three quarters of a century, but up to fifteen or twenty years ago their number was small and the scope of their operations was restricted. Originally they were formed to act as trustees of estates and to execute other trusts, while they often conducted a safe-deposit business. With the growth of corporations, trust companies began to act as transfer agents, or as trustees under mortgage deeds executed to secure corporation

bonds. Such functions were of great financial importance, but did not carry the earlier companies into the territory occupied by banks of deposit and discount. Indeed, it not seldom happened that their charters or the general laws of the state prohibited them from receiving ordinary deposits or doing a discount business. Gradually, however, a change was effected in the law or in the practice of these associations, and trust companies began to engage in the work of commercial banks. To-day, besides receiving time deposits, they accept deposits that are subject to instant withdrawal by check; and they make extensive loans, generally upon collateral security. To their original business, therefore, they have added the ordinary banking functions; and these are exercised without the restrictions which the law imposes upon banking institutions. The result has been that trust companies have multiplied rapidly, especially in the financial centres, and that their competition has been felt severely by the banks. In 1902 there were 727 of these institutions in the United States, and their aggregate deposits exceeded \$1,500,000,000.

At the present moment, therefore, there are no less than 14,913 associations in the United States that are engaged in commercial banking. In the ordinary discount and deposit business, the national banks still predominate, but their supremacy is challenged by the competition of other institutions. State banks appeal to the needs of certain sections of the country; private bankers maintain an important position, especially in financing corporate enterprises; and trust companies have constantly increased the scope of their operations. But with all these developments, our banking system remained decentralized, and better adapted for fair weather than for foul. In times of actual panic the banks in the largest cities had sometimes utilized the clearing houses for the purpose of adopting common measures of

defense. By the issue of clearing-house certificates they were able to tide the weaker institutions over the period of greatest stress; but this was merely a temporary expedient, and did not change the essential feature of the system. Prior to 1898 it would have been difficult to discover any appreciable tendency toward the concentration of the banking interests of the United States.

II.

In this respect, however, the situation has been radically altered during the last five years. In the first place, the organization of trusts in various branches of manufactures has brought to the great financial centres a large amount of business which formerly fell to the banks of the localities where the separate factories were situated. Many loans which independent manufacturers would have secured from local bankers are now negotiated in the larger cities where the combinations have established their headquarters. While the aggregate sums borrowed may not have been increased by this process, it is evident that corporation loans have been centralized to a very marked degree; and it is well known that New York city has been the principal beneficiary of the change.

A similar tendency is disclosed by an examination of the movement of bank reserves. The national banking laws permit the country banks to deposit a certain proportion of their reserves with institutions located in various cities, and recent years have witnessed a rapid flow of such moneys toward New York. This is due, in part, to the drift of corporation business to that city; since country bankers have deposited there, at interest, some of the funds formerly loaned to concerns that have been absorbed by the trusts. Then, too, some of the metropolitan banks have been making very vigorous efforts to secure such deposits; so that in April of the present

year eight of the principal institutions held no less than \$160,000,000 of funds deposited by other national banks. The reserves of state banks and trust companies are handled in the same manner; and on September 15, 1902, the national banks of New York city had \$414,000,000 of deposits that belonged to other institutions. This means, of course, that the bank reserves of the United States are concentrated more and more in a single city, just as, in France or England, the reserves are stored in a great central bank.

The marvelous development of American industry in recent years has increased very decidedly the demands made upon our banking system at the very time when such business has been drifting toward the city of New York. Between 1897 and 1902 the total bank clearings of the country increased from fifty-four to one hundred and sixteen billions of dollars, while the proportion falling to the New York Clearing House rose from fifty-seven to sixty-four per cent of the entire volume of these transactions. This has caused an unprecedented increase of the capital employed; so that within five years the banking institutions of New York have enlarged their capital, surplus, and undivided profits from \$232,000,000 to \$451,000,000. And if, to these figures, we add the increased deposits secured from outside banks, we can form some adequate estimate of the strength of the forces that have been concentrating our banking interests in a single city.

To no small extent this demand for additional capital has been met by the establishment of new institutions, particularly by the formation of trust companies; but in a much larger measure it has occasioned an increase of the resources of existing banks. Prior to 1898 the banks of New York had been of very

moderate size. Only two had a capital of \$5,000,000, and the average for the clearing house institutions was less than \$1,000,000; to-day the average capital is nearly twice as great, while three banks have as much as \$10,000,000 and one has \$25,000,000. In 1895 the capital, surplus, and undivided profits of the fifty national banks amounted to \$110,000,000, and their deposits stood at \$507,000,000; in 1902 the number of these institutions had fallen to forty-five, while their capital, surplus, and profits had risen to \$191,000,000, and their deposits to \$1,057,000,000. It is evident, therefore, that the rapid expansion of the business conducted in New York city has stimulated the growth of larger institutions than the country has known since the days of the Second Bank of the United States, which, it will be remembered, employed a capital of \$35,000,000.¹

The increased capital of the larger banks has been secured in many instances by subscriptions from the existing stockholders, but in other cases it has come from the consolidation of two or more institutions. The national banking laws do not authorize explicitly the combination of banking associations, yet one section relating to voluntary liquidation seems to contemplate such an occurrence. Mergers are sometimes effected through the purchase of the assets and the assumption of the liabilities of the institution that is to be absorbed. In other cases one bank increases its capital and sells the new shares to the stockholders of the liquidated association for the cash that they receive in payment for their original holdings. Occasionally both banks are placed in liquidation, and their assets are bought by a new institution which also assumes their liabilities. In his last report, the Comptroller of the Cur-

¹ It should be observed that our largest bank, the National City, with its capital of \$25,000,000, is smaller than the great banks of other countries. The capital of the Bank of England

is \$72,000,000; that of the Bank of France amounts to \$36,000,000; while the Bank of the Empire of Germany has a capital of \$30,000,000.

rency recommended that the law should be amended in such a manner as to simplify the process of consolidation.

In New York city these bank mergers have attracted great attention, and the First National Bank, the National City, the Bank of Commerce, the Hanover National, and many others have figured in such transactions. But in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and Omaha the process has been repeated; so that reports of bank consolidations have become quite the order of the day. In 1901 twenty-one national banks were absorbed by other national associations, while six were merged with state banks or trust companies; in 1902 there were forty-six consolidations of the former class, and eleven of the latter. Apparently we are now witnessing a movement which resembles, at least superficially, that which has proceeded so rapidly in the field of transportation and manufactures.

But actual consolidation is not the only method by which our banking capital is being aggregated in larger masses; for in many cases a common ownership has been established in institutions which retain a formal independence. The national banking laws prohibit one association from holding stock in another, but there is nothing to prevent a group of men from buying a controlling interest in any number of banks. This method is exemplified by the groups of institutions which Mr. Charles W. Morse has brought together in several cities. It has been followed, also, by the capitalists who control the great National City Bank, and by others. Sometimes a great deal of diplomacy is required to effect such an arrangement, since prosperous banks of long standing are jealous of their independence and their stock is held at very high prices. An illustration of this is seen in the relations of the First National Bank of New York with the Chase National. In

this case some degree of union was secured through an exchange of holdings and of directors, so that the resources of the two banks are now under a joint control. In many cases it is supposed that stockholders of one bank have purchased an interest in other institutions with money that has been borrowed by pledging as collateral security the shares thus acquired. Such a practice makes it possible to secure an extensive control with a small amount of capital, and may yet prove to be a source of danger. Obviously, if a number of banks that are involved in the same set of enterprises make numerous loans upon each other's shares, an impairment of capital might result from the failure of the undertakings in which such loans were used.

Finally, in addition to all the centralizing tendencies which have been described, every effort has been made to secure coöperation on the widest possible scale, through arrangements designed to unify the world of finance. The larger life insurance companies have become interested in various banks or trust companies; and their officers, in a purely private capacity, are influential in many other institutions. Private banking houses are represented among the owners and managers of national and state associations, while the good offices of influential capitalists have been enlisted as far as practicable. As a prominent banker has stated: "We now have skill and resources combined, with a strength never before seen in the United States and perhaps never in the markets of Europe." In the present day of unbounded prosperity the structure erected upon the principle of community of interest presents an imposing, even awe-inspiring, appearance; its solidity, however, will not be subjected to the decisive test until we reach a season of adversity.

III.

It is difficult to trace with entire accuracy the complex relationships which

now unite so many of the financial institutions of the city of New York. In broadest outlines, however, the situation can be described by saying that two major and two minor spheres of influence can be clearly recognized. A brief description of these will serve to give greater definiteness to our statement of existing conditions and tendencies.

Of the major spheres of influence the first is dominated, although not absolutely controlled at all points, by what are known as the Standard Oil interests. Ten or twelve years ago the magnates of the oil combination secured control of the National City Bank, which, within a decade, has increased its capital, surplus, and undivided profits from three to forty-one millions; and its deposits, from twelve to one hundred and thirty millions. This corporation is believed to be connected more or less closely with some fifty other institutions located in various parts of the country. In New York it stands at the head of a chain of eleven or twelve banks and trust companies. Some of these, as the Second National Bank, are wholly controlled by the interests which the City Bank represents, and are operated virtually as branches of the larger institution; others, as the United States Trust Company, possess greater independence, but work in harmony with the general policy of the group. The entire chain of institutions employs a capital and surplus of \$92,000,000, holds deposits amounting to \$377,000,000, and carries loans that aggregate \$266,000,000. With the National City interests, also, there are identified some of the leading officials of the New York Life Insurance Company and the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.¹

The same interests control, also, a second chain of institutions. This is headed by the Hanover National Bank, and includes two smaller banks and

the Trust Company of America. The total capital of the four institutions is \$16,000,000; their deposits amount to \$97,000,000, and their loans stand at \$57,000,000. With the Hanover Bank, moreover, the Union Trust Company, controlling \$52,000,000 of deposits and \$44,000,000 of loans, is known to have intimate relations. If now we combine the figures for the two chains of institutions associated with the City and the Hanover Banks, it appears that within our first sphere of influence there have been aggregated \$108,000,000 of banking capital, \$474,000,000 of deposits, and \$323,000,000 of loans. And these data, it should be remembered, take no account of the control exercised over banks located outside of New York.

The other major sphere of influence is controlled from the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company and from the offices of two of the large insurance companies. Perhaps little violence will be done to the facts if, henceforth, we call this the Morgan sphere; for it seems certain that the dominating influence emanates from 23 Wall Street. Three chains of banking institutions are the repositories of the power here represented. One of them is headed by the First National Bank, which, within ten years, has increased its total resources from thirty-one to one hundred and ten millions, and now has a capital, surplus, and undivided profits amounting to over twenty-three millions. In this institution Mr. Morgan's control is almost undisputed; and with it are associated the powerful Chase National Bank, the Liberty and Astor Banks, and the Manhattan Trust Company. This group of institutions possesses an aggregate banking capital of \$33,000,000, while its deposits and loans stand respectively at \$149,000,000 and \$72,000,000.

A second chain of banks is led by the National Bank of Commerce, in which the Mutual Life Insurance Company is one of the principal stockholders. With it are grouped four other institutions,

¹ Many of the facts here presented may be found in the Wall Street Journal for February 11, 1903.

of which the largest is the Morton Trust Company. At the head of a third chain stands the Western National Bank, which is associated with the Mercantile and the Equitable Trust Companies.¹ The Equitable Life Assurance Society holds large blocks of the stock of the first two of these institutions, and the Gould interests are represented in the ownership and management of the Mercantile Trust Company. If both of these chains are combined with the one controlled through the First National Bank, we find in the Morgan sphere of influence a banking capital of \$97,000,000, deposits amounting to \$472,000,000, and loans which aggregate \$299,000,000. In addition to this, the two life insurance companies just mentioned have outstanding loans of \$28,000,000 upon collateral security.¹

Compared with the Standard Oil and the Morgan interests, the chain of institutions known as the "Morse" group is of decidedly minor importance. But this includes twelve banks and two trust companies, with an aggregate capital of \$23,000,000, and loans amounting to over \$100,000,000. Mr. Morse and his associates have purchased the control of these institutions, perhaps, with the aid of loans secured in the manner described in an earlier paragraph. At present the group is supposed to be operated upon an independent basis, but there is no little speculation concerning the possibility of its being merged with one of the larger banking combinations.

And, finally, we come to the National Park Bank, with its group of affiliated institutions. Four of these are small state banks in different parts of New York, which are operated virtually as branches of the larger corporation; the fifth is the Colonial Trust Company. The banking capital of the six associations is \$13,000,000, and their loans

do not exceed \$76,000,000; ownership and management rest with the Astor, Vanderbilt, and Belmont interests.

Outside of these various spheres of influence, there are many strong and independent banks, some of which a decade ago occupied the leading positions. Then, too, many new institutions, generally employing a small capital, have been established during the recent period of business expansion. Yet the Morgan and the Standard Oil alliances control not less than \$205,000,000 of the \$451,000,000 of banking capital invested in the city of New York; and, in all probability, secure a similar proportion of the business transacted. Time alone can tell whether these mighty aggregations can be held together; but for the present, at any rate, a signal victory has been gained for the principle of community of interest.

The relations between the magnates who control the two great alliances have not always been harmonious, as was seen in the Northern Pacific corner of 1901; and at times there have been lively exchanges of blows and of epithets. Considerable divergence of interest is likely to continue both within and without the purlieu of Wall Street; but it is interesting to observe that certain affiliations exist between the two groups of capitalists. One of the directors of the National City Bank is a partner in the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company, while another is a director of the First National. Both of these gentlemen are officials of the New York Life Insurance Company, which appears to have cultivated friendly relations with in both spheres of influence. An examination of the directorates of banks and trust companies discloses a few other cases in which similar connections have been established; but there is no indication that closer union is desired.

¹ As this article goes to print, it is reported that the National Bank of Commerce and the Western National are to be merged in a new institution with a capital of \$25,000,000. Upon

the committee which will supervise the transaction, the First National Bank and the Morton Trust Company are represented.

IV.

In explanation of the present tendency toward the consolidation of banking power, emphasis is usually laid upon the undoubted fact that the growth of gigantic industrial corporations has created a demand for accommodations which smaller banks would be unable to supply. Only a large institution, or a group of powerful banks and trust companies, can effect a \$5,000,000 loan at an hour's notice, or undertake the vast enterprises that are characteristic of the times. Frequently such movements must be conducted with secrecy, at least in their early stages; and this condition is difficult to secure when the coöperation of a large number of bankers must be invited. Then, too, the national banking laws limit the size of a loan negotiated by a single borrower to one tenth of the capital of the bank. This restriction is so poorly enforced that its importance is rather sentimental than practical, but it has been one of the reasons for increasing the capital of some institutions.

Again, it seems certain that concentration results in considerable economies in operation, since the outlay for clerical assistance and for some other purposes does not increase as rapidly as the volume of business transacted. A recent investigation by the Comptroller of the Currency shows that, with banks having a capital of a million or more dollars, the operating expenses are but 1.33 per cent of the aggregate loans and discounts; while in the case of banks with a capital of \$100,000, the proportion rises to 2.34 per cent. Moreover, it is possible for a large institution to employ, at high salaries, men of special ability in each department of work. Within the limits in which these considerations apply, it would seem that concentration heightens the efficiency of our banking capital.

But the further claim is made that our larger banking institutions will con-

tribute to the stability of financial conditions, and it is said that a plan of harmonious coöperation has been developed which will materially diminish the injury produced by the next industrial crisis. In this direction our independent banks, each compelled to seek its own safety in times of impending danger, have not possessed the strength which a unified banking system would exhibit. Of this fact we have had so many demonstrations that serious argument upon the subject is hardly necessary; but it does not follow forthwith that any and all movements toward consolidation will result in increased stability; much will depend, inevitably, upon the wisdom and conservatism which the great institutions display.

In this connection it must be observed that the largest banks in New York are, for all practical purposes, corporation banks. Some of them frankly state that they do not care for small customers, by which is meant depositors whose accounts average from one to twenty thousand dollars; and all of them cultivate principally the business of the larger corporations and of out-of-town banks. These features of their policy entail certain important results. It is a well-known fact that deposits of a small or moderate size are more stable than "millionaire" accounts, which are likely to be drawn down very rapidly when money is high. Only a short time ago one of the big banks was notified, an hour before closing for the day, that a check for \$5,000,000 had been drawn against a large account. With "a little skirmishing," so a reliable financial paper states, "the situation was met in a few minutes;" but the incident illustrates the conditions under which the operations of such institutions must be conducted. The same tendencies exist also in the case of the deposits by country banks. At the approach of anything resembling a panic these are withdrawn with great rapidity; so that they have been justly called the "explosive ele-

ment" of our banking system. It is evident, therefore, that more than ordinary conservatism will be required if the largest banks are to exercise a steadying influence in times of actual or impending danger.

This point can be made somewhat clearer by a brief reference to the conditions that prevail in other lands. In France or in England, for example, the specie reserves of the whole country are concentrated very largely in the vaults of a central bank. The Bank of France and the Bank of England occupy an independent position, and are dominated by no outside interests that can involve them in the fortunes of special enterprises. Sobered and steadied at all times by an appreciation of the enormous moral responsibility that rests upon them, the managers of these institutions adhere to their ultra-conservative policy even when the spirit of speculation is rampant in other financial circles. Against its enormous deposits the Bank of England maintains a cash reserve of over fifty per cent, while the position of the Bank of France is even stronger; when, therefore, other banks experience a demand for ready money, relief can be quickly afforded by these central institutions. And it is only through such conservatism as these banks display in periods of prosperity that they can contribute to stability in times of stress and storm. When it is remembered that the reserves of the New York banks seldom exceed very greatly the twenty-five per cent limit which has been established by law and by custom, the contrast between American and French or English conditions becomes at once apparent. For an independent bank, which is free to seek its own safety at the approach of danger, a reserve of twenty-five per cent should ordinarily prove to be ample; but for institutions that aspire to the rank of central banks such a safeguard must be wholly inadequate.

This leads us to another weighty con-

sideration. Unlike the central banks of other countries, our largest institutions are closely connected with various industrial interests, so that they do not occupy an independent position. Their policy is not controlled with sole regard for the general welfare of our banking system; but they have been drawn into vast enterprises, into promotions or reorganizations, often of a speculative character, and have displayed less, not more, than ordinary conservatism. The National City Bank stood as sponsor for the Amalgamated Copper Company, and the First National has lent its aid to various undertakings with which Mr. Morgan has been identified. This is not to say, even by remotest implication, that the safety of the banks has been endangered by such transactions; but it is mentioned in order to illustrate the fact that these institutions are not free to husband their resources in order to insure the stability of the money market, and are not, at present, qualified to assume the rôles of the Bank of England and the Bank of France. It is to be feared that our financiers have not yet learned the difference between banking and the promotion of companies; but until this distinction is better understood, New York city will not rival London as an international financial centre.

One thing, however, may be conceded to the claim that the union of banking interests already effected may do something to mitigate the severity of future panics. A mere increase of capital will accomplish nothing in this direction, if banks in the day of prosperity use their credit "up to the hilt" in their ordinary enterprises. But the common control of large groups of institutions may develop the habit and power of more effective coöperation. This will not, it is true, avert the inevitable consequences of over-speculation; it will not prevent a certain depletion of bank reserves under the demands made by depositors whose affairs have become involved; but

it may allay that senseless feeling of panic which is always responsible for some of the worst features of a crisis. In a situation where purely psychological forces play so large a part, even the expedients of the faith-curer are not to be despised.

v.

The concentration of banking power has now proceeded so far that discussion has inevitably arisen concerning the length to which it will be carried and the possible dangers of the movement. In the counting room and upon the street, New Yorkers are pondering upon these questions, and not infrequently pointed remarks are made about the "Money Trust." If this expression were heard only in the region of the hundredth meridian, its interpretation would be obvious; but within the sacred precincts of Wall Street, such words cannot fail to produce a certain impression. At least they serve to suggest some concluding remarks.

It is sometimes said that the weekly statement of the condition of the New York banks is being manipulated for speculative purposes, and that it "can be made favorable or unfavorable, according to the market position of the larger interests in finance." If, for example, it is desired to depress the prices of stocks, it is thought that large sums are withdrawn from the Clearing House banks, in order to reduce the surplus reserves which are commonly accepted as the index of the condition of the money market. This charge is, from the very nature of the case, extremely difficult to prove or to disprove. Such transfers of money might certainly be made; but in the absence of positive proof, one cannot assert that they are of frequent occurrence.

Other disagreeable rumors concern discrimination in extending or withdrawing loans, by which, it is said, certain concerns that have attempted to compete with some of the Trusts have

been forced to inevitable ruin. Here, again, decisive proofs are hard to obtain. The withdrawal of bank accommodations has always been a possible means of commercial reprisal, but it is usually conceivable that some other reason exists for the action of the banker. Doubtless the concentration of great power in a few hands increases the dangers that may be apprehended from this practice; but up to the present time the evil is probably more potential than actual.

The question of greatest interest, however, is: How far is the process of concentration to go? If two groups of magnates control to-day nearly one half of the banking capital of New York, what is to prevent them from establishing a practical monopoly of the business? There can be no doubt that money is now held much more tightly than formerly, and it is not strange that the situation has caused some apprehension.

In considering the matter it is possible to steady one's judgment by recalling the fact that, of all forms of capital, banking capital is absolutely the freest. It is unnecessary for the banker to erect an expensive plant which will be rendered worthless if his competitors are able to drive him out of business. Provided that care is exercised in making loans, it is possible for any concern to enter or to retire from the field without losing any appreciable portion of its investment. The trouble and expense of incorporating a banking association need not be incurred by any individual or firm that may desire to lend money upon personal or collateral security. No crude materials have to be transported through pipe lines or upon railroads that refuse equal opportunities to all shippers. The post office does not attempt to discriminate between its patrons, and express companies would hardly be so foolish as to hasten the establishment of a parcels post by adopting such a short-sighted policy. Moreover, the average small customer, like

the average large depositor or borrower, prefers to have personal relations with his banker; and this becomes increasingly difficult as the size of an institution increases. Under such circumstances, the establishment of anything resembling a complete monopoly is quite inconceivable. Even when a government grants special privileges to a central bank, as has been the case in Europe, a vigorous competition still persists. By the side of the Bank of England there has grown up a vast system of private and incorporated banks, and the Bank of France is confronted by such rivals as the *Crédit Lyonnais*.

But even if complete monopoly is impossible, it does not follow that the prospect is free from all unpleasant features. So large a part of the resources of the New York banks is now controlled by the great alliances that it would be difficult to finance a corporate enterprise of the largest size without the consent of the Morgan or the Rockefeller interests. For such a purpose outside capital might possibly be enlisted, but this would probably entail considerable risk and effort; so that, for the present, a few magnates have the situation pretty well in hand. Then, again, it is unfortunate to have the largest banks and their affiliated institutions so closely identified with particular corporate interests. This gives to the great captains of industry almost unlimited control over other people's capital, and enables them to tie up in their own enterprises banking resources that should be available for the use of the community at large. Especially undesirable is it to have life insurance and trust companies drawn so largely into the domain of speculative finance. The general tendency of the times seems to be to confuse the distinction between enterprises that are safe investments for funds held in a fiduciary

capacity and ventures that should be undertaken only with capital that is otherwise provided. Underwriting projects in which a profit of two hundred per cent is considered none too large a compensation for the risks assumed, do not furnish a good field for the conservative employment of trust funds. It is in these directions, rather than in the menace of a monopoly, that the present dangers of the concentration movement are to be found.

The systematization and, within conservative limits, the unification of our banking system offer large opportunities for legitimate enterprise, and contain the possibility of great advantages for the entire country. The analogies furnished by the experience of other nations suggest, at any rate, that such developments are likely to occur during the next decade. The joint control of numerous banks will probably lead to what will amount virtually to the growth of branch banking, which has proved so successful wherever it has been tried. Monopoly will not be the result of such a process, if the example of other lands may serve as a guide for our conclusions; rather will it increase the effectiveness with which capital competes with capital in all parts of the United States. But the movement must be guided with great circumspection if political antagonism of the most violent character is not to be aroused; and it must not be directed with a view to the advantage of ulterior industrial interests. At the centre of any stable system there must stand large banks of which the independence and the conservatism must be as unquestioned as the power. Without these qualities, mere bigness will be of no avail; and this is the fact that must receive chief emphasis in the consideration of present conditions and tendencies.

Charles J. Bullock.

THE SEA WIND.

WINNOW me through with thy keen clean breath,
Wind with the tang of the sea!
Speed through the closing gates of the day,
Find me and fold me; have thy way
And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—
Gray sky of this sullen day!
Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back,
Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
Halyards and straining spars;
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast
While the last lights die in the yellow west
Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart
And set my spirit free!
For I stifle here in this crowded place,
Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
Wind with the tang of the sea!

Arthur Ketchum.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

IF it be true that the critical spirit to-day, in presence of the rising tide of prose fiction, a watery waste out of which old standards and landmarks are seen barely to emerge, like chimneys and the tops of trees in a flooded land, — if it be true that the anxious observer, with the water up to his chin, finds himself asking for the *reason* of the strange phenomenon, for its warrant and title, so we likewise make out that these credentials rather fail to float on the surface. We live in a world of wanton and importunate fable, we breathe its air and consume its fruits; yet who shall say that we are able, when invited, to

account for our preferring it so largely to the world of fact? To do so would be to make some adequate statement of the good the product in question does us. What does it do for our life, our mind, our manners, our morals, — what does it do that history, poetry, philosophy, may not do, as well or better, to warn, to comfort and command the countless thousands for whom and by whom it comes into being? We seem too often left with our riddle on our hands. The lame conclusion on which we retreat is that "stories" are multiplied, circulated, paid for, on the scale of the present hour, simply because peo-

ple "like" them. As to why people *should* like anything so loose and cheap as the preponderant mass of the "output," so little indebted for the magic of its action to any mystery in the making, is more than the actual state of our perceptions enables us to say.

This bewilderment might be our last word if it were not for the occasional occurrence of accidents especially appointed to straighten out, a little, our tangle. We are reminded that if the unnatural prosperity of the wanton fable cannot be adequately explained, it can at least be illustrated with a sharpness that is practically an argument. An abstract solution failing, we encounter it in the concrete. We catch, in short, a new impression — or, to speak more truly, we recover an old one. It was always there to be had, but we throw off, ourselves, an oblivion, an indifference, for which there are plenty of excuses. We become conscious, for our profit, of a *case*, and we see that our mystification was in the way cases had appeared, for so long, to fail us. None of the shapeless forms about us, for the time, had attained to the dignity of one. The one I am now conceiving as suddenly effective — for which I fear I must have looked on it as somewhat in eclipse — is that of Émile Zola, whom, as a manifestation of the sort we are considering, three or four striking facts have lately combined to render more objective, and, so to speak, more massive. His close connection with the most resounding of recent public quarrels; his premature and disastrous death; above all, at the moment I write, the appearance of his last-finished novel, bequeathed to his huge public from beyond the grave — these rapid events have made him more evident, made him loom abruptly larger; much as if our pedestrian critic, treading the dusty highway, had turned a sharp corner.

It is not, assuredly, that Zola has ever been veiled or unapparent; he had, on the contrary, been digging his field,

for thirty years and for all passers to see, with an industry that kept him, after the fashion of one of the grand, grim sowers or reapers of his brother of the brush, or at least of the canvas, Jean-François Millet, duskily outlined against the sky. He was there, in the landscape of labor — he had always been; but he was there as a big natural or pictorial feature, a spreading tree, a battered tower, a lumpish, round-shouldered, useful hayrick, confounded with the air and the weather, the rain and the shine, the day and the dusk, merged more or less, as it were, in the play of the elements themselves. We had got used to him, and, thanks in a measure to this stoutness, precisely, of his presence, to the long regularity of his performance, had come to notice him hardly more than the dwellers in the market place notice the quarters struck by the town-clock. On top of all, accordingly, for our skeptical mood, the sense of his work, — a sense determined afresh by the strange climax of his personal history, — rings out almost with violence as a reply to our wonder. It is as if an earthquake, or some other rude interference, had shaken from the town-clock a note of such unusual depth as to compel attention. We therefore once more give heed, and the result of this is that we feel ourselves, after a little, probably as much answered as we can hope ever to be. We have worked round to the so marked and impressive anomaly of the adoption of the "cheap" art by one of the stoutest minds and stoutest characters of our time. This extraordinarily robust worker has found it good enough for him, and if the fact is, as I say, anomalous, we are doubtless helped to conclude that by its anomalies, in future, the bankrupt business, as we are so often moved to pronounce it, will most recover credit.

What is at all events striking for us, critically speaking, is that, in the midst of the dishonor it has gradually harvested by triumphant vulgarity of prac-

tice, its pliancy and applicability can still plead for themselves. The curious contradiction stands forth for our relief, — the circumstance that, thirty years ago, a young man of extraordinary brain and indomitable purpose, wishing to give the measure of these endowments in a piece of work supremely solid, conceived and sat down to *Les Rougon-Macquart* rather than to an equal task in physics, mathematics, politics, economics. He saw his undertaking, thanks to his patience and courage, practically to a close; so that, precisely, it is neither of the so-called constructive sciences that happens to have had the benefit, intellectually speaking, of one of the few most constructive achievements of our time. There then, provisionally at least, we touch bottom; we get a glimpse of the pliancy and variety — the ideal of vividness — on behalf of which our equivocal form may appeal to a strong head. In the name of what ideal, on its own side, however, does the strong head yield to the appeal? What is the logic of its so deeply committing itself? Zola's case seems to tell us, as it tells us other things. The logic is in its huge freedom of adjustment to the temperament of the worker, which it carries, so to say, as no other vehicle can do. It expresses fully and directly the whole man, and, big as he may be, it can still be big enough for him without becoming false to its type. We see this truth made strong, from beginning to end, in Zola's work; we see the temperament, we see the whole man, with his size and all his marks, stored and packed away in the huge hold of *Les Rougon-Macquart* as a cargo is packed away on a ship. His personality is the thing that finally pervades and prevails, just as, so often, on a vessel, the presence of the cargo makes itself felt for the assaulted senses. What has most come home to me in reading him over is that a scheme of fiction so conducted is in fact a capacious vessel. It can carry anything — with art, with

force, in the stowage; nothing in this case will sink it. And it is the only form for which such a claim can be made. All others have to confess to a smaller scope — to selection, to exclusion, to the danger of distortion, explosion, combustion. The novel has nothing to fear but sailing too light. It will take all we bring, in good faith, to the wharf.

An intense vision of this truth must have been Zola's comfort from the earliest time, — the years, immediately following the crash of the Empire, during which he settled himself to the tremendous task he had mapped out. No finer act of courage and confidence, I think, is recorded in the history of letters. The critic in sympathy with him returns again and again to the great wonder of it, in which something so strange is mixed with something so august. Entertained and carried out almost from the threshold of manhood, the high project, the work of a lifetime, announces beforehand its inevitable weakness, and yet speaks in the same voice for its admirable, its almost unimaginable, strength. The strength was in the young man's very person — in his character, his will, his passion, his fighting temper, his aggressive lips, his squared shoulders (when he "sat up") and overweening confidence; his weakness was in that inexperience of life from which he proposed not to suffer, from which he in fact suffered, on the surface, remarkably little, and from which he was never to suspect, I judge, that he had suffered at all. I may mention, for the interest of it, that, meeting him during his first short visit to London — made several years before his stay in England during the Dreyfus trial — I received a direct impression of him that was more informing than any previous study. I had seen him a little, in Paris, years before that, when this impression was a perceptible promise, and I was now to perceive how time had made it good. It consisted, simply stated, in his fairly

bristling with the betrayal that nothing whatever had happened to him in life but to write *Les Rougon-Macquart*. It was even, for that matter, almost more as if *Les Rougon-Macquart* had written *him*, written him as he stood and sat, as he looked and spoke, as the long, concentrated, merciless effort had made and stamped and left him. Something very fundamental was to happen to him, in due course, it is true, shaking him to his base; fate was not wholly to cheat him of an independent evolution. Recalling him from this London hour one strongly felt, during the famous "Affair," that his outbreak in connection with it was the act of a man with arrears of personal history to make up, the act of a spirit for which life, or for which at any rate freedom, had been too much postponed, treating itself at last to a luxury of experience.

I welcomed the general impression, at all events — I intimately entertained it; it represented so many things, it suggested, just as it was, such a lesson. You could neither have everything nor be everything — you had to choose; you could not at once sit firm at your job and wander through space inviting initiations. The author of *Les Rougon-Macquart* had had all those, certainly, that this wonderful company could bring him; but I can scarce express how it was implied in him that his time had been fruitfully passed with *them* alone. His artistic evolution struck one thus as, in spite of its magnitude, singularly simple, and evidence of the simplicity seems further offered by his last production, of which we have just come into possession. *Vérité* truly does give the measure, makes the author's high maturity join hands with his youth, marks the rigid straightness of his course from point to point. He had seen his horizon and his fixed goal from the first, and no cross-scent, no new distance, no blue gap in the hills to right or to left ever tempted him to stray. *Vérité*, of which I shall have more to say, is in

fact, as a moral finality and the crown of an edifice, one of the strangest possible performances. Machine-minted and solidified by an immense expertness, it yet makes us ask how, for disinterested observation and perception, the writer had used so much time and so much acquisition, and how he can, all along, have handled so much material without some larger subjective consequence. We really rub our eyes, in other words, to see so great an intellectual adventure as *Les Rougon-Macquart* terminate in unmistakable desert sand. Difficult truly to read, because showing him at last almost completely a prey to the danger that had, for a long time, more and more dogged his steps, the danger of the mechanical, all confident and triumphant, the book is nevertheless full of interest for a reader desirous to penetrate. It speaks with more distinctness of the author's temperament, tone, and manner than if, like several of his volumes, it had a really successful life of its own. Its heavy completeness, with all this, as of some prodigiously neat, strong, and complicated scaffolding constructed by a firm of builders for the erection of a house whose foundations refuse to bear it and that is unable therefore to rise — its very betrayal of a method and a habit more than adequate, on past occasions, to similar ends, carries us back to the original rare phenomenon, the grand assurance and grand patience with which the system was launched.

If it topples over, the system, by its own weight, in these last applications of it, that only makes the history of its prolonged success the more curious and, speaking for myself, the spectacle of its origin more attaching. Readers of my generation remember well the publication of *La Conquête de Plassans* and the portent, indefinable but irresistible, after perusal of the volume, conveyed in the general rubric under which it was a first installment, *Natural and Social History of a Family under the Second*

Empire. It loomed large, the announcement, from the first, and we were to learn promptly enough what a fund of life it masked. It was like the mouth of a cave with a signboard hung above, or better still perhaps like the big booth at a fair with the name of the show across the flapping canvas. One strange animal after another stepped forth into the light, each in its way a monster bristling and spotted, each a curiosity of that "natural history" in the name of which we were addressed, though it was doubtless not till the appearance of *L'Assommoir* that the true type of the monstrous seemed to be reached. The enterprise, for those who had attention, was even at a distance impressive, and the nearer the critic gets to it retrospectively, the more so it becomes. The pyramid had been planned and the site staked out, but the young builder stood there, in his sturdy strength, with no equipment save his two hands and, as we may say, his wheelbarrow and his trowel. His pile of material — of stone, brick, and rubble, or whatever — was of the smallest, but that he apparently felt as the least of his difficulties. Poor, uninstructed, unacquainted, unintroduced, he set up his subject wholly from the outside, proposing to himself, wonderfully, to get into it, into its depths, as he went.

If we imagine him asking himself what he knew of the "social" life of the second Empire to start with, we imagine him also answering in all honesty: "I have my eyes and my ears — I have all my senses: I have what I've seen and heard, what I've smelled and tasted and touched. And then I've my curiosity and my pertinacity; I've libraries, books, newspapers, witnesses, the material, from step to step, of an *enquête*. And then I've my genius — that is, my imagination, my sensibility to life. Lastly, I've my method, and that will be half the battle. Best of all, perhaps even, I've an incomparable absence of doubts." Of the paucity of

his doubts indeed, of his inability, once his direction taken, to entertain so much as the shadow of one, *Vérité* is a positive monument — which again represents in this way the unity of his tone and the meeting of his extremes. If we remember that his design was nothing if not architectural, that a "majestic whole," a great balanced façade, with all its orders and parts, that a unity of effect, in fine, was before him from the first, his notion of picking up his bricks as he proceeded becomes, in operation, heroic. It is not in the least as a record of failure for him that I note this particular fact of the growth of the long series as the liveliest interest, on the whole, it has to offer. "I don't know my subject, but I must live into it; I don't know life, but I must learn it as I work" — that attitude and programme represent, to my sense, a drama more intense on the worker's own part than any of the dramas he was to invent and put before us.

It was the fortune, it was in a manner the doom, of *Les Rougon-Macquart* to deal with things almost always in gregarious form, to be a picture of *numbers*, of classes, crowds, confusions, movements, industries — and this for a reason of which it will be interesting to attempt some account. The individual life is, if not wholly absent, reflected in coarse and common, in generalized terms; whereby we arrive precisely at the oddity just named, the circumstance that, looking out somewhere, and often woefully athirst, for the taste of fineness, we find it not in the fruits of our author's fancy, but in a different matter altogether. We get it in the very history of his effort, the image itself of his lifelong process, comparatively so personal, so spiritual even, and, through all its patience and pain, of a quality so much more distinguished than the qualities he succeeds in attributing to his figures even when he most aims at distinction. There can be no question, in these narrow limits, of my taking

the successive volumes one by one — all the more that our sense of the exhibition is as little as possible an impression of parts and books, of particular "plots" and persons. It produces the effect of a mass of imagery in which shades are sacrificed, the effect of character and passion in the lump or by the ton. The fullest, the most characteristic episodes affect us like a sounding chorus or procession, as with a hubbub of voices and a multitudinous tread of feet. The setter of the mass into motion, he himself, in the crowd, figures best, with whatever queer idiosyncrasies, excrescences, and gaps, as a being of a substance akin to our own. Taking him as we must, I repeat, for quite heroic, the interest of detail in him is the interest of his struggle, at every point, with his problem.

The sense for crowds and processions, for the gross and the general, was largely the *result* of this predicament, of the disproportion between his scheme and his material — though it was certainly also in part an effect of his particular turn of mind. What the reader easily discerns in him is the sturdy resolution with which breadth and energy supply the place of penetration. He rests to his utmost on his documents, devours and assimilates them, makes them yield him extraordinary appearances of life; but in his way he too improvises in the grand manner, the manner of Walter Scott and of Dumas the elder. We feel that he *has* to improvise for his moral and social world, the world as to which vision and opportunity must come, if they are to come at all, unhurried and unhustled — must take their own time, helped, doubtless, more or less, by blue-books, reports, and interviews, by inquiries, "on the spot," but never wholly replaced by such substitutes without a general disfigurement. Vision and opportunity reside in a personal sense and a personal history, and no short cut to them in the interest of plausible fiction has ever been discovered. The short

cut, it is not too much to say, was with Zola the subject of constant ingenious experiment, and it is largely to this source, I surmise, that we owe the celebrated element of his grossness. He was *obliged* to be gross, on his system, or neglect, to his cost, an invaluable aid to representation, as well as one that apparently struck him as lying close at hand; and I cannot withhold my frank admiration from the courage and consistency with which he faced his need.

His general subject, in the last analysis, was the nature of man; in dealing with which he took up, obviously, the harp of most numerous strings. His business was to make these strings sound true, and there were none that he did n't, so far as his general economy permitted, persistently try. What happened then was that many — say about half, and these, as I have noted, the most silvered, the most golden — refused to give out their music. They would only sound false, since (as with all his earnestness he must have felt) he could command them, through want of skill, of practice, of ear, to none of the right felicity. What therefore was more natural than that, still splendidly bent on producing his illusion, he should throw himself on the strings he *could* thump with effect, and should work them, as our phrase is, for all they were worth? The nature of man, he had plentiful warrant for holding, is an extraordinary mixture, but the great thing was to represent a sufficient part of it to show that it was, solidly, palpably, commonly, the nature. With this preoccupation he doubtless fell into extravagance — there was so much, obviously, to encourage him. The coarser side of his subject, based on the community of all the instincts, was, for instance, the more practicable side, a sphere the vision of which required but the general human, scarcely more than the plain physical, initiation, and dispensed thereby, conveniently enough, with special introductions or revelations. A free entry into

this sphere was undoubtedly compatible with a youthful career as hampered, right and left, even as Zola's own.

He was in prompt possession, thus, of the range of sympathy that he *could* cultivate, though it must be added that the complete exercise of that sympathy might have encountered an obstacle that would somewhat undermine his advantage. Our friend might have found himself able, in other words, to pay to the instinctive, as I have called it, only such tribute as protesting taste (his own dose of it) permitted. Yet there it was again that fortune and his temperament served him. Taste as he knew it, taste as his own constitution supplied it, proved to have nothing to say to the matter. His own dose of the precious elixir had no perceptible regulating power. Paradoxical as the remark may sound, this accident was positively to operate as one of his greatest felicities. There are parts of his work, those dealing with romantic or poetic elements, in which the inactivity of the principle in question is sufficiently hurtful; but it surely should not be described as hurtful to such pictures as *Le Ventre de Paris*, as *L'Assommoir*, as *Germinal*. The idea on which each of these productions rests is that of a world with which taste has nothing to do, and though the act of representation may be justly held, as an artistic act, to involve its presence, the discrimination would probably have been in fact, given the particular illusion sought, more detrimental than the deficiency. There was a great outcry, as we all remember, over the rank materialism of *L'Assommoir*, but who cannot see, to-day, how much a milder infusion of it would have weakened the whole strong treatment of the subject? *L'Assommoir* is the nature of man, but it is not his finer, nobler, cleaner, or more cultivated nature; it is the image of his free instincts, the better and the worse, the better struggling as they can, gasping for light and air, the worse making themselves at home in darkness,

ignorance, and poverty. The whole handling makes for emphasis and scale, and it is not to be measured how, as a picture of conditions, the thing would have suffered from timidity. The qualification of the painter was precisely his strength of stomach, and we scarce exceed in saying that to have captured less of the air would, with such a resource, have meant the waste of a faculty.

I may add, in this connection, moreover, that refinement of intention did, on occasion, and after a fashion of its own, unmistakably preside at these experiments; making the remark in order to have done, once for all, with a feature of Zola's literary physiognomy that appears to have attached the gaze of many persons to the exclusion of every other. There are judges, in these matters, so perversely preoccupied that for them to see anywhere the "improper" is for them straightway to cease to see anything else. The said improper, looming supremely large and casting all the varieties of the proper quite into the shade, suffers thus in their consciousness a much greater extension than it ever claimed, and this consciousness becomes, for the edification of many and the information of a few, a colossal reflector and record of it. Much may be said, in relation to some of the possibilities of the nature of man, of the nature in especial of the "people," on the defect of our author's sense of proportion. But the sense of proportion of many of those he has scandalized would take us further yet. I recall, at all events, as relevant — for it comes under a very attaching general head — two occasions, of long ago, two Sunday afternoons in Paris, on which I found the question of intention very curiously lighted. Several men of letters of a group in which almost every member either had arrived at renown or was well on his way to it, were assembled under the roof of the most distinguished of their number, where they exchanged free

confidences, on current work, on plans and ambitions, in a manner full of interest for one never previously privileged to see artistic conviction, artistic passion (at least on the literary ground) so systematic and so articulate. "Well, I on my side," I remember Zola's saying, "am engaged on a book, a study of the *mœurs* of the people, for which I am making a collection of all the 'bad words,' the *gros mots*, words of the language, those with which the vocabulary of the people, those with which their familiar talk, bristles." I was struck with the tone in which he made the announcement — without bravado and without apology, as an interesting idea that had come to him and that he was working, really to arrive at character, with all his conscience; just as I was struck with the unqualified interest that his plan excited. It was *on* a plan that he was working — formidably, almost grimly, as his fatigued face showed; and the whole consideration of this interesting feature of it partook of the general seriousness.

But there comes back to me also, as a companion-piece to this, another day, after some interval, on which the interest was excited by the fact that the work on behalf of which the brave license had been taken was actually under the ban of the daily newspaper that had engaged to "serialize" it. Publication had definitively ceased. The thing had run a part of its course, but it had outrun the courage of editors and the curiosity of subscribers — that stout curiosity to which it had, evidently in such good faith, been addressed. The chorus of contempt for the ways of such people, their pusillanimity, their superficiality, vulgarity, intellectual platitude, was the striking note on this occasion; for the journal in question had declined to proceed, and the serial, broken off, been obliged, if I am not mistaken, to seek the hospitality of other columns, secured indeed with no great difficulty. The composition so qualified for future fame

was none other, as I was later to learn, than *L'Assommoir*; and my reminiscence has perhaps no greater point than in connecting itself with a matter always dear to the critical spirit, especially when the latter has not too completely elbowed out the romantic — the matter of the "origins," the early consciousness, early steps, early tribulations, early obscurity, as so often happens, of productions finally crowned by time.

Their greatness is for the most part a thing that has originally begun so small; and this impression is particularly strong when we have been in any degree present, so to speak, at the birth. The history is apt to tend preponderantly in that case to enrich our stores of irony. In the eventual conquest of consideration by an abused book we recognize, in other terms, a drama of romantic interest, a drama often with large comic no less than with fine pathetic interweavings. It may of course be said in this particular connection that *L'Assommoir* had not been one of the literary things that creep humbly into the world. Its "success" may be cited as almost insolently prompt, and the fact remains true if the idea of success be restricted, after the inveterate fashion, to the idea of circulation. What remains truer still, however, is that for the critical spirit circulation mostly matters not the least little bit, and it is of the success with which the history of Gervaise and Coupeau nestles in *that* capacious bosom, even as the just man sleeps in Abraham's, that I am speaking. But it is a point on which I can speak better a moment hence.

Though a summary study of Zola need not too anxiously concern itself with book after book — always with a partial exception from this remark for *L'Assommoir* — groups and varieties none the less exist in the huge series, aids to discrimination without which no measure of the presiding genius is possible. These divisions seem to me,

roughly speaking, however, scarce more than three in number — that is, if the ten volumes of the *Œuvres Critiques* and the *Théâtre* be left out of account. The critical volumes in especial abound in the characteristic, as they were also a wondrous addition to his sum of achievement during his most strenuous years. But I am forced to neglect them. The two groups constituted after the close of *Les Rougon-Macquart* — *Les Trois Villes* and the incomplete *Quatre Évangiles* — distribute themselves easily among the three types, or, to speak more exactly, stand together under one of the three. This one, so comprehensive as to be the author's main achievement, includes, to my sense, all his best volumes — to the point in fact of producing an effect of distinct inferiority for those outside of it, which are, luckily for his general credit, the less numerous. It is so inveterately pointed out in any allusion to him that one shrinks, in repeating it, from sounding flat; but as he was admirably equipped, from the start, for the evocation of number and quantity, so those of his social pictures that most easily surpass the others are those in which appearances, the appearances familiar to him, are at once most magnified and most multiplied.

To make his characters swarm, and to make the great central thing they swarm about "as large as life," portentously, heroically big, that was the task he set himself very nearly from the first, that was the secret he triumphantly mastered. Add that the big central thing was always some highly representative institution or industry of the France of his time, some seated Moloch of custom, of commerce, of faith, lending itself to portrayal through its abuses and excesses, its idol-face and great devouring mouth, and we embrace the main lines of his attack. In *Le Ventre de Paris* he had dealt with the life of the huge Halles, the general markets and their supply, the personal forces,

personal situations, passions, involved in (strangest of all subjects) the nutrition of the monstrous city, the city whose victualing occupies so inordinately much of its consciousness. Paris richly gorged, Paris sublime and indifferent in her assurance (so all unlike poor Oliver's) of "more," figures here the theme itself, lies across the scene like some vast ruminant creature breathing in a cloud of parasites. The book was the first of the long series to show the full freedom of the author's hand, though *La Curée* had already been symptomatic. This freedom, after an interval, broke out on a much bigger scale in *L'Assommoir*, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*, in *Germinal*, in *La Bête Humaine*, in *L'Argent*, in *La Débâcle*, and then again, though more mechanically, and with much of the glory gone, in the more or less wasted energy of *Lourdes*, *Rome*, *Paris*, of *Fécondité*, *Travail*, and *Vérité*.

Au Bonheur des Dames handles the colossal modern shop, traces the growth of such an organization as the *Bon-Marché* or the *Magasin-du-Louvre*, sounds the abysses of its inner life, marshals its population, its hierarchy of clerks, counters, departments, divisions and subdivisions, plunges into the labyrinth of the mutual relations of its personnel, and above all traces its ravage amid the smaller fry of the trade, of all the trades, pictures these latter gasping for breath in an air pumped clean by its mighty lungs. *Germinal* revolves about the coal-mines of Flemish France, with the subterranean world of the pits for its central presence, just as *La Bête Humaine* has for its protagonist a great railway, and *L'Argent* makes supremely personal and "intimate" the fury of the Bourse and the money-market. *La Débâcle* takes up, magnificently, the first act of the Franco-Prussian war, the collapse at Sedan, and the titles of the six volumes of *The Three Cities* and *The Four Gospels* sufficiently explain them. I may mention,

however, for the last lucidity, that, among these, Fécondité manipulates, with an amazing misapprehension of means to ends, of remedies to ills, no less populous a subject than that of the decline in the French birth rate, and that Vérité presents a fictive equivalent of the Dreyfus case, with a vast and elaborate picture of the battle, in France, between lay and clerical instruction. I may even further mention, to clear the ground, that with the close of *Les Rougon-Macquart* the diminution of freshness in the author's energy, the diminution of intensity and, in short, of quality, becomes such as to render sadly difficult a happy life with some of the later volumes. Happiness of the purest strain never indeed, in old absorptions of Zola, quite sat at the feast; but there was mostly a measure of coercion, a spell without a charm. From these last-named productions of the climax everything strikes me as absent but quantity (Vérité, for instance, is, with the possible exception of *Nana*, the longest of the list); though indeed there is something impressive in the way his quantity represents his patience.

There are efforts here, at stout perusal, that, frankly, I have been unable to make, and I should like in fact, in connection with the vanity of these, to dispose on the spot of the sufficiently strange phenomenon constituted by what I have called the climax. It embodies, truly, an immense anomaly; it casts back over Zola's prime and his middle years the queerest gray light of eclipse. Nothing, moreover, — nothing "literary," — was ever so odd as, in this matter, the whole history, the consummation so logical yet so unexpected. Writers have grown old and withered and failed; they have grown weak and sad; they have lost heart, lost ability, yielded in one way or another — the possible ways being so numerous — to the cruelty of time. But the singular doom of this genius — and which began, for that matter, to threaten ten years

before his death — was to find, with life, at fifty, still rich in him, strength only to undermine all the "authority" he had gathered. He had not grown old and he had not grown feeble; he had only grown mortally insistent, set himself to wreck, poetically, his so massive identity — to wreck it in the very waters in which he had formerly arrayed his victorious fleet. (I say "poetically" on purpose, to give him the just benefit of all the beauty of his power.) The process of the disaster, so full of the effect, though so without the intention, of perversity, is difficult to trace in a few words; it may best be indicated by an example or two of its action.

The example that perhaps most comes home to me is again connected with a personal reminiscence. In the course of some talk that I had with him during his first visit to England I happened to ask him what opportunity to travel (if any) his immense application had ever left him, and whether in particular he had been able to see Italy, a country from which I had either just returned, or which I was, luckily, — not having the *Natural History of a Family* to count with, — about to revisit. "All I've done, alas," he replied, "was, the other year, in the course of a little journey to the south, to my own *pays* — all that has been possible was then to make a little dash as far as Genoa, a matter of only a few days." *Le Docteur Pascal*, the conclusion of *Les Rougon-Macquart*, had appeared shortly before, and it further befell that I asked him what plans he had for the future, now that, still *dans la force de l'âge*, he had so cleared the ground. I shall never forget the fine promptitude of his answer — "Oh, I shall begin at once *Les Trois Villes*." "And which cities are they to be?" The reply was finer still — "Lourdes, Paris, Rome."

It was splendid for confidence and cheer, but it left me, I fear, more or less gaping, and it was to give me after-

wards the key, critically speaking, to many a mystery. It struck me as breathing to an almost tragic degree the fatuity of those whom the gods ruin through their blindness. He was an honest man — he had always bristled with it at every pore; but no artistic reverse was inconceivable for an adventurer who, stating in one breath that his knowledge of Italy consisted of a few days spent at Genoa, was ready to declare in the next that he had planned, on a scale, a picture of Rome. It flooded his career, to my sense, with light; it showed how he had marched from subject to subject, and how he had “got up” each in turn — showing also how consummately he had reduced such getting-up to a science. He had success, he had a rare impunity, behind him; but nothing would now be so interesting as to see if he could again play the trick. One would leave him, and welcome, Lourdes and Paris — he had already dealt, on a scale, with his own country and people. But was the adored Rome also to be his on such terms, the Rome he was already giving away before having acquired an inch of it? One thought of one’s own frequentations, saturations — a history of long years, and of how the effect of them had somehow been but to make the subject too august. Was *he* to find it easy through a visit of a month or two with “introductions” and a Bædeker?

It was not indeed that the Bædeker and the introductions did n’t show, to my sense, at that hour, as extremely suggestive; they were positively a part of the light struck out by his announcement. They defined the system on which he had brought Les Rougon-Macquart safely into port. He had had his Bædeker and his introductions for *Germinal*, for *L’Assommoir*, for *L’Argent*, for *La Débâcle*, for *Au Bonheur des Dames*; which advantages, which researches, had been, clearly, all the more in character for being documentary, bibliographic, a matter of *renseigne-*

ments, published or private, even when most mixed with personal impressions snatched, with *enquêtes sur les lieux*, with facts obtained from the best authorities, proud and happy, in so famous a connection, to coöperate. That was, as we say, all right, all the more that the process, to my imagination, became vivid, was wonderfully reflected back from its fruits. There *were* the fruits — so it had n’t been presumptuous. Presumption, however, was now to begin, and what omen might n’t there be in its beginning with such serenity? Well, time would show — as time, in due course, effectually did show. Rome, as the second volume of *The Three Cities*, appeared, with high punctuality, a year or two later; and the interesting question, an occasion really for the moralist, was by that time not to recognize in it the mere triumph of a mechanical art, a “receipt” applied with the skill of long practice, but to do much more than this — really to give a name, that is, to the particular shade of blindness that could constitute a trap for so great an artistic intelligence. The presumptuous volume, without sweetness, without antecedents, superficial and violent, has the minimum instead of the maximum of *value*; so that it betrayed or “gave away,” just in this degree, the state of mind, on the author’s part, responsible for it. To put one’s finger on the state of mind was to find out, accordingly, what was, as we say, the matter with him.

It seemed to me, I remember, that I found out as never before when, in its turn, *Fécondité* began the work of crowning the edifice. *Fécondité* is physiological, whereas Rome is not, whereas *Vérité* likewise is not; yet these three productions joined hands, at a given moment, to fit into the lock of the mystery the key of my meditation. They came to the same thing, to the extent of permitting me to read into them together the most precious of lessons. This lesson may not, barely stated,

sound remarkable; yet without being in possession of it I should have ventured on none of these remarks. "The matter with" Zola then, so far as it goes, is that, as the imagination of the artist is, in the best cases, not only clarified but intensified by his equal possession of Taste (deserving here, if ever, the old-fashioned honor of a capital), so, when he has, lucklessly, never inherited that auxiliary blessing, the imagination itself inevitably breaks down as a consequence. There is simply no limit, in fine, to the misfortune of being tasteless; it does n't simply disfigure the surface and the fringe of your performance — it eats back into the very heart and enfeebles the sources of life. When you have no taste you have no discretion, which is the conscience of taste, and when you have no discretion you perpetrate books like *Rome*, which are without intellectual modesty, books like *Fécondité*, which are without a sense of the ridiculous, books like *Vérité*, which are without the finer vision of human experience.

It is marked that in each of these examples the deficiency has been directly fatal. No stranger doom was ever appointed for a man so plainly desiring only to be just than the absurdity of not resting till he had buried the felicity of his past, such as it was, under a great flat leaden slab. *Vérité* is a plea for science, as science, to Zola, is *all* truth, the mention of any other kind being mere imbecility; and the simplification of the human picture to which his negations, his exasperations, have here conducted him was not, even when all had been said, credible in advance. The result is amazing when we consider that the finer observation is the supposed basis of all such work. It is not that even here the author has not a queer idealism of his own; this idealism is on the contrary so present as to show, positively, for the falsest of his simplifications. In *Fécondité* it becomes grotesque, makes of the book the most

energetic mistake of *sense* probably ever committed. Where was the judgment of which experience is supposed to be the guarantee when the perpetrator could persuade himself that the lesson he wished in these pages to convey could be made immediate and direct, chalked, with loud taps and a still louder commentary, the sexes and generations all convoked, on the blackboard of the "family sentiment?"

I have mentioned, however, all this time, but one of his categories. The second consists of such things as *La Fortune des Rougon* and *La Curée*, as *Eugène Rougon* and even *Nana*, as *Pot-Bouille*, as *L'Œuvre* and *La Joie de Vivre*. These volumes may rank as social pictures in the narrower sense, studies, comprehensively speaking, of the manners, the morals, the miseries — for it mainly comes to that — of a grossly materialized *bourgeoisie*. They deal with the life of individuals, of the liberal professions, of political and social adventurers, and offer the personal character and career, more or less detached, as the centre of interest. *La Curée* is an evocation, violent and "romantic," of the extravagant appetites, the fever of the senses, supposedly fostered, for its ruin, by the hapless Second Empire, upon which general ills, turpitudes at large, were at one time so freely and conveniently fathered. *Eugène Rougon* carries out this view in the high color of a political portrait, not other than scandalous, for which one of the ministerial *âmes damnées* of Napoleon III., M. Rouher, is reputed, I know not how justly, to have sat. *Nana*, attaching itself by a hundred strings to a prearranged table of kinships, heredities, transmissions, in the large, crowded *epos* of the daughter of the people, filled with poisoned blood and sacrificed, as well as sacrificing, on the altar of luxury and lust; the panorama of such a "progress" as Hogarth would more definitely have named — the progress across the high plateau of

"pleasure" and down the facile descent on the other side. Nana is truly a monument to Zola's patience; the subject being so ungrateful, so formidably special, that the multiplication of illustrative detail, the plunge into pestilent depths, represents a kind of technical heroism.

There are other plunges, into different sorts of darkness; of which the æsthetic, even the scientific, even the ironic, motive fairly escapes us — explorations of stagnant pools like that of *La Joie de Vivre*, as to which, granting the nature of the curiosity and the substance worked in, the patience is again prodigious, but which make us wonder what pearl of philosophy, of suggestion, or just of homely recognition, the general picture, as of rats dying in a hole, has to offer. Our various senses, sight, smell, sound, touch, are, as with Zola always, more or less convinced; but when the particular effect upon each of these is added to the effect upon the others the mind still remains bewilderedly unconscious of any use for the total. I am not sure indeed that the case in this respect is better with the productions of the third order — *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, *Une Page d'Amour*, *Le Rêve*, *Le Docteur Pascal* — in which the appeal is more directly, is in fact quite earnestly, to the mind; so much, on such ground, was to depend precisely on those discriminations in which the writer is least at home. The volumes whose names I have just quoted are his express tribute to the "ideal," to the romantic and the charming — fair fruits of invention intended to remove from the mouth, so far as possible, the bitterness of the ugly things in which so much of the rest of his work had been condemned to consist. The subjects in question then are "idyllic" and the treatment poetic — concerned essentially to please, on the largest lines, and involving at every turn that salutary need. They are matters of conscious delicacy, and nothing

might interest us more than to see what, in the shock of the potent forces enlisted, becomes of this shy element. Nothing might interest us more, literally, and might positively affect us more, even very nearly to tears, though indeed sometimes also to smiles, than to see the constructor of *Les Rougon-Macquart* trying, "for all he is worth," to be delicate, trying to be finely tender, trying to be, as it is called, distinguished, in the face of constitutional hindrance.

The effort is admirably honest, the tug at his subject splendidly strong; but the consequences remain of the strangest, and we get the impression that — as representing discriminations unattainable — they are somehow the price he paid. *Le Docteur Pascal*, for instance, which winds up the long chronicle on the romantic note, on the note of invoked beauty, in order to sweeten, as it were, the total draught — *Le Docteur Pascal*, treating of the erotic ardor entertained for each other by an uncle and his niece, leaves us amazed at such a conception of beauty, such an application of romance, such an estimate of sweetness, so eccentric a sacrifice, in short, to poetry and passion. Of course, we definitely remind ourselves, the whole long chronicle is explicitly a scheme, solidly set up and intricately worked out, lighted, according to the author's pretension, by "science," high, dry, and clear, and with each part involved and necessitated in all the other parts, each block of the edifice, each "*morceau de vie*" *physiologically* determined by previous combinations. "How can I help it, we hear the builder of the pyramid ask, if experience (by which alone I proceed) shows me certain plain results — if, holding up the torch of my famous 'experimental method,' I find it stare me in the face that the union of certain types, the conflux of certain strains of blood, the intermarriage, in a word, of certain families, produces nervous con-

ditions, conditions temperamental, psychological, and pathological, in which nieces *have* to fall in love with uncles and uncles with nieces? Observation and imagination, for any picture of life," he as audibly adds, "know no light but science, and are false to all intellectual decency, false to their own honor, when they fear it, dodge it, darken it. To pretend to any other guide or law is mere base humbug."

That is very well, and the value, in a hundred ways, of a mass of production conceived in such a spirit can never (when robust execution has followed) be small. But the formula really sees us no further. It offers a definition which is no definition. "Science" is soon said; the whole thing depends on what is meant by it. Science accepts, surely, *all* our consciousness of life; even, rather, the latter closes maternally round it — so that, becoming thus a force within us, not a force outside, it exists, it illuminates, only as we apply it. We do emphatically, in art, apply it. But Zola would apparently hold that it much more applies *us*. On the showing of many of his volumes, then, it makes a dim use of us, and this we should still consider the case even were we sure that the article offered us in the majestic name is absolutely at one with its own pretension. This confidence we can, on too many grounds, never have. The thing is a matter of appreciation, and when an artist answers for science who answers for the artist — who, at the least, answers for art? Thus it is with the mistakes that affect us, I say, as Zola's penalties. We are reminded by them that the game of art has, as the phrase is, to be played. It cannot, with any sure felicity for the result, be both taken and left. If you insist on the common you must submit to the common; if you discriminate, on the contrary, you must, however invidious your discriminations may be called, trust to them to see you through.

To the common, then, Zola, often

with splendid results, inordinately sacrifices, and this fact of its overwhelming him is what I have called his paying for it. In *L'Assommoir*, in *Germinal*, in *La Débâcle*, productions in which he must most survive, the sacrifice is ordered and fruitful, for the subject and the treatment harmonize and work together. He describes what he best feels, and feels it, more and more, as it naturally comes to him — quite, if I may allow myself the image, as we zoologically see some mighty animal, a beast of a corrugated hide and a portentous snout, soaking with joy in the warm ooze of an African riverside. In these cases everything matches, and "science," we may be permitted to believe, has little hand in the business. The author's perceptions go straight, and the subject, grateful and responsive, gives itself wholly up. It is no longer a case of an uncertain smoky torch, but of a personal vision, the vision of genius, springing from an inward source. Of this genius *L'Assommoir* is, to my sense, the most extraordinary record. It contains, with the two companions I have given it, all the best of Zola, and the three books together are solid ground — or would be could I now so take them — for a study of the particulars of his power. His strongest marks and features abound in them; *L'Assommoir*, above all, is (not least in respect to its bold, free linguistic reach, already glanced at) completely genial, while his misadventures, his unequipped and delusive pursuit of the intimate and fine, are almost completely absent.

It is a singular sight enough, that of a producer of illusions whose interest, for us, is so independent of our pleasure, or at least of our complacency — who touches us, deeply, even while he most "puts us off," who makes us care for his ugliness and yet himself pitilessly (pitilessly, that is, for *us*) plays with it, who fills us with a sense of the rich which is, none the less, never the rare. Gervaise, the most immediately "felt,"

I cannot but think, of all his characters, is a lame washerwoman, loose and gluttonous, without will, without any principle of cohesion, the sport of every wind that assaults her exposed life, and who, rolling from one gross mistake to another, finds her end in misery, drink, and despair. But her career, as presented, has fairly the largeness that, throughout the chronicle, we feel as epic, and the intensity of her creator's vision of it and of the dense sordid life hanging about it is to my sense one of the great things the modern novel has been able to do. It has done nothing more completely constitutive and of a tone so rich and full and sustained. The tone of *L'Assommoir* is, for mere "keeping up," unsurpassable, a vast, deep, steady tide on which every object represented is triumphantly borne. It never shrinks nor flows thin, and nothing for an instant drops, dips, or catches; the high-water mark of sincerity, of the genial, as I have called it, is unfailingly kept.

For the artist in the same general "line" such a production has an interest almost inexpressible, — a mystery, as to origin and growth, over which he fondly but rather vainly bends. How, after all, does it so get itself *done* — the "done" being, admirably, the sign and crown of it? The light of the richer mind has been, elsewhere, as I have sufficiently hinted, frequent enough, but nothing truly, in all fiction, was ever built so strong or made so solid. Needless to say there are a thousand things with more charm in their truth, with more beguilement of every sort, more prettiness of pathos, more innocence of drollery, for the spectator's sense of truth. But I doubt if there has ever been a more totally *represented* world, anything more founded and established, more provided for all round, more organized and carried on. It is a world practically workable, with every part as much done as every other, and with the parts all chosen for direct mutual

aid. Let it not be said, either, that the equal doing of parts makes for repletion or excess; the air circulates and the subject blooms; deadness comes only, in these matters, when the right parts are absent and there is vain beating of the air in their place — the refuge of the fumbler incapable of "doing" at all.

The mystery I speak of, for the reader capable of observation, is the wonder of the scale and energy of Zola's assimilations. This wonder besets us above all throughout the three books I have placed first. How, all sedentary and "scientific," did he get so *near*? By what art, inscrutable, immeasurable, indefatigable, did he arrange to make of his documents, in these connections, a use so vivified? Say he was "near" the subject of *L'Assommoir* in imagination, in more or less familiar impression, in temperament and humor, he could not after all have been near it in personal experience, and the copious personalism of the picture yet remains its note and its strength. When the note had been struck in a thousand forms we had, by multiplication, as a kind of cumulative consequence, the finished and rounded book; just as we had the same result, by the same process, in *Germinal*. It is not of course that multiplication and accumulation, the extraordinary pair of legs on which he walks, are easily or directly consistent with his projecting himself morally; this immense diffusion, with its appropriation of everything it meets, affects us, on the contrary, as perpetually delaying access to what we may call the private world, the world of the individual. Yet as the individual — for it so happens — is simple and shallow, our author's dealings with him, as frankly met, maintain their resemblance to those of the lusty bee who succeeds in plumping for an instant, of a summer morning, into every flower-cup of the garden.

Grant — and the generalization may

be emphatic — that the shallow and the simple are *all* the population of his richest and most crowded pictures, and that his “psychology,” in a psychologic age, remains thereby comparatively coarse — grant this and we get but another view of the miracle. We see enough of the superficial among the novelists at large, assuredly, without deriving from it, as we derive from Zola at his best, the concomitant impression of the solid. It is in general — I mean among the novelists at large — the impression of the *cheap*, which the author of *Les Rougon-Macquart*, honest man, full, after all, of his own delicacies, manages to spare us even in the prolonged sandstorm of *Vérité*. The Common is another matter; it is one of the forms of the superficial — pervading and consecrating all things in such a book as *Germinal* — and it only adds to the number of our critical questions. How in the world is it made, this deplorable, democratic, malodorous Common, so strange and so interesting? How is it taught to receive into its loins the stuff of the epic and still, in spite of this association with poetry, never depart from its nature? It is in the great lusty game he plays with the shallow and the simple that Zola’s mastery resides, and we see of course that when values are small it takes innumerable items and combinations to make up the sum. In *L’Assommoir* and in *Germinal*, to some extent even in *La Débâcle*, the values are all, morally, personally, of the lowest (the highest is poor Gervaise herself, richly human in her generousities and follies), yet each is as distinct as a brass-headed nail.

What we come back to, accordingly, is the rare phenomenon of the combination of the writer’s parts. Painters, of great schools, often of great talent, have responded, liberally, on canvas, to the appeal of ugly things, of Spanish beggars, squalid and dusty-footed, of martyred saints, or other convulsed sufferers, tortured and bleeding, of boors

and louts soaking a Dutch proboscis in perpetual beer; but we had never before had to reckon with so literary a treatment of the vulgar. When we others of the Anglo-Saxon race are vulgar we are, handsomely, and with the best conscience in the world, vulgar all through, too vulgar to be in any degree literary, and too much so therefore to be reckoned with, critically, at all. The French are different — they separate their sympathies, remain more or less outside of their worst disasters. They mostly contrive to get the *idea*, in however dead a faint, down into the lifeboat. They may lose sight of the stars, but they save in some such fashion as that their intellectual souls. Zola’s own reply to all puzzlements would have been, at any rate, I take it, a simple summary of his inveterate professional habits. “It is all very simple — I produce, roughly speaking, a volume a year, and of this time some five months go to preparation, to special study. In the other months, with all my *cadres* established, I write the book. And I can hardly say which part of the job is the hardest.”

The story was not more wonderful for him than that, nor the job more complex; which is why we must say of his whole process and its results that they constitute together perhaps the most extraordinary *imitation* of experience that we possess. Balzac appealed to “science” and proceeded by her aid; Balzac had *cadres* enough and a tabulated world, rubrics, relationships and genealogies; but Balzac affects us, in spite of everything, as personally overtaken by life, as fairly hunted and run to earth by it. He strikes us as struggling and all but submerged, as beating, over the scene, such a pair of wings as were not soon again to be wielded by any visitor of his general air and as had not, at all events, attached themselves to Zola’s rounded shoulders. His bequest is, in consequence, immeasurably more interesting; yet who shall declare

that his adventure was, in its greatness, more successful? Zola "pulled it off," as we say, supremely, in that he never but once found himself obliged to quit, to our vision, his magnificent treadmill of the pigeonholed and documented — the region that I qualify as that of experience by imitation. His splendid economy saw him through; he labored, to the end, within sight of his notes and his charts.

The extraordinary thing, however, is that on the single occasion when, publicly, — as his whole manifestation was public, — life did swoop down on him, the effect of the visitation was quite perversely other than might have been looked for. His courage in the Dreyfus matter testified admirably to his ability to live for himself and out of the order of his volumes — little indeed as living at all might have seemed a question for one exposed, when his crisis was at its height and he was found guilty of "insulting" the powers that were, to be literally torn to pieces in the precincts of the Palace of Justice. Our point is that nothing was ever so odd as that these great moments should appear to have been wasted, after all, for his creative intelligence. Vérité, as I have intimated, the production in which they might most have been reflected, is a production unrenewed and unrefreshed by them, spreads before us as somehow flatter and grayer, not richer and more relieved, by reason of them. They arrived, really, I surmise, too late in the day; the imagination they might have vivified was already fatigued and spent.

I must not moreover appear to say that the power to evoke and present has not even on the dead level of Vérité its occasional minor revenges. There are passages, whole pages, of the old full-bodied sort, pictures that elsewhere in the series would, in all likelihood, have seemed abundantly convincing. Their misfortune is to have been discounted by our intensified, our finally fatal sense of the *procédé*. Quarreling with all

conventions, defiant of them in general, Zola was yet inevitably to set up his own group of them — as, for that matter, without a sufficient collection, without their aid in simplifying and making possible, how could he ever have seen his big ship into port? Art welcomes them, feeds upon them, always; no sort of form, at least, is practicable without them. It is only a question of what particular ones we use — to wage war on certain others. The convention of the blameless being, the thoroughly "scientific" creature, possessed, impeccably, of all truth and serving as the mouthpiece of it and of the author's highest complacencies — this character is for instance a convention inveterate and indispensable, without whom the "sympathetic" side of the work could never have been achieved. Marc in Vérité, Pierre Froment in Lourdes and in Rome, the wondrous representatives of the principle of reproduction in Fécondité, the exemplary painter of L'Œuvre, sublime in his modernity and paternity, the patient Jean Macquart of La Débâcle, whose patience is as guaranteed as the exactitude of a well-made watch, the supremely enlightened Docteur Pascal even, as I recall him, all amorous nepotism, but all virtue too and all beauty of life, — such figures show us the reasonable and the good not merely in the white light of the old George Sand novel and its improved moralities, but almost in that of our childhood's nursery and schoolroom, that of the moral tale of Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Thomas Day.

Yet let not these restrictions be my last word. I had intended, under the effect of a reperusal of La Débâcle, Germinal, and L'Assommoir, to make no discriminations that should not be in our friend's favor. The prolonged incident of the marriage of Gervaise and Cadet-Cassis, and that of the Homeric birthday feast later on, in the laundress's workshop, each treated from beginning to end and in every item of their

coarse comedy and humanity, still show the unprecedented breadth by which they originally made us stare, still abound in the particular kind and degree of vividness that helped them, when they appeared, to mark a date in the portrayal of manners. Nothing had then been so sustained and, at every moment of its grotesque and pitiful existence, lived into as the nuptial day of the Coupeau pair in especial, their fantastic processional pilgrimage through the streets of Paris in the rain, their bedraggled exploration of the halls of the Louvre Museum, lost as in the labyrinth of Crete, and their arrival at last, ravenous and exasperated, at the *guinguette* where they sup at so much a head, each paying, and where we sit down with them, in the grease and the perspiration, and succumb, half in sympathy half in shame, to their monstrous pleasantries, acerbities, and miseries. I have said enough of the mechanical in Zola; here in truth is, given the elements, almost insupportably the sense of life. It is equally in the historic chapter of the miners' strike in *Germinal*, another of those illustrative episodes, viewed as great passages to be "rendered," as to which our author established altogether a new measure and standard of handling, a new energy and veracity: something, absolutely, since which the old trivialities and poverties of treatment of such occasions have become incompatible, for the novelist, with either rudimentary intelligence or rudimentary self-respect.

As for *La Débâcle*, finally, it takes its place with Tolstoi's very much more universal, but very much less composed and condensed epic as an incomparably human picture of war. I have been re-reading it, but with, I confess, a certain timidity — the dread of perhaps

impairing the deep impression received from it at the time of its appearance. I recall the effect it then produced on me as a really luxurious act of submission. It was early in the summer; I was in an old Italian town; the heat was oppressive, and one could but recline, in the lightest garments, in a great dim room and give one's self up. I like to think of the conditions and the emotion, which melt for me together into the memory I fear to imperil. I remember that, in the glow of my admiration, there was not a reserve I had ever made that I was not ready to take back. As an application of the author's system and of his supreme faculty, as a triumph of what these things could do for him, how could such a performance be surpassed? The long, complex, horrific, pathetic battle, captured, mastered, with every crash of its squadrons, every pulse of its thunder and blood resolved for us, by reflection, by communication from two of the humblest and obscurest of the military units, into immediate vision and contact, into deep human thrills of terror and pity — this bristling centre of the book was "done" (to come back to our word) in a way to shut our mouths. That doubtless is why a generous critic, nursing the sensation, may desire to drop, for a farewell, no word into the other scale. That our author was clearly great at congruous subjects — this may well be our last. If the others, subjects of the private and intimate order, gave him more or less inevitably "away," they yet left him the great distinction that the more he could be promiscuous and collective, the more even he could be — to repeat my imputation — common, the more he could strike us as penetrating and true. It was a distinction not easy to win and that his name is not likely soon to lose.

Henry James.

LAWN TENNIS.

THERE will probably be no quarrel with the statement that the value of any outdoor game is measured not so much by the physical exercise it necessitates, as by the satisfaction and outlet it gives to the spirit of combat that troubles us. Those in search of exercise for its own sake, desirous of enlarging their muscles, expanding their chests, and improving their state of health, will be better rewarded by devoting themselves to calisthenics and gymnastics, to swimming or riding, than by the enthusiastic pursuit of any game. The symmetrical development of the body is not the usual result of games, any more than it is their primary object; and it need not disparage their value to make this admission at the outset. It is, however, an admirable quality which they all possess that they call for muscular activity in some form or other, and that they cause it to be exercised with zest and enjoyment instead of as an irksome duty that one owes to one's person. And therefore, in estimating the value of a game, we cannot quite leave out of account the possibilities it affords for exercise; supposing that in other respects there were equality, that game would be the best which called into play the freest use of the body.

As a matter of fact, there is no equality among games; they do not all have the same effect on the character, they do not satisfy quite the same emotions or suit equally all temperaments, as is evident when one considers that different games appeal to different men. Yet in them all, modulated to various degrees of youth or age, strength or weakness, it is the element of contest that supplies the interest and performs the greatest service to the players. And that game which on the whole best satisfies the contentious spirit may be said to fulfill most completely its purpose.

I start with the proposition that this game is lawn tennis. I am not indifferent to the merits of golf, baseball, football, or any other outdoor game, but which of these demands of its *every* participant the direct, constant, and active opposition of tennis? "Football," you say at once; well, perhaps. Shall I seem to evade the issue if I submit the point that football in its most important manifestations is now a spectacle rather than a game, that except among school-boys it is played not so much for fun as for a certain glory, that it is for us, as the gladiatorial combats were for the Romans, as the bullfight is for the people of Spain and Mexico, an amusement for the spectators rather than a recreation for the participants? I have often been struck by the satisfaction of college players when the season closes and by their readiness after they leave college to drop football entirely. The game which so many are glad to have done with and which requires sacrifices that men beyond a certain age are unwilling to make does not serve most completely the purpose of a game.

In baseball the nine players on each team are not all simultaneously and constantly in action. If it is a "pitchers' battle," the three outfielders have a dull time of it, and the team at bat have long idle periods. It is a good game, it is the national game, yet one would hesitate to say that it meets more fully than any other the requirements.

In golf you can do nothing to harass your antagonist, outmanœuvre him, check him when he is winning, or lure him into pitfalls; you can strive to improve your own play, you cannot hamper his. There is no need of quick decision, there is no opportunity for strategy, the element of direct, aggressive opposition is lacking; therefore golf does not best fulfill the purpose of a game.

Of cricket in this country there is not much need to speak; we are pretty generally agreed that it falls far short of the essentials. The saying attributed to the Duke of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the cricket fields of Eton and Rugby is doubtless apocryphal. If he actually made the remark, it must have been with the subtle intimation that their favorite sport had taken none of the fight out of the young Englishmen, and that they had therefore plenty to spare.

Hockey is a game deserving wider and more enthusiastic recognition than it has yet won. In its swift, unceasing action and its constant conflict it comes near being an ideal game. But it is hardly universal enough; on each side there is one player condemned to a post of responsible idleness which is only now and then enlivened by brief flurries. While the others are whirling back and forth on the ice, the goal keeper stands alone, freezing his toes. And because of this melancholy adjunct, because it does not permit to all its players an equal degree of activity and opposition, one must regretfully deny to hockey the palm. Yet there need never be any rivalry between tennis and hockey; the conditions that make possible the one forbid the other.

Now let us examine the case for tennis. That it is entitled to the place of supremacy among games seems to me no unreasonable claim.

First of all and most important; when you are playing tennis, whether in singles or doubles, it is always you and your opponent. You are not looking on, except for the briefest moment; you are not getting any more rest than you wish, you are more often not having as much as you would like. From the first stroke of the game to the last you are in constant yet always changing opposition to another player. Even in doubles on the strokes that are your partner's you are not a mere spectator; you are running backward, forward,

keeping pace with him, seeking the position in which the next ball may be most advantageously received. Your decision must be instant; in the fraction of a second you determine whether you shall drive the ball or toss it into the air, place it on the left or on the right, rush to the net or run back; you must have an instinctive knowledge of what your opponent expects you to do and then, if possible, do something else. Once you have succeeded in outwitting him, the triumph is all yours; you divide the honors with no one. Tennis more than any other game has the qualities that gave the duel its fascination; it is all eager and alive, two men at close quarters, feinting, parrying, thrusting, both alert for an opening to give the final *coup de grace*.

Call to mind some long rally that you have had; remember how on one occasion when your opponent was playing deep in the court you drew him to the net by a ball chopped skillfully just over it; how he returned the stroke, and how you next shot the ball down the side line, thinking to pass him. But he had anticipated the attempt and volleyed cleverly; then, instead of trying the cross court shot that he was waiting for, you tossed the ball high over his head, and while he spun round and raced for it you trotted to the net, prepared to "kill" the lob that he should send in return. And, just as you had hoped, it was a short lob; but instead of killing it, you decided it would be more fun to keep him running, and you turned the ball over into the farther corner of his court. He went after it at full speed and lobbed again — it was all he could do, poor fellow — and again the ball fell short, again you had him at your mercy. Nor did you smash the ball this time; instead, you turned it off slowly into the other corner. He sprinted hard and reached it, only to pop it up easily once more. And now you gathered yourself; you saw out of the tail of your eye that he had turned and had

already started back desperately toward the farther corner; and you landed on that ball with all your might, beat it to the earth, and sent it bounding straight at the place he was leaving. He made a miserable, futile effort to right himself and shift his racket; then you saw him walk slowly after the ball, with his head drooping and his shoulders heaving up about his ears, and you chuckled to yourself with huge approval of your own astute play — "That got his wind, I guess."

There is a human amusement in making your antagonist run back and forth thus earnestly and desperately; but one has a more exalted satisfaction in placing a shot so sudden, swift, and accurate that the opposing player has not time to move. Teasing your man, you feel your power over a particular individual; paralyzing him by a stroke, you experience a moment of omnipotence. "There," you say, "there I sent a ball that nobody could touch." In your sublimity you may even spare a moment's compassion for the poor wretch who stands rooted in astonishment, dazed by the bolt before which champions had been powerless. You say to him condescendingly, "I caught that just right;" you may even intimate, if you are magnanimous, that you do not expect to do the thing every time. But in your heart you are boastfully hopeful, you feel that at last you have found your game, and you believe that you have the man cowed.

And how is it when instead of driving your opponent before you and exhibiting a cleverness that seems really outside yourself, a supernatural precision of eye and arm, you are going down to defeat? Is there any delight in that? From a wide range of personal experience I would modestly assert that there is. Although you realize that the doom is drawing nearer, although to avert it you put forth your mightiest efforts and only lose in strength and breath while your adversary seems to be renewing his

inhuman power, you fight on, hoping even to the last that you may turn the tide and pull out a glorious victory. You make a stroke that spurs you on, you follow it with three that provoke your bitterest self-contempt, and you plant yourself with melodramatic determination in your soul and, doubtless, upon your face. "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders;" was there no joy for them in their supreme, superb annihilation? It makes after all little difference to you emotionally whether your fight against odds is a winning or a losing one, so long as it is the best fight that you can put forward. To be in the thick of it, battering away undaunted, is the fun. Even if your opponent so far overmatches you that the outcome is hardly in question, you may have as good a time as if you stood to win; for you go in resolved to break down his cool assurance, to make him show his best efforts, to unmask and damage his strategy and gain his respect; and while you are striving with all your pigmy fury to achieve this, you now and then must pause to admire the overwhelming strokes of his resourceful master hand.

It seems fitting here to consider the theory, often advanced and seldom disputed, that a sport is the better for an element of danger. If this is true, the advocates of tennis must be dumb. Nothing worse than a sprained ankle or a wrenched knee can befall a man on a tennis court; and these, however painful, are not heroic injuries. I once heard an eloquent and distinguished man in the course of a brilliant address declare that the occasional deaths occurring in polo, in football, on the hunting field, are the price the Anglo-Saxon race pays for its position of headship and command. It was an impressive and inspiring oration; and this sentiment was echoed with a great outburst of applause. Yet it does not bear cool scrutiny. The football player will tell you that, once in the game, the possibility of injury does not occur to him; the polo player will

say the same; after you have taken the first jump, danger in the hunting field does not beset you. Where there is no consciousness of danger, there is no bravery. In the heat of battle no man is a poltroon. Yes, but to take the first jump, to go into the game, it is urged; does not that compel and develop a man's courage? Only if he is physically unfit or dangerously ignorant; under other circumstances to enter a sport in which there is an element of peril is as natural for the boy or the man, and as little an indication of character, as to go to bed when one is sleepy or to eat when one is hungry. The boy who is heavy and strong and whose friends are playing football will take up the game; the man who rides well and whose friends are playing polo will try his hand at it; and in neither case is there on account of the physical risk any access of courage to the novice. The football player is no more to the front when there is a runaway horse to be stopped or a woman to be saved from drowning than any other chivalrous and hardy man. It is not the element of danger in a game which trains one to fortitude and courage; it is the element of opposition, purely. He is the courageous man who in the crisis of the contest responds the more daringly and steadfastly the more he is tried; and that he may be at the moment in some remote peril of life or limb adds nothing to his stature, increases not at all the importance of the test. The injuries and deaths that sometimes take place in our rougher sports should not be viewed as glorifying these forms of contest; they are deplorable calamities, with no mitigation. It seems to me beyond debate that the game which is entirely harmless in its play, which does not imperil the man, and which has none the less qualities that make for manliness, is the best of all games.

Certainly of them all tennis is the most universal; small boys, girls, women, men of three generations play it,

and the crack has not very much more enjoyment out of it than the duffer. So long as a player feels within him possibilities of growth he enjoys the game; and even when these fail, even when he realizes that he is slipping backward, he clings on, light-heartedly contesting every inch of the decline with some one of his contemporaries. "If I cannot keep pace with the advancing battalion, I shall not head those who are in retreat," cries your optimist; and so — because tennis players are generally optimists — you will see on any warm summer day veterans urging their old limbs upon the grassy courts, crouching in their play with racket held stiffly, trotting with little, timorous steps, poking at the ball with the gesture of uncertain vision; and you watch them awhile and think perhaps in the pride of your youth, "There can't be much fun in that." And then, while you are looking on, they begin to wrangle about some point; they are suspicious as to whether or not that ball actually did strike the line; and such verbal vitality as those four old men will then display, congregating at the net, wagging their heads, and finally examining the ball itself for traces of whitewash! You do not doubt any longer that their tennis is something of extreme moment to them; and you wonder if with your own occasional slipshod indifference to your rights on doubtful points you do not show an unworthy slight regard for a noble game.

In fact, I think that a match between old men deeply in earnest is a spectacle more inspiring to one's humanity than a tournament of champions. I do not mean that I would rather watch it; I do not deny that for a spectator in ordinary mood it is a slumberous proceeding. Yet if one is in an idle, reflective, kindly frame of mind, there is nothing so cheering to one's faith, so soothing to one's soul, so hopeful and sane and healthy as the sight of these graybeards, — venerable enough when you meet

them on the street, and now scampering after a ball with the single-minded passion of a dog or a child. Their squabbles and their laughter are alike pleasant to the ear; and when they stop between sets to rest and draw their asthmatic breath, you look at them admiringly and hope that when you grow old you too may be this kind of fine old boy.

There is charm also, though of a different nature, in observing the young duffer. I know not why it should be so, but the strong young duffer in tennis is a more ungainly and grotesque creature than any that is furnished forth in other sports. The golfer who swings without hitting the ball is an object of mild derision; his crestfallen appearance after so tremendous an output of power delights our hard American humor. In the same way the spectacle of an unskillful baseball player awkwardly muffing a "fly" has always a ludicrous aspect for the "bleachers." If we do not sit upon the bleachers, we withhold the ridiculing outcry, but our amusement is no less keen for being suppressed. The gingerly clumsiness with which a well-grown man will hold up a tennis racket, seeming appalled by the harmless instrument, prepares us to watch for his next entertaining capers. He poses himself with great care, gives a fine preliminary flourish of his weapon, and then taps the ball with a lady-like movement and laborious intentness of aim. It goes wild, and he screws his body to one side with a frantic instinct to correct the disappointing flight. I would not seem unsympathetic with the duffer; how should I hope for mercy, showing none!

Given, as he usually is, to expletive and malediction, the beginner is never so rampant as he who has progressed a stage and is trying strokes. *Genus irritabile!* The duffer is determined to master the drive — that long low stroke that skims the net and then drops sharply, the stroke that is invaluable to one playing in the back of the court. Hold-

ing his racket conscientiously in the manner prescribed, he advances upon an easy bound, swings, leaping from the earth with both feet, and sends the ball flying over the club-house. Then what vociferation! He has not the contained solemnity of the veterans playing near by, or the absorbed anxiety of mien of the utter duffer; his interest in the game itself seems not so profound and therefore is not so touching as theirs; he is animated too keenly by an egotistical desire for self-improvement.

When the duffer has at last attained a "stroke," it is too often only to become its slave. There is so much physical satisfaction in making a clean, swift, forehand drive across court or down the side line, that a player who has a moderate proficiency in this will try it under the most rash and ill-favored conditions. Running at full speed and just reaching the ball that he should lob, he will swipe desperately, and the occasional lucky shot that he achieves compensates him for the half-dozen that he has sent wild. But in the score his errors are not forgotten; and at the end of the game he will perhaps wonder why so brilliant a player as himself does not more often win. Generally speaking, the player who cultivates a stroke lays himself open to attack at every other point; his backhand is liable to be weak, his game at the net is neglected, he becomes obsessed with the notion that if he can only get that stroke going hard and accurately, it will carry him through unaided. And that is why many a showy player goes down before one whose game is more slow and dull to watch. For any high degree of proficiency, speed is of course an essential; but extreme speed is more often exhibited by players of the second or third class than by the most successful cracks. The supreme skill lies in the ability to hit a ball as well from one position as from another, backhand, forehand, volley, or half-volley, and next to that in adjusting the balance between speed

and accuracy; even by long practice you may never learn to gauge the pace above which or below which you may not go without sacrificing precision or direction. This requires a genius for tennis, a native instinct, and an unusual power of coördination.

I have never seen a match between players of the first rank without having a slightly disappointed sense that their performance seemed less wonderful than it actually was. I fancy that to any one who has played tennis a little such an exhibition falls in just this way short of anticipation. The game is not a sequence of magnificent bursts of speed, sensational smashes, extraordinary rallies, although at moments these do flash and electrify; it proceeds with an outward smoothness, ease and rhythm of movement that by no means intimates the tension of the contest. The spectator is tempted to the remark, "It seems so simple; why should n't anybody play that way?" Every swing of the rackets is free, absolutely unstudied, propelled with the least muscular effort; you feel that if you were to pick up a racket for the first time that would be exactly the way you would naturally swing it. And the players seem not to be running about so very violently; on the whole, not so violently as you yourself run when you play; you watch them and do not understand how they manage this. One places the ball, you would say, definitely, yet without much apparent exertion the other is there and has returned it. The explanation is that these players by instinct and long experience know how to cover their court and economize their strength; anticipating every stroke, they are quick at starting; every movement counts, and they go through no unnecessary floundering; immediate perception does for them what sheer strength and speed can never do for the less gifted. In tennis, as in other matters, the highest achievements often seem spontaneous and casual.

Unquestionably the most distinguished exponents of the game that is both leisurely yet cat-like in quickness are the English gentlemen who challenged for the International Cup last year. In contrast to their method of covering the court, even our best American players seemed to rush and scramble. The Englishmen moved with an unassuming stealth and were not over-anxious to receive the ball at the most favorable point of the bound. Our players obviously took greater pains to get into position. The English game was on the whole the more finished and perfect; the American game — in singles only — the more aggressive and compulsive. The Englishmen, playing at top notch and with all desperation, gave the impression of still having something in reserve; it was always clear when the Americans were straining every resource. In the American game there was more personality; in the English game there was more form. The qualities came out curiously in many ways — even in the matter of dress. In this respect the visitors were as precise as in their play, appearing always in the freshest white clothes, white even to their shoes, wearing their long sleeves flapping modestly about their wrists; the Americans, with their various drab flannels, their black spiked shoes, and their rolled-up sleeves, presented a more dangerous and less attractive appearance. The dilettante aspect of the English champions made their efficient performance the more astonishing to our eyes. They moved softly upon the grass with their rubber-soled shoes instead of tearing it with spikes according to our barbarous practice; they preserved unruffled through five hard sets the garden party look with which they first appeared; they almost made us feel that to perspire when playing tennis, if not actually vulgar, is at least undisciplined. With such refinement of appearance, the most scrupulous courtesy and sportsmanship were to be ex-

pected; and indeed one of the visitors performed the prettiest act of the tournament. When on a close decision the umpire awarded him a point that he felt was not rightfully his, he carefully drove the next ball out of court, restoring the advantage to his opponent.

The gracefulness of the act was unusual, but the spirit that prompted it prevails widely in tennis, and it is this that gives the game so pleasant an atmosphere. Except occasionally for a hurried, excited "How 's that?" when the player is uncertain whether a ball is in or out, there is never a word said to the umpire; and the times when one may see disgust, resentment, even a passing surprise expressed on a player's face at a flagrantly mistaken decision are so rare as to be memorable. I recall at least two matches of an agonizing closeness that turned on faulty decisions, yet on neither occasion did the sufferer betray by glance at umpire or spectators any sense of injury. In no other game, I think, are self-control and a readiness to put the best face on misfortune so generally the rule.

And this is of course a part of not taking one's game too seriously. It is no uncommon thing, according to reports, for the defeated contestants in a decisive rowing race or football match to burst into tears. I have never heard of a deposed tennis champion making such a demonstration. What is the difference? Is it that the tension is really so much greater in one form of sport than in another? Partly this, perhaps; but I am inclined to think the deeper cause lies in the fact that in tennis you go down to defeat alone or at most with only one other; while in football and rowing your grief is reduplicated for all the comrades with whom you have met disaster, — who undertook with you some responsibility that at the time looms disproportionately great. Now it is a fine thing to experience sorrow in this way, even though to us on the outside the cause appears trifling; such

suffering promotes one's sympathy and opens one's heart, and when we consider the humanizing influence of a defeat at rowing or football, we do not weigh too heavily the foolishness of the occasional hysterical outburst. And tennis has no such moments of dramatic awakening. Its after effects are comparatively mild. Even in the case of doubles, where you have another to be sorry for, defeat brings out a mutual spirit of good humor and acquiescence; you reproach yourself and your partner reproaches himself, but neither of you sits in gloom; there is a light touch in your mutual apology. And the game that is permeated with so tolerant and gay a spirit seems to me better than the one that probes the deeps in men's souls. We must not suffer too much in our sports; shall we have no joy in life?

I am trespassing on my purpose in entering again for even a moment the field of controversy, but before emerging and because it bears some relation to this subject of not taking one's game too seriously, I would point out that as yet there have been in tennis no squabbles about "eligibility" and "amateur standing," no noisy coaching from the side-lines, and no professional teachers. A game which thrives yet which offers no inducement to the "professional" is one that is played in a sufficiently light-hearted spirit.

This does not qualify the importance of the actual contest. Those who cannot throw themselves into it as if for the time being it were the most momentous thing in life will never appreciate its delights. The overmastering, avaricious desire to win is always to be deprecated, but to be keen to play one's best and bear one's self steadily and valorously in the crisis should be the essential spirit of the game. To be sure, that is the spirit in which all games should be played; but tennis least of all permits any shirking of the issue. When the crisis comes, there is no chance for the weak-hearted to thank his stars

that some one else than himself is called upon; and if he has the spark of manhood he will not look too complacently upon defeat. Excitement and exhaustion may wear the player down, but he must set himself only the more resolutely to the task of playing better than he has ever yet done. The time comes when his heart pounds and his lungs are pumping for air; when he walks drooping and reeking under the blazing sun; but he must not allow his misery to engage his mind, he must not debate the question how much longer he can endure; he must bend all his intentness of purpose, all the remnant of his strength, upon repelling the final assault of the foe. Of such importance is the actual contest, — and its importance ceases utterly when the last point has been played.

I am drawing for illustration upon an extreme case; in our ordinary matches we stop short of the point where suffering begins. We are leisurely, and we do not prolong our game until we are threatened with collapse on the court. But however leisurely our methods, however mild our strokes, tennis makes an exacting demand upon our faculties; the temper of the game is ardent, not phlegmatic. One of the best players this country has ever produced will come into the club-house between sets of an insignificant match, panting more with nervousness than with fatigue, trembling so that he cannot hold his racket steady, looking harassed, frightened, and desperate. He calls on his friends to fan him with towels, he tells them how scared he is, he holds the glass of water brought him in a shaking hand. Yet after the interval he will return to the court, make unerring shots along the lines, and show the most thorough command of nerves and muscles, even though between plays he is twitching with excitement. And after he has won, as is his usual custom, the game is of hardly enough interest to him to serve as the briefest topic of conversation; he

jumps under the shower, and then while he dresses he discusses with you where he had better dine and how he shall pass the evening; he may even insist on reading to you from some precious little book of poems that he keeps in his locker; although it is more likely that he will be throwing towels and accusing some one of having stolen his shoes.

The manners of tournament players in the presence of spectators are an interesting if trivial study. Some of them make it a point never to glance at the audience; in idle moments they keep their eyes on the ground or perhaps toss them skyward as they walk to their places. Others favor the crowd with an occasional stolid, inexpressive stare. A few have adopted an ingenuous, cheerful, confiding smile which they flash at certain junctures — as when they make a particularly bad shot. When they do something brilliant and there is applause, they look stern, even annoyed. Mannerisms wear off in some degree as the player becomes involved in the excitement of the game; but the grand stand player never quite forgets himself. There will be the mute appeal to the heavens when his shot goes extravagantly wild, or the staggering display of exhaustion when he has crowned a long rally with a brilliant stroke.

But these are superficial trifles on which to dwell, and we shall err if we regard them too narrowly. Your grand stand player is often as worthy a person as the man whom you would more readily define as of "sterling" character; pass by the weakness of a little vanity, and he is perhaps as alert to opportunities, as keen in the game, as plucky a fighter as his more steady-going opponent. Indeed, we are in danger of trusting our games too implicitly as tests of character. With all our enthusiasm for our own particular sports, we shall do well to pause and consider whether on the whole the men of high attainments in these go farther than other

men. The great football hero of fifteen years ago is still remembered; but since running the length of the field for a touchdown, has he done anything that is worthy of note? We Americans are inclined to set too high a value on athletic prowess of any kind; our newspapers thrust fame on heads too young to wear it, and there is sometimes a melancholy petty tragedy in the case of the man who is more widely celebrated at the age of twenty-one than he will ever be again. Very likely he is a person of good average abilities and persevering character, who will fill a worthy quiet corner and look back with pleasure on his shining and triumphant youth; then there is no great harm done. But now and then one sees a man who played a game too conspicuously well and, doing so, fulfilled his destiny.

Tournaments and match play are by no means the only feature of tennis that should be considered; indeed they are perhaps the least important. There are a hundred people getting enjoyment out of the game for every one who enters a tournament. It does not trouble the boy that his court is not good or that his racket is ill-balanced and poorly strung; he marks out the lines with his own hands, pulls his own roller, and then plays the game, blithely indifferent to all imperfections. Many a suburbanite now has his cramped, sometimes his undersized court, where he engages in conflict with the neighbor on a Saturday afternoon; cities are finding it necessary to provide facilities for tennis in the public playgrounds; and young people gather there, bringing half-worn balls and old rackets, and await patiently their turn.

There is, however, no advantage to be gained from playing under difficulties; the better the court, the better the fun. As your game improves, it ceases to be a laughable phenomenon if the ball repeatedly strikes some irregularity of surface and bounds off at right angles to its proper course. After a

time you appreciate with exasperation what it means to have only three feet of space behind the base-line; you are sure that with a fair chance you could return those deep-driven balls, and you long for an opportunity to try. So you abandon your private court to the children and join a club. It is a wise move; not only are the courts maintained in better condition, but you also have the advantage of testing your game against a variety of opponents instead of in repeated meetings with the same one or two. Your play improves rapidly — up to the point where improvement ceases.

It is no more than reasonable that lawn tennis should be at its best on grass. In this country, however, it is usually played on a surface of dirt or ashes; and certainly for the enthusiast who is impatient for the end of winter and does not put away his racket until after the snow flies in the late autumn, the dirt court is a necessity. It prolongs the tennis season by more than two months. When rain and mist and dew dampen the turf and make *lawn* tennis impossible, the dirt court is still hard and dry. It is very wearing on shoes and balls and rackets, it soils the clothes, it blisters the feet, it sends jarring vibrations through the system; but it enables us to play in April and October. We slip and slide if we try to turn sharply, we find the aggressive game at the net hardly practicable; yet with all its infirmities the dirt court is a most excellent makeshift. A good dirt court is preferable to a mediocre grass court; a poor dirt court is better than none at all. He who has played on championship grounds and therefore declines a contest on his friend's home-made court is a tennis snob; happily, the type is rare.

The good grass court is a luxury and a delight. To throw off one's clothes on a hot summer day, put on the coolest and lightest of garments, and run out across the sunny lawn, where the after-

noon shadows lay their quiet fingers; to prance there and rush about and breast the net, from which your adversary tries hotly to dislodge you; to hit out with the exhilarating sweep of arm and body, to feel the racket responsive in your hand, to see the ball fly swiftly where you would have it go; and through all the stress and sweat to be conscious of the kind sun and the quick turf and the green maples and elms that fringe the field — is not this one of life's priceless pleasures? He is happy who learns to know it in his youth; he is happy who finds that it does not fail him in his age. It is true that when we play tennis we may not observe closely the trees or listen for the songs of birds or have leisure to admire the shapes and hues of floating clouds; no, tennis does not bring us into any definite relation with nature, but that is the inevitable defect of an engrossing game. Nor is it the most social of our sports. Golf is a conversational opportunity; in baseball, to coach from the side-lines must satisfy the most talkative. But tennis is all strife, with no time for comment. In doubles you now and then exchange with your partner a word of advice, approval, or encouragement; in singles you ejaculate to your opponent, "Good shot!" or "Hard luck!" Beyond this, intercourse does not go. It is, even in critical matches, a noiseless battle; the droning iteration of the score from the referee sitting on his high seat by the net, the soft thud of the ball upon the racket, the swift catlike steps of the players, convey no adequate intimation of the struggle. It is far different in atmosphere from a rowing race with the coxswains of the crews yelling madly through their megaphones, from a baseball game with its shrill chatter, from a football game with the quarterback shouting raucous signals in the arena and the inclosing myriads roaring out their cheers. Although it is so nervous and active, it is of all games the most silent and self-contained

It is not, however, utterly unsocial. There is talk enough afterwards in the club-house; and even on the court players become in an acute and sympathetic though unspeaking way aware of one another. In the end tennis brings its followers into a more intimate relation with human nature. It purges them of their cares and their unhealthy thoughts and desires, it clarifies the mind and makes sane the soul, it satisfies the restlessness and contentiousness of the spirit and gives it peace. On the tennis court there is developed steadfastness of aim and purpose, a better temper, and a kinder heart; here, through striving with your fellow man, you may learn to love him. Foes in sport are friends in spirit; if the hand of every man seems against us, and our hand against every man, let us spill our antagonism harmlessly upon the tennis court. Many a blue devil has here been crushed under heel, many an animosity has been softened. You cannot think altogether ill of any man against whom you have stood in a hard and fairly fought game; you may even come to think well of one whom you have hitherto held in slight regard. Likewise, in their humble way, do our international matches have a civilizing influence. The surest guarantee of a permanent peace among nations would be to have them striving keenly with one another in their games.

Some verses read at a tennis club dinner represent an effort to express, not too seriously, the best that the game does for its players: —

One time the most of us, no doubt,
Had open hearts for others;
We scorned the shield Distrust held out,
We met all men as brothers.

With years cool wisdom on us slips
The armor once declined;
The laugh grows idle on our lips,
Or purpose lurks behind.

Fearful to lose our little place,
We dare not venture far
To welcome others of our race,
Men of the self-same star.

Eager to win beyond our ranks,
We trample others down,
And pressing o'er them murmur thanks,
Our eyes upon the crown.

And yet we bear no enmity;
"It's life," we sadly say;
"We would be genial, open, free
To all men as the day.

"This armor that doth make us safe,
This visor to the eye,

We feel their weight, we feel them chafe,
We fain would put them by."

And when we come to our green field,
Far from the strife of town,
Forthwith in gentleness we yield
And lay that armor down.

The touch of flannels to our skin,
Of grass beneath our feet,
Of sun at throat may help us win
Safe past the judgment seat.

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

THE TRAIL OF THE TAngLER.

THE "Electric" left the Fifteenth Street Terminal in Kansas City in the yellow dawn of an October morning; the car, with its snub nose and projecting forward cage, nosing on like a great catfish across bridges, railroad switches, and cross streets up to Ninth Street, where it headed toward the town of Independence, Mo., at a smooth, swimming gait. Just beyond the Belt Crossing the motorman glanced back at the conductor for an inquiring half second, the inquiry being, "Do I dare?" and the conductor flashed back at the motorman, "Sure, dare!" The motorman's eyes were shining and the conductor's eyes were shining. The car began to go faster. Beyond Sheffield, in the open stretch with its sprinkling of country houses, the speed was a thing to question, and, quitting the rear cage where he had been talking to two men, the conductor passed through the car to the motorman out front. Two or three of the few passengers aboard, who were noticing, were glad to see that the conductor was disposed to put a stop to the motorman's foolishness.

In the forward cage the conductor, his breath issuing explosively in steamy whiffs, was shrieking to the motorman: "Jimmy! Mr. Shore says a hundred more if we reach Shore Station in fifteen minutes! Let her go! Let her go!"

Then he passed back through the car, humming, to hide his excitement from the passengers.

"See here," said an uneasy man, plucking at the conductor's sleeve as he passed, "what's this for? Ain't we a-going too fast?"

"Fast?" repeated the conductor, with a look of competency betrayed, "fast?" He passed on haughtily, but turned, on some charitable impulse, to say behind his hand, "We *are* runnin' on skedaddle time, but that's an expert at the motor, need n't worry, no matter how fast we go." With that, he went on back to the rear, where the two men were waiting for him, the eyes of both burning with impatience and distress. One of them, a big fellow, who seemed to carry one arm with a little nursing care, and who looked ill despite his great size, thundered impatiently at the conductor:—

"See here, Henry, what are we crawling along like this for? If this is the best you can get out of this damned snail"—

"Well, I tell you, Mr. Shore," interposed the conductor soothingly, "I'll let you come through and stand by Jimmy. Then you can see how fast we are goin', and mabby that'll quiet you."

"Let's do that. Let's move up

there in front, Hardin." As he spoke the slighter and taller of the two men stooped for a medicine case that sat at his feet, and with the case in one hand steadied the big man with the other until they reached the front cage, where they took up positions behind the motorman, their urging for speed becoming like the crack of a whip about the motorman's ears.

Ahead of them Jackson County stretched into the pale, gleaming east with the limitless, dipping roll of the Missouri country. Fields where the corn had been shocked stretched off on the right, up the curve of a hill, into the sky, the line of small dun stacks like so many space markers to the watchers behind the motorman. The tiny red station sheds, the gleam of the silver-white mail boxes on the fences, the three or four big houses of gray stone, the numerous natty houses of brick and shingle, all marked space in running laps for the watchers behind the motorman. Woods tipped with the blood-red sumach, flaunting hillside sweeps of golden-rod, long, lean pastures, switches of rank horseweed, — all were etched out, clean and sharp, against the eastern light, only to be succeeded by other woods, other sweeps, other pastures, other switches, in a ceaseless, merciless duplication for the two behind the motorman.

"Great God!" cried the big man at last, "there is no agony on earth like the agony of waiting to learn whether you are going to be agonized or not." He forgot the trouble that his lame arm caused him, and flung both hands out in front of him in a tortured helplessness.

"Careful, be careful," said the other man warningly, "be careful with your arm, Hard."

"Careful, nothing!" groaned the big man, his heavy hands working convulsively; "what's the use of being careful about me, what's the use of anything when she — Now here, Jimmy, you've got to do better than this, we're walking, walking!" He turned upon

the motorman with irresponsible vehemence, but his companion laid a restraining hand upon him.

"Well, you see, the road being so full of curves, Mr. Shore," — began the motorman in a faint demur, but letting his car out a little more, his eyes straining toward the weird veiled dawn in the east, his muscles tense with the might of his endeavor to reach Shore Station in the appointed fifteen minutes, — "road being so full of curves, I don't dare go too fast."

"Go just as fast as you do dare, Jimmy." Shore's lips shook so that he could hardly talk, and he turned his wide, well-featured face to the man beside him, in a dumb reliance that seemed to be habit with him. Unfortunately for him, just at that moment the look in the other man's eyes was appalling. "G-r-r-r-h! It's no great comfort to look at you! What's the matter, what do you mean" — The words, begun as a cry of protest, were beaten into a hopeless mumble by Shore's tempestuous despair. "If you give up, if you lose hope, you!" he cried, and the other drew up quickly under some lash of self-control. His face stayed as gray as wood ashes, but his tone was quiet and his eyes were steady.

"No, oh no," he said earnestly, his low voice rich and warm and confident; "it's not that I have given up, not that I have lost hope. Only, you know, I have not seen her myself, I have had to take your impression for my impression, and it's hard to wait till I see her and can get my own impression; that's all."

"Oh, it's awful, — to keep riding on and on, — and we don't get there at all." Shore's thought was submerged by his tears, and came out in fragments like drowned flotsam. That he was dramatically unconscious of the moment's drama, that he was as simple and direct as he was big, was evident from the loose way in which he went to pieces, careless of appearances, shaken inside and out by the emotion that pos-

sessed him. The motorman scratched his ear, and the other man looked off into the silver-yellow light in the east. "I ought n't to have left her," sobbed Shore, "but I could n't seem to stay in that house any longer until I had you there with me. You know how it goes with me in my own sickness when I have n't you about, — it's infinitely worse now with her sick," — he took his hand from his eyes and sought the eyes of the other imploringly.

The other, as though beating about for relief, began to ask questions that had been asked and answered many times before on that same morning. "When did Carey see her first?" he unclamped his teeth to say, and while his arm steadied Shore, he was conscious of a twitching tremor all over his own body.

"Why, seven or eight days ago," answered Shore, moistening his lips and leaning nearer his comrade with that same insistent appeal for help, that same close reliance, that same gigantic helplessness. "This was the order of things: We had had a good summer at Mackinac, after that last séance with my arm in the spring, and we left there three weeks ago, she and the boy and I, all well. I was getting along ship-shape, so I came straight through from Chicago, and she went down to that forsaken Illinois town of Dixburn. She has a married friend there, and of course she was interested in the place because you had once lived there. Well, she stayed there a week, and came on home with her head aching. It did n't quit, so I brought Carey out, and he said malaria. And though that fool's been out every day since, he never once said danger till last night. Last night he said typhoid, and I wired to Penangton for you. This morning she — Why, why, she does n't know even me!" All his profound assumption of her love for him was patent in his inflection. "I could n't stand it. You don't know what it is to a man married like I am

to be without her, — without her consciousness of herself and of him, — without her spirit" — He stopped trying to talk, and gnawed at his lower lip.

"And Dr. Carey thinks that this turn for the worse — thinks that she is in danger?" Shore's emotionalism seemed hard on the other man, whose questions clicked out sharply.

"Why, that's just it, — that's why I'm done with Carey, — told me to be prepared, — aw, I can't talk, — Carey's a fool!"

"How many nurses have you out there, Hard?"

"Oh, two or three shifts of them; seems to me I've seen four or five girls around."

"We'll let all but one go. I'll nurse and you can nurse, and we don't want to be cluttered up with too much checked gingham and white apron. How nearly there are we now, Hardin?"

"Just around that curve yonder. Go on, Jimmy, go on! Go on!"

The motorman yielded helplessly, and the car, obedient to his daring, all but leaped from the track around the curve, slid, lock-wheeled, on a down grade for a rod, and stopped.

Afterwards, the rush of that ride across country always stood out in the mind of one of the men as a part — the beginning — of the longer, doubling, twisting trail over which he was to go.

"Thank God and you, Jimmy!" cried Hardin Shore, as he and his comrade leaped through the gates that were thrown open.

"Get the doctor's case there, Tom," commanded Shore to the servant, who stood waiting beside a light trap at the station shed. "Don't let that nigger tell me she's worse," he snarled on in a stiff-lipped agony, as he read through the gloom on the negro's face. Hurrying into the trap beside the doctor, he gathered up the reins in his well hand and guided his horses across the car track, speeding the strong, clean-limbed animals down the country road for half

a mile, without word or pause, then up a long driveway to a stone house.

As they came on under the overhanging grove of young walnut trees, the yellow light of the morning sifted through the leaves and fell upon the house beyond with a pallid illumination hateful to see, and the prescience of the house's disaster lifted like a visible thing and drifted toward the men in the trap, lodging in the trees overhead with a low and mournful rustle. There was a chilling sense of a lost presence in the air, a sense of something gone, something that had vitalized and irradiated, whose absence left an oppressive emptiness. At the corner of the house a group of negro women stood in nerveless fright, their hands working in their aprons. Behind the women some small black children gaped wonderingly. The fright, the stricken expectancy, was hard to bear, and Shore got down from the trap with a sick inward trembling; but fright and stricken expectancy were acting like a challenge upon the other man, whose eyes had narrowed into long steely gleams, and whose bearing showed fight.

Inside the wide hall, one of the nurses came noiselessly to meet them. "Yes, seventh-day crisis, I reckon, or fourteenth-day," she whispered to the physician, and then drew Shore into a chair. "Sit there for a moment, won't you, until you feel better," she said, taking charge of Shore with an expert recognition of the latent invalidism showing plainly now in the drawn lines of his face.

"That 's right, don't come for a second, Hardin. But don't be afraid. You have not lost her; you are not going to. Wait here till I send down for you." The physician went up the stairs on his quick feet, and into the typhoid patient's room. Carey, the doctor in attendance, stood at the foot of the bed, looking at his case in gloomy helplessness, while over at the window one of the nurses was putting crushed ice into an ice-cap. The little tinkle of the ice

intermingled with the murmuring voice of the woman on the pillow, and the two sounds were like the tumbling unrest of a hill stream.

"Can't stop that," whispered Carey, holding with relief to the hand of the newcomer, who nodded understandingly, slipped past him, and put his hand on the woman's hand, outwardly the physician only, perceptive at once of the crucial untowardness of the outlook, the thready pulse, the short breathing, the hurrying delirium. With his ear close to her lips he caught the words:—

"A long trail, twisting and turning." Then a rhythmic pause, and the beat of the words again: "Don't forget Hardin, he will suffer—that's true—I am far along on the tangling trail—ah me! we go fast, too fast!" A flickering, frightened cry! The physician's hand tightened on her hand, and for a troubled second she was quiet, then her eyes opened staringly, flashed, and steadied. "Garth! Garth!" she cried, and tried to leap up, her eyes wide open upon his eyes, her arms lifted to his shoulders; but he laid her back, and held her with firm, detaining hands, a sudden illumination in his eyes, as wild, as delirious as that in her own. Little by little her head ceased to roll upon the pillow; her lips stopped twitching, and her thick lashes drooped till the fiery gleam beneath them was quite shut out. Carey came around softly from the foot of the bed.

"Wonderful past any 'pathy, that touch of yours!" he murmured, looking down upon the woman's hypnotic calm. Over at the window the nurse was watching, a trained blankness on her face.

"She will have a conscious moment when she rouses. Will you have Mr. Shore here; she will ask for him," said the doctor in low, resonant tones that glided across the air with a musical suggestion more effective than a command. His eyes stayed brilliant, full of a strange, white radiance.

An hour later the woman, after a briefly conscious interval, was sleeping; Hardin Shore sat in the next room with a look of hope on his face; in the lower hall the two doctors were talking the case over softly, Carey telling what he had done and had been just about to do, the other not listening, but acquiescing and approving, all after the dicta of the Code; in the room assigned to the nurses the two who were to go were packing their traveling cases in open rebellion.

"Who-all is he anyway, this new man, I wish you 'd say," grumbled one. She was the girl who had been last on duty in the sickroom, and there was a significant resentment in her tone.

"A country doctor, from that little town of Penangton down the river where Mrs. Shore used to live, that 's all the who," answered the other, equally petulant; "a friend who runs the Shores, if I can read anything, — sending people away!"

"And what 's his name?" pursued the first speaker, that trained blankness again on her face.

"Henderson."

"But his first name?"

"I d'n' know, — Garth, I believe."

"Oh, I see!"

"See what?"

A look of ostentatious discretion passed over the face of the first nurse; she would not say what, and presently the two went out of the house and back to the city with Carey.

The people who were left ranged up, watchful and alert, under Henderson's leadership, for their fight with the fever.

"It 's treacherous, typhoid," Henderson told Hardin Shore in the very beginning; "it will double on us, it will let us hope, it will cheat us, it will lead us on a long trail, the old tangler." He had got immediately at the woman's notion that the dizziness of her head was the ceaseless twisting and turning of an aeriform Something that flew with her, and he expressed himself with an unconscious assumption of her fancy. "All

we can do," he told Shore, "is to keep up with it, keep a hand on it, till we tire it out, then pull her back to us."

The Shore child was sent away, and from morning until night there was no sound in the great house, save the coming and going of careful servants and the low whispered word; but through it all, up to the day of the last crisis, the household having responded confidently to Henderson's presence, the house seemed less sensitively prescient that disaster hovered over it; the servants smiled sometimes, and in far corners of the grounds the small black children laughed gayly.

"I feel that I 'm unfair to you, a regular burden, Henderson," said Shore, who stayed near the sickroom helplessly but enviously; "still, I don't know where to begin to stop it. I 'm foolish about you. I want you to be in there with her all the time, and when you are not with her, I have to have you with me."

For a number of years Shore, through a long fight of his own with disease, had been expressing this sort of dependence upon Henderson; for years, through long tests of friendship, he had been utterly trustful; for years, through blinding mists of passion, Henderson had been entirely reliable, entirely true; for years the woman had stood between them; until now, her eyes always insistently upon Hardin Shore's eyes, her hand sometimes in Henderson's hand in secure friendliness, a delicate protective aura playing from her consciousness like a luminous ether, through which Henderson could not look, and would not have dared look if he could.

That had been the way for years. But now, out on the red range of the fever, had not the luminous veil fluttered raggedly back, and for once, whether he would or not, had he not seen beneath it? "Garth! Garth!" she had cried, and had clung to him. Was it all the craziness of the fever, — *had she not known him?* The mad question became

a companion thing of that hurrying delirium of hers, leading him on and on after her, twisting, turning, coiling. And over and over he put his hands upon his shoulders as though he must push in deeper the burn of those hands of hers; over and over, as her eyes opened staringly upon him, he told himself that the question reached her and was answered, that off on the devious trail of her delirium she came face to face with him and knew him for himself. When he was not beside her, his forehead would grow cool, and he would explain the whole thing to himself; remind himself of the generic truth that the revelations of delirium were reliable for the purposes of the pathological novel only, not for any honest weighing of things; that instead of being taken as signal flashes from the sub-consciousness of the patient, they should be taken for what they were, distorted gleams, refracted through the red, obstructive media of the fever-hot brain cells. And finally, and specifically, whatever this particular woman said in her delirium, the fact remained that in the full possession of her faculties, she handed herself and her great power of loving to her husband more unequivocally, more fully, and more beautifully than any woman in the world. — Then he would go back to her again.

The cycles went by, from seventh day to fourteenth day, to twenty-first day, in the weird rhythm of the fever, and as he sat beside her, ceaseless in vigilance, meeting the disease, symptom by symptom, fighting, nursing, quieting, a strange thing came to pass, — he began to see that there were two of him, one, the physician at the bedside, watching the zigzag climb of the fever, his hand on the jerking thread of the patient's pulse; the other, a dreamer who, following a red trail daringly, found what he sought in a tumultuous, sublimated freedom overhead. To the physician below the woman's broken words were formless and void, but the dreamer

up above shut his soul about them and made life of them.

"I must be going!" she would cry. "Are you here? Are you ready?"

"Oh yes, I am ready," he would say, that mystical quieting force of his in the smile that he turned upon her. As she grew still, he would talk on, without the spoken word or the need of it: "Now we are flying free! Now the trail leads us higher, higher! Now we are in our place of dreams!" He would lie back in his chair then and close his eyes, as softly as hers were closed.

"That Thing went fast over the tangling trail!" The fever would be driving her on again.

"Did you get tired?" he would say, "I never tire coming up here."

Sometimes the physician was sorry for the dreamer, thinking of the awakening that was to come, but the dreamer was heedless. It was so real to him, he followed the trail so often, that it came about that he recognized his sensations like landmarks along the way, — the first uplift of his spirit, the wild strength of his soaring, the tremulous joy of finding her.

"The end of the tangling trail," she would mutter.

"I am here at the end. I shall be here always, always waiting," he would insist, a great calm satisfaction on his face, and would open his eyes to find Hardin Shore standing beside them.

"Asleep, Henderson?"

"No, more awake than ever before in my life."

"Is she better, old man? Every time I hear you speak like that I think she must be better, must be coming back to me, there's such a singing joy in your voice, Henderson. Is it true? Is she coming back?"

"Oh yes, she is coming back, not quite yet perhaps, but she is coming back."

"What is it that she repeats like that all the time, Henderson? Can you understand it?"

"It's dream-talk, — I would n't bend too close, Hard, it disquiets her. You will hear only fragments about the tangling trail of the Thing that flies with her."

"Keeps muttering," repeated Shore wistfully. He put his great hand over his wife's hand in a nerve-racked frenzy of love, and she opened her eyes and gazed at him for a moment, then some bewildered effort at control shivered through her and she lay still.

"Oh, get away, Hard! That's bad, that's bad!" Henderson pulled Shore up with an irresistible hand and drew him into the next room. "You see, Hardin," he explained, driving himself on to comfort Shore with a singular consciousness that the woman was directing him to the explanation, "her thought has come to be so constantly of saving you anxiety because of your own illness that now she is ill her chief worry is that you are in the way of distress about her. It is n't that she does n't know you; it's that she does, — comprehends just enough to be trying to protect you."

The grieved look on Shore's face lifted happily. "That's right, you old conjurer," he said. "Put me back upon the thought of her love of me. I know, — trying to think of me, even when she can't think."

From twenty-first day to twenty-eighth day! In the blackness of that last night, Henderson, the dreamer, passed out of the Shore house into the grounds. He walked, blindly anxious for motion, over the soft, thick turf, with its shaggy mat of leaves, to the wall around the young orchard behind the house. The night was in the deep after-midnight lull, infinitely quiet, but Henderson pressed his hand to his head as though to shut out great noises, and peered out into the dense, clinging darkness as though to sight the flight of something that swept past overhead.

If she died! Foolish, futile thought! He would not let it keep form; he sent it hurling as it hovered, vulture-like,

about his mind. She need not die. He would not let her die. Had it not been his again and again to rescue the sick, to hold back the dying? She need not die. His the power. He knew himself. He was not afraid.

And if she lived! His the power, — to bring her back to the other man, to bring her back now, bring her home from the wild trail of their going, from the high realm of his fancy, reestablish her in her old relations, not as the free, flying spirit that he had known in that upper living, — ah, God, to do that!

Across the black quiet of the night another figure was vaguely outlined at the orchard wall. Shore was standing there forlornly, his lame arm across his knee, his eyes burning into the darkness, seeking, seeking.

"I am so lost, Henderson," he groaned, as Henderson came up silently. "I followed you out here. I can't stay in that house. You see, with her unconscious, it's as though she is n't here. I'm so used to having her here, Henderson. She has had always the strangest, fullest capacity for being here, all around and in and through me, everything that a man needs to finish his comprehension of himself and everything else, — Henderson, if you only understood what I feel, you would n't let her go, you could n't."

"Oh, stop, Hardin!"

"Time and again, Henderson, you've interposed that will of yours, that power of yours, between death and me; time and again I've felt it like a thing to touch and see; time and again you've kept me here when I should have gone but for you" —

"Hardin Shore, do I need this urging?" cried Henderson, the clarion ring of his voice piercingly clear in the night's quiet.

"It's because I know your ability, Henderson," went on Shore, bungling miserably, "that I want to know that you are using every ounce of that ability. You will save her for me, won't

you, old man — you will save her — for me” —

“Yes, I’ll save her for you,” answered Henderson, with that final assured confidence which he always used to compel confidence. “Come on back to the house, Hard. It’s hour by hour till dawn now.” He put his arm through Hardin Shore’s arm, and they went into the house together.

Back in the sickroom Henderson, the physician, took up his vigil again alone. He made Hardin Shore wait in an adjoining room with the nurse, and, alone, he sat down beside his patient, the strength of destiny in his eyes. The seconds went by with a little clicking catch in their going, marked by the flicker of her breathing, and she gave no heed to the compulsion in the physician’s touch upon her hand. The seconds went by with a little clicking catch in their going, and the physician became the dreamer and began to talk to her, urging himself far out after her, matching the red range of the fever with his own tenacious swiftness: “Come back, come back! We may not stop at the place of dreams! It is all over and ended! Come back!”

Tossing, rocking, her head, with its great, tumbled mass of soft hair, came nearer, and her cheek cradled into the hand that he stretched out supportingly.

“Oh,” she cried, “the end of the trail at last? The real?”

He put his hand on her shoulder gently. “The real,” he said. The last of all reality, it seemed to him the finish of the wild dream-fancies that had been for him so long the fullest and richest reality.

Her eyes opened, shut, opened and fixed upon him, her tension relaxing, her mind clearing, her breathing quieting, the mystic fever cycle ended.

“Why, it’s you, dear old doctor-boy!” She had come back, the sane, strong, delicate-fibred woman, who for years had been the flower of his fancy, the root of his morality, his courage!

The craziness, his and the fever’s, was a thing of the past, the mad aerial journeying was over, she had come back! The physician was sorry for the dreamer as Henderson laid his hand upon her lips and looked once into her earnest questioning eyes: —

“Don’t talk; you’re back, that’s enough; you’re saved, that’s enough.”

“It was good of you — to save me — for Hard,” she said softly, brokenly, fast growing drowsy again, but comprehending still. Hardin Shore tipped to the door, his wide face lit with joy, and even as he bent and kissed her forehead worshipfully, his wife was safely sleeping.

Long, quiet days followed, and at the end of one of them, Henderson, still neglectful of his Penangton practice, sat at the window across the room from her bedside. Hardin Shore was in his own room, sleeping off the exhaustion of those weeks of anxiety for which he had been so illy conditioned, and the nurse was out in the young orchard, methodically measuring off her evening exercise. Beyond the window the sun had set, and a soft, thickening gloom lay over the room. Through it the two figures, the woman on the pillow and the man in the chair by the window, were barely visible to each other. She lay with her hands above her head, the new thinness of her face softened by the fall of lace from her wrists. He sat in his chair with his head thrown back wearily, the worn fatigue of his face lifting and floating away like a gossamer whenever his eyes rested upon her. The physician had stayed sorry for the dreamer; the memory of an illusion is hard to bear.

“You are all tired out,” she said.

“You are all wrong,” he said.

“Do you hear the sleepy things outside?” she asked. The katydids were crying and the crickets were chirping in a drowsy remoteness. “It’s strange to hear things and see things and know them for what they really are.”

He glanced at her comprehendingly, thinking to let her know that he understood the little shock of amusement with which she was finding herself again, but seeing how beautifully her hair lay about her face, and how subtly her grace showed in the languid, swinging movements of her long arms, he was not sure what he had let her know.

"That trail, that tangling trail!" she began next, as though feeling her way, and Henderson sat up and bent forward, his eyes fixed upon her.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, his breath hard and short.

"Well, I don't know, do you?" She smiled at him, but the little shaking span of her voice showed that she was using it to bridge some chasm that yawned before her. She raised her arms and let the laces tumble more thickly about her face, then looked at him through the veil in an uncertain flare of bravery. "Did it tangle you, too?" she asked.

He leaned forward on the arm of his chair and his eyes burned through the laces into her eyes. "Did what tangle me?"

"Why, the trail that we followed, — did it tangle you, too?"

He had a sudden mannish impulse to candor, absolute and entire, — "Then there was a trail for you, as for me!" he cried hoarsely, "and you realized," — he stopped in that impulse to candor, for she had drawn the laces closely about her eyes. Seeing her do that, seeing the hurt to her, he dropped back in his chair with a low, sighing breath. "I understand," he said, "you need not be afraid."

"No, not of — not of a sick woman's fancies, need I? Need you?" The voice quivered, and the hand above her head closed tightly. "There was one fancy," she went on, as though to an appointed task, "there was one about — the place of dreams — at the end of the trail — where somebody — Hardin, I expect — always found me. Did I ever — did I ever speak of that?" Her intention to define for him their old rightful relations touched him like an accolade, raising him a bewildered knight-errant, to go whither she pointed.

"My, yes," he answered her evenly, "and next you would cry, 'Hardin! Hardin!' and we should have to scamper after Hard." The laces pressed close to the eyes and the tight hand relaxed. "Oh, you were a nuisance about Hard," went on Henderson in a resonant, songful tone now, his eyes flashing fire to the west, "'Hardin! Hardin!' you were always crying."

She began to laugh, tremulous with success under her laces. "I suppose it must have been like that. I could n't always tell what I was doing and saying, whose name I was calling, I was whirled about so, — it was such a long trail, that old tangler's. But if it did n't tangle you, if you understand" — Her slender clasped hands were raised to him, her voice swayed to him with a fine, remote music like a wind-blown bell.

"Yes, I understand. And it did n't tangle me," answered Henderson, folding his arms and striding to the window, where he stood for a moment, a lean young figure, erect and powerful, cleanly cut against the light in the west.

R. E. Young.

HOME ACRES.

I.

A SENSE of pureness in the air,
 Of wholesome life in growing things,
 Trembling of blossom, blade and wings,
 Perfume and beauty everywhere, —
 Skies, trees, the grass, the very loam,
 I love them all; this is our home.

II.

God, make me worthy of thy land
 Which mine I call a little while! —
 This meadow where the sunset's smile
 Falls like a blessing from thy hand,
 And where the river singing runs
 'Neath wintry skies and summer suns.

III.

Million on million years have sped
 To frame green fields and bowering hills;
 The mortal for a moment tills
 His span of earth, then is he dead:
 This knows he well, yet doth he hold
 His paradise like miser's gold.

IV.

I would be nobler than to clutch
 My little world with gloating grasp;
 Now, while I live, my hands unclasp,
 Or let me hold it not so much
 For my own joy as for the good
 Of all the gentle brotherhood.

V.

And as the seasons move in mirth
 Of bloom and bird, of snow and leaf,
 May my calm spirit rise from grief
 In solace of the lovely earth;
 And though the land lie dark or lit,
 Let me but gather songs from it.

R. W. Gilder.

CONSECRATED TO CRIME.

"The breathless fellow at the altar-foot,
Fresh from his murder, safe and sitting there
With the little children round him in a row
Of admiration." — *Fra Lippo Lippi*.

NOT long ago I saw these lines quoted to show the blessedness of sanctuary; quoted with a serious sentimentality which left no room for their more startling significance. The writer drew a parallel between the ruffian sheltered by his church and the soldier sheltered by his flag, forgiven much wrong-doing for the sake of the standard under which he has served and suffered. But Mr. Browning's murderer has not served the church. He is unforgiven, and, let us hope, eventually hanged. In the interval, however, he poses as a hero to the children, and as an object of lively interest to the pious and Mass-going Florentines. A lean monk praying on the altar-steps would have awakened no sentiment in their hearts; yet even the frequency, the cheapness of crime failed to rob it of its lustre. It was not without reason that Plutarch preferred to write of wicked men. He had the pardonable desire of an author to be read.

In these less vivid days we are seldom brought into such picturesque contact with assassins. The majesty of the law is strenuously exerted to shield them from open adulation. We have grown sensitive too, and prone to consider our own safety, which we call the welfare of the public. Some of us believe that criminals are madmen, or sick men, who should be doctored rather than punished. On the whole, our emotions are too complex for the straightforward enjoyment with which our robust ancestors contemplated — and often committed — deeds of violence. Murder is to us no longer as

"... a dish of tea,
And treason, bread and butter."

We have ceased to stomach such sharp condiments.

Yet something of the old glamour, the glamour with which the Serpent beguiled Eve, still hangs about historic sins, making them — as Plutarch knew — more attractive than historic virtues. Places consecrated to the memory of crime have so keen an interest that travelers search for them painstakingly, and are often both grieved and indignant because some blood-soaked hovel has not been carefully preserved by the ungrateful community which harbored — and hanged — the wretch who lived in it.

I met in Edinburgh a disappointed tourist, — a woman and an American, — who had spent a long day searching in vain for the house in which Burke and Hare committed their ghastly murders, and for the still more hideous habitation of Major Weir and his sister. She had wandered for hours through the most offensive slums that Great Britain has to show; she had seen and heard and smelt everything that was disagreeable; she had made endless inquiries, and had been regarded as a troublesome lunatic; and all that she might look upon the dilapidated walls, behind which had been committed evils too vile for telling. And this in Edinburgh, the city of great and sombre tragedies, where Mary Stuart held her court, and Montrose rode to the scaffold. With so many dark pages in her chronicles, one has scant need to burrow for ignoble guilt.

There are deeds, however, that have so colored history, stained it so redly, and so imperishably, that their seal is set upon the abodes that witnessed them, and all other associations grow dim and trivial by comparison. The murder of a Douglas or of a Guise by his sovereign is the apotheosis of crime, the zenith of horror. As long as the stones of Stir-

ling or of Blois shall hold together, that horror shall be their dower. The walls shriek their tale. They make a splendid and harmonious background for the tragedy that gives them life. They are fitting guardians of their fame. It can never be sufficiently regretted that the murder of Darnley had so mean a setting, and that the methods employed by the murderers have left us little even of that meanness. Some bleak fortress in the north should have sheltered a crime so long impending, and so grimly wrought; but perhaps the paltriness of the victim merited no better *mise en scène*. The Douglas and the Guise were made of sterner stuff, and the world — the tourist world — pays in its vamping fashion a tribute to their strength. It buys pathetically incongruous souvenirs of the "Douglas room;" and it traces every step by which the great Duke, the head and the heart of the League, went scornfully to his death.

Blois *has* associations that are not murderous. It saw the solemn consecration of the standard of Joan of Arc, and the splendid feasts which celebrated the auspicious betrothal of Henry of Navarre to his Valois bride. The statue of Louis the Twelfth, "Father of his people," sits stiffly astride of its caparisoned charger above the entrance gate. But it is not upon Joan, nor upon Navarre, nor upon good King Louis that the traveler wastes a thought. The ghosts that dominate the château are those of Catherine de Médicis, of her son, wanton in wickedness, and of the murdered Guise. Castle guides are notoriously short of speech, sparing of time, models of bored indifference. But the guardian of Blois waxes eloquent over the tale he has to tell, and, with the dramatic instinct of his race, strives to put its details vividly before our eyes. He assigns to each assassin his post, shows where the wretched young king concealed himself until the deed was done, and points out the exact spot in the Cabinet Vieux where the first

blow was struck. "Behold the perfect tableau!" he winds up enthusiastically, and we are forced to admit that, as a tableau, it lacks no element of success. Mr. Henry James's somewhat cynical appreciation of this "perfect episode" — perfect, from the dramatist's point of view — recurs inevitably to our minds: —

"The picture is full of light and darkness, full of movement, full altogether of abominations. Mixed up with them all is the great theological motive, so that the drama wants little to make it complete. The insolent prosperity of the victim; the weakness, the vices, the terrors of the author of the deed; the admirable execution of the plot; the accumulation of horror in what followed, — render it, as a crime, one of the classic things."

Classic surely were the repeated warnings, so determinedly ignored. Cæsar was not more plainly cautioned of his danger than was the Duke of Guise. Cæsar was not more resolved to live his life fearlessly, or to die. Cæsar was not harder to kill. It takes many a dagger stroke to release a strong spirit from its clay.

There were dismal prophecies months ahead, advance couriers of the slowly maturing plot. "Before the year dies, you shall die," was the message sent to the Duke when the States-General were summoned to Blois. His mother, ceaselessly apprehensive, his mistress, Charlotte de Sauves, besought him to leave the château. Nine ominous notes, crumpled bits of paper, each written at the peril of a life, admonished him of his fate. The ninth was thrust into his hand as he made his way for the last time to the Council Chamber. "*Le ciel sombre et triste*" frowned forebodingly upon him as he crossed the terrace, and La Salle and D'Aubercourt strove even then to turn him back. At the foot of the beautiful spiral staircase sat the jester, Chicot, singing softly under his breath a final word of warning, "Hé, j'ay Guise." He

dared no more, and he dared that much in vain. The Duke passed him disdainfully, and — smitten by the gods with madness — went lightly up the steps to meet his doom.

This is the story that Blois has to tell, and she tells it with terrible distinctness. She is so steeped in blood, so shadowed by the memory of her crime, that there is scant need for her guides to play their official parts, nor for her museum walls to be hung round with feeble representations of the murder. But it is strange, after all, that the beautiful home of Francis the First should not speak to us more audibly of him. He built its right wing, “the most joyous utterance of the French Renaissance.” He stamped his own exuberant gayety upon every detail. His salamander curls its carven tail over stairs and doors and window sills. He is surely a figure striking enough, and familiar enough to enchain attention. Why don’t we think about him, and about those ladies of “mutable connections” whose names echo buoyantly from his little page of history? Why do our minds turn obstinately to the Cabinet Vieux, or to those still more mirthless rooms above where Catherine de Médicis lived and died. “*Il y a de méchantes qualités qui font de grandes talents*,” but these qualities were noticeably lacking in the Queen Mother. It is not the good she tried and failed to do, but the evils that she wrought which give her a claim to our magnetized interest and regard.

To the tolerant observer it seems a work of supererogation, a gilding of refined gold, to add to the sins of really accomplished sinners like Catherine and Louis the Eleventh. These sombre souls have left scant space for our riotous imaginations to fill in. Their known deeds are terrible enough to make us quail. It might be more profitable — as it is certainly more irksome — to search for their redeeming traits: the tact, the mental vigor of the queen, and the efforts she made to bind together the distracted fac-

tions of France; the courage, sagacity, and unflinching resolution with which Louis strengthened his kingdom, and protected those whose mean estate made them wholly uninteresting to nobler monarchs. These things are worth consideration, but far be it from us to consider them. High lights and heavy shadows please us best; and by this time the shadows have been so well inked that their blackness is impenetrable. It can never be said of Catherine de Médicis, as it is said of Mary Stuart, that she has been injured by the zeal of her friends, and helped by the falsehoods of her enemies. Catherine has few friends, and none whose enthusiasm is burdensome to endure. She has furnished easily used material for writers of romance, who commonly represent her as depopulating France with poisoned gloves and perfumery; and she has served as a target — too big to be missed — for tyros in historical invective. We have come to regard her in a large, loose, picturesque way as an embodiment of evil, — very much, perhaps, as Mr. John Addington Symonds regards Clytemnestra, — fed and nourished by her sins, waxing fat upon iniquity, and destitute alike of conscience and of shame. And this is the reason that women, who have spent their lives in practicing laborious virtues, stand fluttering with delight in that dark Medicean bed-chamber. “Blois is the most interesting of all the châteaux,” said one of them to me; — she looked as if she could n’t even tell a lie, — “you see the very bed in which Catherine de Médicis died.” And I thought of the Florentine children at the altar-steps.

Mr. Andrew Lang is of the opinion that if an historical event could be discredited, like a ghost story, by discrepancies in the evidence, we might maintain that Darnley never was murdered at all. We might also be led to doubt the existence of Cardinal Balue’s cage, that ingenious torture-chamber which has added so largely and so deservedly to the repu-

tation of Louis the Eleventh. There is a drawing of the cage, or rather of *a* cage, still to be seen, and there is the bill for its making, — what a prop to history are well-kept household accounts! — while, on the other hand, its ubiquitous nature staggers our trusting faith. Loches claims it as one of her traditions, and so does Plessis les Tours. Loches is so rich in horrors that she could afford to dispense with a few; but the cage, if it ever existed at all, was undoubtedly one of the permanent decorations of her tower. The room in which it hung is cheerful and commodious when compared to the black donjons of Saint Vallier and to the Bishops of Puy and Autun. The cardinal could at least see and be seen, if that were any amelioration of his lot, and we are still shown the turret stairs down which the king stepped warily when he came to visit his prisoner.

But Plessis les Tours covets the distinction of the cage. She is not without some dismal memories of her own, though she looks like a dismantled factory, and she strives with pardonable ambition to make them dimmer. The energetic and intelligent woman who conducts visitors around her mouldering walls has in a splendid spirit of assurance selected a small dilapidated cellar, open to the sky, and a small dilapidated flight of steps, not more than seven in number. Beneath these curls — where a terrier might perhaps curl himself in comfort — she assured us with an unflinching front the cardinal's cage was tucked; and, reading the doubt in our veiled eyes, she stooped and pointed out a rusty bit of iron riveted in the wall. "See," she said triumphantly, "there still remains one of the fastenings of the cage." The argument was irresistible.

"Behold this walrus tooth."

The fact is that it has been found necessary to exert a great deal of ingenuity in order to meet the popular demand for cold-blooded cruelty where

Louis the Eleventh is concerned. He is an historic bugbear, a hobgoblin, at whose grim ghost we grown-up children like to shudder apprehensively. Scott, with a tolerance as wide as Shakespeare's own, has dared to give a finer coloring to the picture, has dared to engage our sympathy for this implacable old man who knew how to "hate and wait," how to lie in ambush, and how to drive relentlessly to his goal. But even Scott has been unable to modify our cherished antipathy, and the deep prejudices instilled early into our minds. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who of all writers has least patience with schoolbook verdicts, hits hard at our narrow fidelity to censorship. "It is probably more instructive," he says, "to entertain a sneaking kindness for any unpopular person than to give way to perfect raptures of moral indignation against his abstract vices."

Now a more unpopular, a more comprehensively unlovable person than Louis it would be hard to find. He did much for France, yet France drew a deep breath of relief when he died.

"Il n'est pas sire de son pays,
Qu'y de son peuple n'est pas amez."

Those who fail to entertain the "sneaking kindness" recommended by Mr. Stevenson may shelter themselves behind this ancient couplet. "Of him there is an end. God pardon him his sins," is Froissart's fashion of summing up every man's career. It will serve as well for Louis as for another.

But to gratify at once our prejudices and our emotions, a generous mass of legend has been added to the chronicles of Loches, Blois, Amboise, and other castles that were consecrated to the crimes of kings. History, though flexible and complaisant up to a certain point, has her limits of accommodation. She has also her cold white lights and her disconcerting truths, so annoying, and so invariably ill-timed in their revelations. We can never be quite sure that History, however obliging she seems, will not sud-

denly desert our rightful cause, and go over to our opponents. We have but to remember what trouble she has given, and in what an invidious, not to say churlish spirit she has contradicted the most masterly historians. It is best to ignore her altogether, and to tell our stories without any reference to her signature.

So thought the sensible young woman who led us captive through the Collegiate Church at Loches, and who insisted upon our descending into the crypt, at one time connected with the fortress by a subterranean gallery. Its dim walls are decorated here and there with mural paintings, rude and half defaced. She pointed out the shadowy outline of a saint in cape and mitre, his stiff forefinger raised in benediction. "That," she said with startling composure, "is the bishop who was confessor to Louis the Eleventh. The king had him buried alive in this chapel, so that he might not betray the secrets of his confession."

"And did the king have him painted on the wall afterwards to commemorate the circumstance?" asked the scoffer of the party, at whom others gazed reproachfully, while I wondered how the story of St. John of Nepomuk had traveled so far afield, and why it had been so absurdly reset to add another shadow to Louis' memory. It hardly seemed worth while, in view of the legitimate darkness of the field. It even seemed a pity. It forced a laugh, and laughter is inharmonious beneath the walls of Loches. But if the king, whose piety was of a vigorous and active order, had the habit of walling up his confessors, there must have been some rational hesitation on the part of even the most devoted clerics when his Majesty sought to be shriven; and the stress of royal conscientiousness — combined with royal apprehension — must have shortened the somewhat hazardous road to church preferment. The fact that Louis never wasted his cruelties, that they were one and all the fruits of deep and secret hostility, might have

saved him from being the hero of such fantastic myths.

It was more amusing to visit the picturesque old house in Tours, known as *le Maison de Tristan l'Ermite*. How it came to be associated with that sombre and industrious hangman, who had been dead half a century when its first stone was laid, has never been made clear, unless, indeed, the familiar device of the festooned cord, the emblem of *Anno de Bretagne*, which is carved over door and windows, may be held responsible for the suggestion. Once christened, however, it has become a centre of finely imaginative romance, — romance of a high order, and which for finish of detail may be recommended to the careless purveyors of historic fiction. Passing through the heavy doorway into a beautiful but melancholy courtyard, we had hardly time to admire its proportions, and the curious little stone beasts which wanton wickedly in dark corners, before a gaunt woman, who is the guardian spirit of the place, summoned us to ascend an interminable flight of steps, much worn and dimly lit. They had an ominous look, and the woman's air of mystery, subtly blent with resolution, was in admirable accord with her surroundings. From time to time she paused to point out a shallow niche which had formerly held a lamp, or a broken place in the wall's rough masonry. "*L'oubliette*," she whispered grimly, pointing to the hole which revealed — and gainsaid — nothing. There was a small walled-up door, equally reserved, which she said was, or had been, the opening of a secret passage connecting the house with the *Château de Plessis les Tours*, more than two miles away. The full significance of this remark failed to dawn upon us until we had climbed up, up, up, and emerged at last upon a narrow balcony overlooking the sad courtyard far below, and protected by a stout iron railing. It was a disagreeable place, not without its suggestions of horror; yet were we in nowise prepared for the re-

cital that followed. From this railing, said our guide, Tristan l'Ermite was in the habit of hanging the victims whom Louis the Eleventh, "that great and prompt chastener," confided to his mercy. I could n't help murmuring at the cruelty which compelled the unfortunates to mount nearly two hundred steps to be hanged, when the courtyard beneath offered every reasonable accommodation; but even as I spoke, I recognized the poverty of imagination which could prompt such a stupid speech. Perhaps some direful memory of the blood-stained Balcon des Conjures at Amboise may be held responsible for the web of fiction which has been woven about this grim eyrie of Tours; and if the picture lacks the magnificent setting of the Amboise tragedy, it is by no means destitute of color. There is a certain grandeur in being hanged from such a dizzy height.

Our guide next pointed out the opening of the mythical oubliette. If the condemned toiled wearily up to their beetling scaffold, the executioners were at least spared the labor of carrying their bodies down again. After they had been picturesquely hanged under the king's own eye, — for we were asked to believe that Louis walked two miles along a subterranean passage to inspect the ordinary, and by no means infrequent, processes of justice, — the corpses were tumbled into the oubliette, and made their own headlong way to the Loire.

One more detail was added to this interesting and deeply colored fable. The right-hand wall of the courtyard was studded, on a level with the balcony, with huge rusty iron nails. There were rows upon rows of these unlovely, and appar-

ently useless, objects, which tradition had not failed to turn to good account. For every man hanged on that spot by the indefatigable Tristan, a nail was, it seems, driven into the wall, which thus became a sort of baker's tally or tavern slate. We counted forty-four nails. The woman nodded her head with serious satisfaction. Frequent repetitions of her story had brought her almost to the point of believing it. She had ministered so long to the tastes of tourists — who like to think that Louis hanged his subjects as liberally as Catherine de Médicis poisoned hers — that she had gradually moulded her narrative into symmetry, making use of every available feature to give it consistency and grace. The fine old house — which may have harbored tragedies of its own as sombre as any wrought by Tristan's hand — lent itself with true architectural sympathy to the illusion. Some habitations can do this thing, can look to perfection the parts assigned them by history or by tradition. Who that has ever seen the "Jew's House" at Lincoln can forget the peculiar horror that broods over the dark, ill-omened doorway? The place is peopled by ghosts. Beneath its heavy lintel pass little trembling feet. From out the shadows comes a strangled cry. It tells its tale better than Chaucer or the balladists; with more of fear and less of pity, more of suggestiveness and less of amplitude. We shudder as we peer into its gloom, yet we linger, magnetized by the subtlety of association. It may be innocent, — poor, huddled mass of stone, — but we hope not. We are like the children at the altar-foot, spellbound by the vision of a crime.

Agnes Repplier.

THE STORY OF MIMI-NASHI-HŌICHI.

MORE than seven hundred years ago there was fought at Dan-no-ura, in the Straits of Shimonoséki, the last battle of the long contest between the Heiké, or Taira clan, and the Genji, or Minamoto clan. Then the Heiké perished utterly, with their women and children, and their infant emperor likewise, now remembered as Antoku Tennō. And, ever since, that shore and sea have been haunted. Elsewhere I told you about the strange crabs found there, called Heiké crabs, which have human faces on their backs, and are said to be the spirits of Heiké warriors.¹

But there are other strange sights to be witnessed along that coast. On dark nights, thousands of ghostly fires hover about the beach, or flit above the waves, — pale wandering lights which the fishers call *Oni-bi*, or "Demon-fires;" and, whenever the winds are up, a sound of great shouting comes from the sea, like a clamor of battle.

In other years the Heiké were much more restless than now. They would rise about ships passing in the night, and try to sink them; and at all times they would watch for swimmers, to pull them down. It was in order to appease those dead that the Buddhist temple, called Amidaji, was built at Akamagaséki.²

A cemetery also was made close by — near the beach; and within it were set up monuments inscribed with the names of the drowned emperor, and of his great vassals; and Buddhist services were performed there, on behalf of their spirits. After the temple had been built,

¹ See my *Kottō*, for an illustrated paper upon these curious creatures.

² Or, Shimonoséki. The town is also known by the name of Bukan.

³ The *biwa*, a kind of four-stringed lute, is chiefly used in musical recitative. Formerly the professional minstrels who recited the Heiké-Monogatari, and other epical or tragical histo-

and the memorial tombs erected, the Heiké gave less trouble than before; but they continued to do, at intervals, things showing that they had not found the perfect peace.

Several hundred years ago there lived in Akamagaséki a blind man named Hōichi, who was famous for his skill in recitative and in playing upon the *biwa*.³ From his early childhood, he had been trained to recite and to play; and while still a mere lad he had surpassed his teachers. When he became a professional *biwa-hōshi*, he was known chiefly by his recitations of the history of the Heiké and the Genji; and in the Japanese account of his life it is said that when he sang of the battle of Dan-no-ura "even the *Kijin* [goblins] could not refrain from tears."

At the outset of his career, Hōichi was very poor; but he found a good friend to help him. The priest of the Amidaji was fond of music and poetry; and he often invited Hōichi to the temple to play for him. Afterwards, being greatly impressed by the blind youth's wonderful skill, he proposed that Hōichi should make the temple his home; and this offer was gratefully accepted. Hōichi was given a room in the temple building, and, in return for food and lodging, he was required only to gratify the priest with a musical performance on certain evenings, when not otherwise engaged.

One summer night the priest was recites, to the accompaniment of the *biwa*, were called *biwa-hōshi*, or "lute-priests." The origin of the name is not clear; but it is possible that the *biwa-hōshi* shaved their heads, like priests. Blind musicians, and blind shampooers also, used to so shave their heads. The *biwa* is played with a sort of plectrum, called *bachi*, usually made of horn.

quested to perform a Buddhist service at the house of a dead parishioner; and he went there with his acolyte, leaving Hōichi alone in the temple. It was a very warm night, and the blind man sought the coolness of the veranda upon which his room opened. The veranda overlooked a small garden in the rear of the Amidaji. Hōichi sat down there to wait for the priest's return, and tried to relieve his solitude by practicing upon his biwa. Midnight passed; and the priest did not appear. But the night was too hot for comfort within doors; and Hōichi still waited. At last he heard footsteps approaching from the back gate. Somebody crossed the garden, advanced to the veranda, and stopped directly in front of him, — but it was not the priest. A deep voice called him by name, — abruptly and unceremoniously, in the manner of a saumurai summoning an inferior: —

"Hōichi!"

For the moment, Hōichi was too much startled to answer; and the voice again called, in a tone of harsh command: —

"Hōichi!"

"*Hai!*" the biwa-hōshi then responded, frightened by the menace of the tone. "I am blind! I cannot know who calls me."

"There is nothing to fear," the stranger said, speaking more gently. "I am stopping near this temple, and have been sent to you with a message. My Lord, a person of exceedingly high rank, is now staying at Akamagaséki, with many noble attendants. He wished to view the scene of the battle of Dan-no-ura; and to-day he visited that place. Having heard of your great skill in reciting the story of the battle, he now desires to hear you, — so you will take your biwa, and come with me at once to the house where the august assembly is waiting."

In those times the order of a saumurai was not to be lightly disobeyed. Hōichi

donned his sandals, took his biwa, and went away with the retainer, who guided him deftly, but made him walk very fast. The hand that guided was iron; and the clank of the warrior's stride proved him fully armed, — probably some palace-guard on duty. Hōichi's first alarm was over: he began to think himself in good luck, — for, remembering the retainer's assurance about "a person of exceedingly high rank," he supposed that the lord who wished to hear the recitation could not be less than a daimyō of the first class. Presently the saumurai halted; and Hōichi became aware that he had arrived at a large gateway, — and he wondered, for he did not know of any large gateway in that part of the town, except the main gate of the temple. "*Kaimon!*"¹ the saumurai called; and there was a sound of unbarring; and the two passed on.

They traversed a space of garden, and halted again before some entrance, where the retainer cried in a loud voice: "Within there! I have brought Hōichi." Then came sounds of feet hurrying, and screens sliding, and rain-doors opening, and women's voices in converse. By the language of the women Hōichi knew that they were domestics in some very noble household; but he could not imagine to what place he had been conducted. Little time, however, was allowed him for conjecture. After he had been helped to mount several steps, upon the last of which he was told to doff his foot-gear, a woman's hand guided him along interminable reaches of smooth planking, and around pillared angles too many to remember, and over widths amazing of matted floor, — until some vast apartment was reached. There he thought that many people were assembled, for the sound of the rustling of silk was like the whispering of leaves in a wood. And there was likewise a great humming of voices; — and the speech was the speech of courts.

¹ A respectful term, signifying the opening of a gate. It was used by saumurai, when call-

ing to the guards on duty at a lord's gate, for admission.

Hōichi was told to make himself at ease; and he found a kneeling-cushion ready for him. After having taken his place, and tuned his instrument, the voice of a woman — whom he divined to be the Rōjo, or matron in charge of the female service — addressed him, saying: —

"It is required that the history of the Heiké be now recited, to the accompaniment of the biwa."

Now the entire history could have been recited only in a time of many successive nights: therefore Hōichi ventured to suggest that a choice be made, saying: —

"As the whole of the story is not soon to be told, what portion is it augustly desired that I now recite?"

The woman's voice made answer: —

"Recite the story of the battle of Dan-no-ura, — for the pity of it is the most deep."

Then Hōichi lifted up his voice, and chanted the chant of the wild fight on the bitter sea, — wonderfully making his biwa to sound like the straining of oars and the rushing of ships, the whirl and the hissing of arrows, the shouting and trampling of men, the crashing of steel upon helmets, the plunging of slain in the flood. And in the pauses of his playing he could hear, to left and right of him, voices of men and women murmuring wonder and praise: "How marvelous an artist!" "Never was playing like this heard in our own province!"

"Not in all the empire is there another such singer as Hōichi." Then fresh courage came to him, and he played and chanted even better than before; and a hush of amazement deepened about him. But when at last he came to tell the fate of the fair and the helpless, — the piteous perishing of the women and children, and the leap of Nū-no-Ama into the waves with the imperial boy, — then all suddenly uttered one long, long shud-

dering outcry of anguish; and thereafter they wailed and wept, so loudly and so wildly, that the blind musician was frightened by the violence of the grief which his story had aroused. For much time the sobbing and the wailing continued. But gradually the sounds of lamentation ceased; and, in the great stillness that followed, Hōichi again heard himself addressed by the voice of the woman whom he thought to be the Rōjo.

She said: —

"Although we had been assured that you were a very skillful player upon the biwa, we did not think that any one could be so skillful as you have proved yourself to-night. Our Lord has been pleased to say that he intends to bestow upon you a fitting reward. But he desires that you shall perform before him once every night during the next six nights, — after which time he will probably make his august return journey. To-morrow night, therefore, you are to come here, at the same hour. The retainer who conducted you to-night will again be sent for you.

"There is another thing about which I have been ordered to speak to you. It is required that you shall tell no person of your visits here, during the time of our Lord's sojourn at Akamagaséki. As he is traveling *incognito*,¹ he commands that no mention of this matter be made. . . . You are now free to go back to the temple."

After Hōichi had duly prostrated himself in thanks, he was led, by a woman's hand, to the entrance, where the same retainer who had brought him to the house was waiting to guide him home. The retainer conducted him to the veranda at the rear of the temple, and there bade him good-night.

It was a little before dawn when the blind man returned; but his absence making a *shinobi no go-ryōkō* (disguised august-journey).

¹ "Traveling incognito" is at least the meaning of the Japanese statement that the lord is

from the temple had not been observed, — as the priest, coming back at a very late hour, had supposed him asleep. During the day he was able to take rest; and he said no word of his strange adventure. In the middle of the following night the saumurai again came for him, and led him to the august assembly, where he gave another recitation with the same success that had attended his previous performance. But during this second visit, his absence from the temple was accidentally discovered; and after his return in the morning, the priest called him, and said, in a tone of kindly reproach, —

“We have been very anxious about you, friend Hōichi. To go out, blind and alone, at so late an hour, is dangerous. Why did you go without telling us? I could have ordered a servant to accompany you. And where have you been?”

Hōichi answered evasively, —

“Pardon me, kind friend! I had to attend to a little private business; and I could not arrange the matter at any other hour.” . . .

The good priest was surprised, rather than hurt, by Hōichi’s reticence: he felt it to be unnatural, and at once suspected something wrong. He feared that the blind man had been bewitched — by goblins or demons. He asked no more questions; but he privately instructed the men-servants, in charge of the temple grounds, to keep watch upon Hōichi’s movements, and to follow him in case that he should leave the temple again at night.

On the very next night Hōichi was seen to leave the temple; and the attendants immediately lighted their lanterns, and followed after him. But it was a rainy night, and very dark; and, by the time that the temple-folk reached the roadway, Hōichi had disappeared. Evidently he had walked very fast, — a strange thing, considering his blindness; for the road was in a bad condi-

tion. The men hurried through the streets, making inquiries at every house which Hōichi was accustomed to visit; but no one could give them any information about him. At last, as they were returning to the temple by way of the beach, they were startled by the sound of a biwa, furiously played, in the cemetery of the Amida-ji. Except for sundry ghost-fires, such as usually flitted there on moonless nights, all was black darkness in that direction. But the men hurried at once to the cemetery; and there, by the help of their lanterns, they discovered Hōichi, seated alone in the rain before the memorial tomb of Antoku Tennō, making his biwa resound, and loudly chanting the chant of the battle of Dan-no-ura. And behind him, and about him, and everywhere above the tombs, the fires of the dead were burning like candles. Never before had so great a host of Oni-bi appeared in the sight of mortal man. . . .

“Hōichi - San! Hōichi - San!” the servants cried, — “you are bewitched! . . . Hōichi-San!” . . .

But the blind man did not seem to hear. Strenuously he made his biwa to ring and clash and clang; more and more wildly he chanted. They caught hold of him; they shouted into his ear, —

“Hōichi-San! come home with us!”

Reprovingly he spoke to them: —

“Before this august assembly to interrupt me in such a manner will not be tolerated.”

Whereat, in spite of the weirdness of the thing, the servants could not help laughing. Feeling sure that he had been bewitched, they seized him, and pulled him upon his feet, and by main force took him back to the temple, where he was at once relieved of his wet clothing, by order of the priest, and reclad, and made to eat and drink. Then the priest insisted upon a full explanation of his friend’s extraordinary behavior.

Hōichi at first hesitated to speak. But when he found that his conduct had

really alarmed and angered the kind priest, he decided to abandon all reserve; and he related everything that had happened from the time of the first visit of the saumurai.

The priest then said:—

"Hōichi, my poor friend, you are now in great danger! It is very unfortunate that you did not tell me all this before. Your wonderful skill in music has brought you into strange trouble. By this time you must be aware that you have not been visiting any house whatever, but have been passing your nights in the cemetery, among the tombs of the Heiké;—and it was before the memorial grave of Antoku Tennō that our people found you to-night, sitting in the rain. All that you have been imagining was illusion,—except the calling of the dead. By once obeying them, you have put yourself in their power. If you obey them again, after what has occurred, they will immediately destroy you; but, in any event, they would have destroyed you sooner or later. . . . Now I shall not be able to remain with you to-night: I am called away to perform another funeral service. But before I go it will be very necessary to protect your body by writing holy texts upon it."

In the evening, before sundown, the priest and his acolyte stripped Hōichi: then, with their writing-brushes, they traced upon his breast and back, head and neck and face, limbs and hands and feet,—even upon the soles of his feet,

¹ The smaller *Pragña-Pāramitā-Hridaya-Sūtra* is thus called in Japanese. Both the smaller and larger *Sūtras* of this name, *Pragña-Pāramitā*, or "Transcendent Wisdom," have been translated by Professor Max Müller, and can be found in vol. xlix. of the *Sacred Books of the East* (Buddhist *Mahāyāna Sūtras*). The so-called "Smaller" is but an epitome of the "Larger;" and both are very brief,—the longer occupying less than three pages of the book, and the shorter less than two. Apropos of the magical use of the text, as described in the story, it is worthy of notice that the subject of the *Sūtra* is the doctrine of the Emptiness of

and upon every part of his body,—the text of the holy *Sūtra* called *Hannya-Shin-Kyō*.¹ When this had been done, the priest instructed Hōichi, saying:—

"To-night, when I go away, you must seat yourself on the gallery, and wait. You will be called, as before. But, whatever may happen, do not answer, and do not move. Say nothing, and sit still—as if meditating. If you stir, or make any noise, you will be torn in pieces. Do not get frightened; and do not think of calling for help—because no help could save you. If you do exactly as I tell you, the danger will pass, and you will have nothing more to fear."

After dark the priest and his acolyte went out to perform their duty; and Hōichi seated himself upon the veranda, according to the instructions given him. He laid his *biwa* on the planking near him, and, assuming the attitude of religious meditation, remained quite still,—taking care not to cough, or to clear his throat, or to breathe audibly. He stayed thus for several hours. Then, from the roadway, he heard the steps coming. They crossed the garden, approached the veranda, stopped—directly in front of him.

"Hōichi!" the deep voice called. But the blind man held his breath, and sat motionless.

"Hōichi!" the voice called a second time, grimly. Then a third time, savagely,—

"Hōichi!"

Forms,—that is to say, the unreality of all phenomena, objective and subjective. . . . "Form is emptiness; and emptiness is form. Emptiness is not different from form; form is not different from emptiness. What is form, that is emptiness; what is emptiness, that is form. . . . Perception, name, concept, and knowledge are also emptiness. . . . There is no eye, ear, nose, tongue, body, and mind. . . . But when the envelopment of consciousness has been annihilated, then he [the seeker] becomes free from all fear, and beyond the reach of change, enjoying final Nirvana."

Hōichi remained still as a stone; and the voice grumbled,—

“No answer? — that is strange! . . . Must see where the fellow is.” . . .

There was a noise of heavy feet mounting on the veranda. The feet approached deliberately, — halted beside him. Then, for long minutes, — during which Hōichi felt his body shaken like a drum at every beat of his heart, — there was dead silence.

At last the gruff voice muttered above him,—

“Here is the biwa; but of the biwa player I see — only two ears! . . . So that explains why he did not answer: he had no mouth to answer with; there is nothing left of him but his ears. . . . To my Lord those ears I will take — in proof that the august commands were obeyed, so far as was possible.” . . .

At the same instant Hōichi felt his ears gripped by fingers of iron, and torn off. Great as the pain was, he gave no cry. The heavy footfalls receded along the veranda, — descended into the garden, — passed to the roadway, — ceased. From either side of his head the blind man felt a thick warm trickling; but he dared not lift his hands. . . .

Before sunrise the priest returned. He hastened immediately to the veranda in the rear of the temple, stepped and slipped upon something clammy, and uttered a cry of horror; for he saw, by the light of his lantern, that the

clamminess was blood. But he also perceived Hōichi sitting there, in the attitude of religious meditation, with the blood still oozing from his wounds.

“My poor Hōichi!” cried the startled priest, “what is this? . . . You have been hurt!”

At the sound of his friend’s voice, the blind man felt safe. He burst out sobbing, and tearfully related his adventure of the night.

“Poor, poor Hōichi!” the priest exclaimed, — “all my fault! my very grievous fault! . . . Everywhere upon your body the holy texts had been written — except upon your ears! I trusted my acolyte to attend to that part of the work; and it was very, very wrong of me not to have made sure that he had done so. . . . Well, the matter cannot now be helped; we can only try to heal your hurts as soon as possible. . . . Cheer up, friend! — the danger is well over. You will never again be troubled by those visitors.” . . .

With the aid of a skilled doctor, Hōichi soon recovered from his injuries. The story of his strange experience spread far and wide, and made him famous. Many noble persons went to Akamagaséki to hear him recite; and large presents of money were given him, so that he soon found himself a wealthy man. . . . But from the time of that adventure he was known only by the appellation of Mimi-Nashi-Hōichi, — “Hōichi-the-Earless.”

Lafcadio Hearn.

BIRDS FROM A CITY ROOF.

I LAID down my book and listened. It was only the choking gurgle of a broken rain-pipe outside: then it was the ripple and swish of a meadow stream. To make out the voices of redwings and marsh wrens in the rasping notes of the city sparrows behind the shutter re-

quired much more imagination. But I did it. I wanted to hear, and the splash of the water helped me.

The sounds of wind and water are the same everywhere. Here at the heart of the city I can forget the tarry pebbles and painted tin whenever my rain-pipes

are flooded. I can never be wholly shut away from the open country and the trees so long as the winds draw hard down the alley past my window.

But I have more than a window and a broken rain-pipe. Along with my five flights goes a piece of roof, flat, with a wooden floor, a fence, and a million acres of sky. I could n't possibly use another acre of sky; except along the eastern horizon where the top floors of some twelve-story buildings intercept the dawn.

With such a roof and such a sky, if one must, he can, with effort, get well out of the city. I have never fished nor botanized here, but I have been a-birding many times.

"Stone walls do not a prison make"

nor city streets a cage if one have a roof. A roof is not an ideal spot for bird study. I would hardly, out of preference, have chosen this with its soot and its battlement of gaseous chimney-pots, even though the great gilded dome of a state house does shine down upon it. One whose feet have always been in the soil does not take kindly to tar and tin. But anything open to the sky is open to some of the birds, for the paths of the migrants lie close along the clouds.

There are other birds than the passing migrants, however, that sometimes come within range of my lookout. The year around there are English sparrows and pigeons; and all through the summer there is scarcely an evening hour when a few chimney swallows are not in sight.

With the infinite number and variety of chimneys hedging me in, I naturally expected to find the sky alive with swallows. Indeed I thought that some of the twenty-six pots at the corners of my roof would be inhabited by the birds. Not so. While I can nearly always find at least a pair of swallows in the air, they are very scarce, and, so far as I know, they rarely build in the heart of the city. There are more canaries in my block than there are chimney swallows in all

my sky. The swallows are suburban birds. The gas, the smoke, the shrieking ventilators, and the ceaseless sullen roar of the city are not to their liking. Perhaps the flies and gnats that they feed upon cannot live in the air above the roofs. The swallows want a sleepy old town with big thunderful chimneys, where there are wide fields and a patch of quiet water.

Much more numerous than the swallows are the night-hawks. My roof, in fact, is the best place I have ever found to study their feeding habits. These that flit through my smoky dusk may not make city nests, though the finding of such nests would not surprise me. Of course a night-hawk's *nest*, here or anywhere else, would surprise me; for like her cousin, the whip-poor-will, she never builds a nest, but stops in the grass, the gravel, the leaves, or on a bare rock, deposits her eggs without even scratching aside the sticks and stones that may share the bed, and in three days is brooding them — brooding the stones too.

It is likely that some of my hawks nest on the buildings in the neighborhood. Night-hawks' eggs have occasionally been found among the pebbles of city roofs. The high flat house-tops are so quiet and remote, so far away from the noisy life in the narrow streets below, that the birds make their nests here as if in a world apart. The twelve and fifteen story buildings are as so many deserted mountain heads to them.

None of the birds build on my roof however. But from early spring they haunt the region so constantly that their families, if they have families at all, must be somewhere in the vicinity. Should I see them like this about a field or thicket in the country it would certainly mean a nest.

The sparrows themselves do not seem more at home here than do the night-hawks. One evening, after a sultry July day, a wild wind-storm burst over the city. The sun was low, glaring through

a narrow rift between the hill-crests and the clouds that spread green and heavy across the sky. I could see the lower fringes of the clouds working and writhing in the wind, but not a sound or a breath was in the air about me. Around me, near and over my roof, flew the night-hawks. They were crying peevishly and skimming close to the chimneys, not rising, as usual, to any height.

Suddenly the storm broke. The rain fell as if something had given way overhead. The wind tore across the stubble of roofs and spires, and through the wind, the rain, and the rolling clouds shot a weird, yellow-green sunlight.

I had never seen a storm like it. Nor had the night-hawks. They were terrified, and left the sky immediately. One of them alighting on the roof across the street, and creeping into the lee of a chimney, huddled there in sight of me until the wind was spent and a natural sunlight flooded the world of roofs and domes and spires.

Then they were all a-wing once more, hawking for supper. Along with the hawking they got in a great deal of play, doing their tumbling and cloud-coasting over the roofs just as they do above the fields.

Mounting by easy stages of half a dozen rapid strokes, catching flies by the way, and crying *peent-peent*, the acrobat climbs until I look a mere lump on the roof; then ceasing his whimpering *peent*, he turns on bowed wings and falls, — shoots roofward with fearful speed. The chimneys! Quick! Quick he is. Just short of the roofs the taut wings flash a reverse, there is a lightning swoop, a startling hollow wind-sound, — and the rushing bird is beating skyward again, hawking deliberately as before, and uttering again his peevish nasal cry.

This single note, the only call he has beside a few squeaks, is far from a song; farther still is the empty-barrel-bung-hole sound made by the air in the rushing wings as the bird swoops in his fall. The

night-hawk, alias, "bull-bat," does not sing. What a name bull-bat would be for a singing bird! But a "voice" was never intended for the creature. Voice, beak, legs, head, — everything but wings and maw was sacrificed for a mouth. What a mouth! The bird can almost swallow himself. Such a cleft in the head could never mean a song; it could never be utilized for anything but a flytrap.

We have use for flytraps. We need some birds just to sit around, look pretty, and sing. We will pay them for it in cherries or in whatever they ask. But there is also a great need for birds that kill insects. And first among these are the night-hawks. They seem to have been designed for this sole purpose. Their end is to kill insects. They are more like machines than any other birds I know. The enormous mouth feeds an enormous stomach, and this, like a fire-box, makes the power that works the enormous wings. From a single maw have been taken eighteen hundred winged ants, to say nothing of the smaller fry that could not be identified and counted.

But if he never caught an ant, never one of the fifth-story mosquitoes that live and bite till Christmas, how greatly still my sky would need him! His flight is song enough. His cry and eerie thunder are the very voice of the summer twilight to me. And as I watch him coasting in the evening dusk, that twilight often falls, — over the roofs, as it used to fall for me over the fields and the quiet hollow woods.

There is always an English sparrow on my roof, — which does not particularly commend the roof to bird-lovers, I know. I often wish the sparrow an entirely different bird, but I never wish him entirely away from the roof. When there is no other defense for him, I fall back upon his being a bird. Any kind of a bird in the city! Any but a parrot.

A pair of sparrows nest regularly in an

eaves-trough, so close to the roof that I can overhear their family talk. Round, loquacious, familiar Cock Sparrow is a family man; so entirely a family man as to be nothing else at all. He is a success, too. It does me good to see him build. He tore the old nest all away in the early winter, so as to be ready. There came a warm springish day in February, and he began. A blizzard stopped him, but with the melting of the snow he went to work again, completing the nest by the middle of March.

He built for a big family, and he had it. Not "it" indeed, but *them*; for there were three batches of from six to ten youngsters each during the course of the season. He also did a father's share of work with the children. I think he hated hatching them. He would settle upon the roof above the nest, and chirp in a crabbed, imposed upon tone until his wife came out. As she flew briskly away, he would look disconsolately around at the bright busy world, ruffle his feathers, scold to himself, and then crawl dutifully in upon the eggs.

I knew how he felt. It is not in a cock sparrow to enjoy hatching eggs. I respected him; for though he grumbled, as any normal husband might, still he was "drinking fair" with Mrs. Sparrow. He built and brooded and foraged for his family, if not as sweetly, yet as faithfully, as his wife. He deserved his blessed abundance of children.

Is he songless, sooty, uninteresting, vulgar? Not if you live on a roof. He may be all of this, a pest even, in the country. But upon my roof, for weeks at a stretch, his is the only bird voice I hear. Throughout the spring, and far into the summer, I watch the domestic affairs in the eaves-trough; during the winter, at nightfall, I see little bands and flurries of birds scudding over and dropping behind the high buildings to the east. They are sparrows on the way to their roost in the elms of an old mid-city burial ground.

I not infrequently spy a hawk soaring calmly far away above the roof. Not only the small ones, like the sharp-shinned, but also the larger, wilder species come, and winding up close to the clouds, circle and circle there, trying apparently to see some meaning in the maze of moving, intersecting lines of dots below yonder in the cracks of that smoking, rumbling blur.

In the spring, from the trees of the Common, which are close, but, except for the crown of one noble English elm, are shut away from me, I hear an occasional robin and Baltimore oriole. Very rarely a woodpecker will go over. The great northern shrike is a frequent winter visitor, but by ill chance I have not been up when he has called at the roof.

One of these fiend birds haunts a small court only a block away, which is inclosed in a high board fence, topped with nails. He likes the court because of these nails. They are sharp; they will stick clean through the body of a sparrow. Sometimes the fiend has a dozen sparrows run through with them, leaving the impaled bodies to flutter in the wind and finally fall away.

In sight from my roof are three tiny patches of the harbor: sometimes a fourth, when the big red-funneled liner is gone from her slip. Down to the water of the harbor come other winter residents, the herring and black-backed gulls, in flocks from the north. Often during the winter I find them in my sky.

One day they will cross silently over the city in a long straggling line. Again they will fly low, wheeling and screaming, their wild sea-voices shrill with the sound of storm. If it is thick and gray overhead, the snow-white bodies of the herring gulls toss in the wind above the roofs like patches of foam. I hear the sea — the wind, the surf, the wild fierce tumult of the shore — whenever the white gulls sail screaming into my winter sky.

I have never lived under a wider reach of sky than that above my roof. It offers

a clear, straight, six-minute course to the swiftest wedge of wild geese. Spring and autumn the geese and ducks go over, and their passage is the most thrilling event in all my bird calendar.

It is because the ducks fly high and silent that I see them so rarely. They are always a surprise. You look, and there against the dull sky they move, strange dark forms that set your blood leaping. But I never see a string of them winging over that I do not think of a huge thousand-legger crawling the clouds.

My glimpses of the geese are largely chance, too. Several times, through the open window by my table, I have heard the faint, far-off *honking*, and have hurried to the roof in time to watch the travelers disappear. One spring day I was upon the roof when a large belated flock came over, headed north. It was the 20th of April, and the morning had broken very warm. I could see that the geese were hot and tired. They were barely clearing the church spires. On they came, their wedge wide and straggling, until almost over me, when something happened. The gander in the lead faltered and swerved, the wedge lines wavered, the flock rushed together in confusion, wheeled, dropped, then broke apart, and honking wildly, turned back toward the bay.

It was instant and complete demoralization. A stronger gander, I think, could have led the wedge unbroken over the city to some neighboring pond, where the weakest of the stragglers must have fallen from sheer exhaustion. Scaling

lower and lower across the roofs, the flock reached the centre of the city and drove suddenly into the roar and confusion of the streets. Weary from the heat, they were dismayed at the noise, their leader faltered, and, at a stroke, the great flying wedge went to pieces.

There is nothing in the life of birds quite so stirring to the imagination as their migration: the sight of gathering swallows, the sudden appearance of strange warblers, the call of passing plovers, — all are suggestive of instincts, movements, and highways that are unseen, unaccountable, and full of mystery. Little wonder that the most thrilling poem ever written to a bird begins: —

“Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?”

The question, the mystery in that “certain flight” I never felt so vividly as from my roof. Here I have often heard the reed-birds and the waterfowl passing. Sometimes I have heard them going over in the dark. One night I remember particularly, the sky and the air were so clear and the geese so high overhead.

Above the fields and wide silent marshes such passing is strange enough. But here I stood above a sleeping city of men, and far above me, so far that I could only hear them, holding their northward way through the starlit sky, they passed — whither? and how guided? Was the shining dome of the State House a beacon? Did they mark the light at Marblehead?

Dallas Lore Sharp.

ANNA MAREEA.

At the door of her low gray cottage, set in the green hollow of the hills, stood Ann M'ria. She, too, was low and gray and weather-beaten; a tiny, gnarled old woman with a hitching gait. Overhung by the spicy, purple plumes of new-blown lilacs, whose close-pressed stars brushed the worn clapboards, she waited, shading her eyes with her hand, and peering eagerly afield.

Up the pasture slope sped a flying figure. Ann M'ria caught her breath.

"It's her! It's doctor's wife! How pretty she sets her foot. Why, what's she droppin' down fur on the grass? Tuckered out? She'd oughten ter race so: one minute racin', next dead beat; that's her all over. Guess I'll go down the path to meet her."

A twelvemonth since something very wonderful had come into the solitary life of Ann M'ria; something for which she had hungered seventy years, — a bosom friend. And how improbable a friend! No contemporary; no withered old maid; no hard-worked farmer's daughter like herself, but a young and beautiful foreigner. She had drifted to Pondsville to teach music in the academy, and not Ann M'ria alone had been fired with love for her dark, pathetic eyes. The village doctor could not rest till he had transplanted this rich-hued exotic to his own dooryard. Would she strike root in the bleak New England soil?

Across the fields from Ann M'ria's house there wavered a fitful little grassy footpath, and threading this the old woman now went forth with shining eyes to meet her friend. While yet afar off she hailed her.

"Seems a thousand years sence I set eyes on ye."

With a joyous cry the doctor's wife sprang to her feet, and her voice, like her face, carried with it a touch of something

remote, romantic, haunting; not of the homely Yankee setting. The homely name, too, of her friend she turned to music, broadening the vowel sounds, and lingering on them with a liquid caress. Ann M'ria caught up the transfigured syllables, and half-shamefacedly tried to repeat them after her.

"An-na Mareea! An-na Mareea! Don't you dress my name up pretty! Anna Mareea! Seems kinder as if I was some one else. Tickles me to death to hear ye; but sakes, it sorter goes to my heart too, for when you say 'Anna Mareea,' I know you're thinkin' of your folks over to Germany, and when you try to say 'Ann M'ria,' says I to myself, 'Thank the Lord, she's gittin' wonted.'"

The doctor's wife pressed first one, then the other wrinkled hand of her friend to her lips, flashed out a smile through dark lashes beaded with bright salt drops, and started with her up the pasture slope.

"Got it bad to-day, ain't ye?" said Ann M'ria, an added pucker in the criss-cross furrows of her face.

"You comprehend — always. Ah, God was good to give me one soul in this strange land who speaks my speech."

"There, there; doctor speaks your speech, you know he does."

"Himmel, yes, if men and women can ever be said to speak the same speech, — but you — Ach Anna Maria!"

Something glistened under Ann M'ria's lids, but the grotesque lips widened into a quizzical smile.

"If the neighbors heard you say I talked your language they'd say, 'Goodness! Ann M'ria, who learnt ye to talk Dutch?' My sakes, I'll never forget the evenin' we did find out we spoke the same speech; that evenin' we run acrost each other in the medder at sunset and talked and talked! Next day I jest hed to keep holdin' on to myself and kep'

a-bustin' out singin' over my ironin', I was so crazy glad to think I'd found some one else in the world with jest my queer freaky thoughts, and that laughed and cried all in a breath same as me, and didn't mind a pile o' dirty dishes in the sink them blue days in spring that jest seem to kinder witch yer out o' doors, with all the treetops beckonin'. If it ain't a miracle o' grace; you born over to Germany, and your folks so fine, and you leavin' 'em and bein' an opery singer till you lest your voice; and your face like a pictur', and your hands soft as pussy willows, and me a lopsided figur'-o'-fun no man would look at twict, and yit no sooner did we two look deep into each other's eyes than somethin' speaks up loud in both on us, sayin', 'You 're bone o' my bone and flesh o' my flesh!'"

"I love you!" said the doctor's wife.

By this time they had reached the tiny front yard, blue with trailing periwinkle and sweet with lilac and flowering currant, and, it being too golden a day to waste indoors, Ann M'ria seated herself on the worn kitchen sill and drew the friend of her bosom down beside her.

"I s'pose livin' here and livin' over to Germany or Italy's somethin' like the difference between Ann M'ria and Anna Mareea; and Mis' Smith, that folks hev to call you now, don't sound half so pretty as what you used to be called, Alma von Engelberg — angel-mountain you said that meant? — but then there's doctor; I don't suppose they could beat doctor easy over there."

The doctor's wife shook her head and flung out both expressive hands.

"There's not one of them over there fit to clasp the latchet of his shoes!" Then she drooped against Ann M'ria's shoulder. "That makes it all the worse," she sighed.

"Why all the worse?"

"That I grow restless and wild and cross, and hate the people, — Himmel! They are the kindest people in the world when you get beneath the crust, — and

hate the sewing society and the 'sociables.' Gott, do you know how to be 'sociable,' you New Englanders? and then, the meeting-house, so cold, so bare, so hideous! Oh, don't think I complain to my husband; I have grace enough not to do that, but, oh, Anna Maria, it grows worse instead of better, this restlessness. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The shrewd old eyes rested for an instant on the languid figure nestled against her own.

"Mebbe it's jest the spring feelin', dear, and mebbe — You talk to doctor; don't you fret all alone; you tell everythin' to doctor."

"The hills! They shut me in; I can't breathe! Oh, to push them away; there are cities beyond; something doing; not utter stagnation. Though what should I want of cities and crowds; I had sorrow enough out in the world, and when my voice failed, all I asked for was to forget the world and be forgotten, and so I crept to this quiet corner to end my days in what peace I might."

The doorway of the solitary little house, fronting sunset and mountain, commanded the windings of the osiered river that leads the eye on and on, till, companioned by the narrowing valley, the glinting waters slip behind a foothill. Then the eye, baffled, falls back yearning to know what lies beyond.

"Yes," said Ann M'ria slowly, her wistful gaze riveted on the furrowed and forest-dark flanks of Chillion, majestic even in the all-revealing midday glare, "yes, you've hed your fling; you've seen it all, but here I've ben seventy years, girl and woman, eatin' my heart out for jest one peep t'other side o' them mountains."

The doctor's wife caught at her friend's hand.

"What! You have never been beyond!"

"How should I git there? Walk, with my hitchin' gait? And I ain't

never hed no team nor extry pennies to hire."

"Your neighbors?"

"Oh, I've good neighbors; but you don't tell everythin' to your neighbors."

"Anna Maria! Seventy years! Such a little wish."

The doctor's wife had slipped to her knees by Ann M'ria's side; she was fondling her friend's hands, pressing them to her soft cheek wet with tears. The old woman looked down at her with chiding love.

"There, there, you're all flushed up, and you've forgot all about your own sorrow, thinkin' o' mine. That's why folks love you so; that's why all the folks to the village set sech store by ye, and you a furriner."

"Do they like me?"

"Now don't you go pertendin' you did n't know it. 'T aint only that you've got the feelin' heart, but you know how to show it so pretty. Now what you jumpin' up to so fast for?"

Alma had started to her feet, and was pointing eagerly down the road where a swaying buggy top was emerging from the beech wood.

"It's my husband. He said perhaps he could be free this afternoon. Oh, Anna Maria, it is early yet; to-day, this very day you shall have the desire of your heart."

Ann M'ria stood as if rooted to the door sill.

"To-day! The mountain! To-day?"

The sturdy white horse and the broad-shouldered man driving him were drawing steadily nearer. They had passed the last farm and pink-flushed orchard, and were turning into the lane that led up over the pastures. Ann M'ria clutched Alma's sleeve.

"Not to-day, dear; not to-day." She was visibly trembling.

"Why not to-day?"

"Seventy years I've waited."

"Then why put it off an hour? The time has come."

Ann M'ria fingered her calico dress distressfully, and her eyes sought her friend's in solemn appeal.

"I could n't go in these old duds."

"There is time to change your dress."

"I'd always kinder thought — if ever the time come — I'd like to wear my black silk that was mother's."

"By all means, the black silk."

"And my best bunnit?"

"Oh yes, the best bonnet."

"And grandmother's gold beads?"

"Above all, your gold beads."

Ann M'ria made one step toward the bedroom, then turned with working face.

"You think it better be to-day?" she asked with the submissive questioning of a child.

"Yes, yes, to-day. Go and make ready, Anna Maria, while I tell my husband."

Outside the low paling the white horse had come to a halt, and in a moment more, Alma, her vivid face raised to the doctor's, had poured out her tale. He nodded once or twice, but it was evident his thoughts were more engaged with his wife than with the story she was rehearsing so dramatically. Touching her flushed cheek with a practiced hand, he told her to ask Ann M'ria for a glass of milk before they started, and to bring along bread and doughnuts or whatever the larder might afford.

Despite previous tremors, despite the glories of the black silk dress, the best "bunnit," and the golden heirloom clasping her wrinkled throat, who gayer after the start than Ann M'ria. In the capacious seat her slight figure was easily tucked away between her friends, and now her hand clasped Alma's, now rested on the doctor's knee, now for pure joy waved in the air.

"Hear the song sparrers trillin'! There war'n't never sech a hand as me for lovin' singin' in bird or human creeter. Seems 's if I could set and hear singin' till my soul melted away. They was a hymn they used to sing." — And in a

quavering treble Ann M'ria shrilled it out, —

“ ‘There 's a land that is fairer than day.’

And then there 's the singin' of the kittle, and even cake, when you draw it out of the oven and put your ear down to it, there 't is chirrupin' away to itself. Yes, I was always a great hand for singin', and I guess that 's why I always hated my name so ; seemed so harsh soundin', and why I jest love to hear you say Anna Mareea, — same as if you was puttin' it to music. Say it again, Mis' Smith.”

“ Anna Maria, dear, dear Anna Maria.”

“ I guess I 'm two folks ; Ann M'ria and Anna Mareea. Ann M'ria 's the one most folks see, twisted and homely 's a root, and Anna Mareea 's the insides of me that when folks git a peep of they think 's queer and flighty. I 've days of bein' jest plain Ann M'ria and dustin' and bakin' and sortin' herbs as contented as a rabbit in a clover field, but them other days, when the sight of a dishcloth turns my stomach, and some-thin' seems to be prickin' in me like cider fermentin', and I don't understand what I do want no more than I was talkin' a furrin language, then I guess I 'm Anna Mareea. Don't you let on to Dick, doctor, — there 's two of me he 's got to draw up the mountain road, — or he 'll git discouraged.

“ Last night I run out before bedtime, and it was all so still and clean washed, sort of, and the stars so solemn, and I set me down by the well, and little by little they was all around me, father and mother and my three sisters that died before I was born, and I hed n't a fear, and my soul seemed swellin' in me, and I guess I set a full hour thinkin' how beautiful 't was, and I would n't never bother no more about earthly things, when all of a sudden somethin' in me spoke up, commonplace as you please, and says, ‘ That 'll do, Ann M'ria, you 've hed all you can stand. And your shoes are sop-

pin' wet in the dew. Go in and soak your feet and git to bed.’ And I done it. We ain't nothin' but pint pots, after all ! ”

The road which the doctor had chosen struck across the valley and then wound up to the high gap between the shoulder of Chillion and a lesser neighbor. Undaunted, though with drooping head, the white horse toiled steadily on, his master to ease him striding alongside. Half the valley, unrolled below them, lay in shadow, but back on the opposite slopes the mellow light yet lingered, and Ann M'ria's cottage, catching the sun on its panes, flashed recognition. The doctor pointed toward it with his whip, and the old woman nodded solemnly. Silence had fallen upon her. Her hands clasped in her lap, she rode toward the supreme moment of her life. A moment more, and from the crest of the ridge the new world would burst upon her sight.

“ Stop ! ” she broke out suddenly and with a quavering voice. The doctor checked his horse. “ Doctor, I want to git out.”

“ Would you rather walk the rest of the way ? ”

“ I ain't goin' no further.”

“ Not going any farther ? ”

Ann M'ria shook her head. “ You 've ben awful good, but I can't go a step further.”

“ Dear,” said the doctor's wife, “ are you ill ? ”

“ No, no, Mis' Smith, I ain't sick. I know it seems dretful of me after you 've hauled me so fur, and doctor he won't never understand it mebbe, but you will, you will, won't you, dear ? ”

The old woman in her limp black silk was clambering nervously out of the buggy, and turned a pathetically pleading face toward the friend of her bosom.

“ Everythin' I 've made believe all my life was behind the mountain ; all the things I 've hed to do without. It 's too late ; my eyes are too old ; I could n't see it as I 've made believe all my life ;

I'd rather go on makin' believe and seein' it as I always hev; all shinin' so beautiful; a land flowin' with milk and honey; great gleamin' rivers and mountains clear up to the sky with snow on 'em, and marble cities with church towers with angels carved on to 'em like I've read, and somewhere among 'em all a little white farmhouse under some elms with a pass'l of children runnin' in and out, not favorin' me exactly, but favorin' what I might hev looked like if the Lord hed n't made me on an off day. Don't make me go up to the top of the ridge, dear; don't make me go!"

"Dear Anna Maria, no one shall."

"You go up with doctor and hev your look off, and I'll set here and mind Dick. It's a dretful pretty evenin' to be set-

tin' out with the trees so still they jest seem to be holdin' on to themselves so's not to stir and wake the baby birds. Take your time, dear, take your time."

It must indeed have been a sight of the Promised Land — their own or Ann M'ria's — that met the eyes of the doctor and his wife from the crest of the ridge road, for when they returned, hand in hand, the witness of the glory still shone transfiguring in their eyes. The old woman read it there, and started exultant from the low stone wall where she had been sitting.

"Then it's all true," she cried, "it's true! You seen it! My! but it must 'a' ben beautiful to make your eyes shine like that!"

Esther B. Tiffany.

THE DERELICT.

BEYOND the rim of waters vast
They saw her canvas gleam,
And then the apparition passed
Like an elusive dream.

She vanished out of human ken,
She lost her name and fame;
But heaven alone knows where or when
Her desolation came.

The crew, that manned and banned her, now
Nor calms nor tempests vex;
The pirate billows board her bow
And sweep her slimy decks.

Only the wild winds strike her bells,
The blind waves heave her wheel;
Her leaks are streaming as the swells
Her gaping seams unseal.

Upflung against relentless skies
Or downward dragged amain,
Heaven heedeth not her agonies,
Or heedeth them in vain.

Our Public Education in Music.

Shunned by her kin and kind, though still
 At heart as proud as they,
 She bides her time to work her will
 And holds her fate at bay.

While leven-brands forbear to strike,
 As clouds above her frown,
 She haunts abysses, phantom-like,
 That wait to wash her down ;

Until Despair's appalling call,
 In some uncharted zone,
 Shall urge her o'er its verge to crawl
 And make the plunge alone.

What high hopes perished in her clutch
 Eternity may tell,
 The snarl untangle with a touch
 And break the fatal spell.

Edward N. Pomeroy.

OUR PUBLIC EDUCATION IN MUSIC.

NERO, it is said, believed that music, unheard by others than the performer, was valueless ; that appreciation and receptivity were much less important than execution. Our public education in music proceeds along the same lines, inculcating performance and creation in music from first to last, and scarcely recognizing the non-performer as a factor in art at all. In the primary school classes, all are taught to join in singing, and this choral activity is continued as the chief element of public musical instruction until the end of the high school or academy work. In the college, if any change is made, it is generally in the direction of harmony, counterpoint, and composition.

Yet it may be taken as an axiom that nine tenths of the graduates from all classes of educational institutions, excepting conservatories of music, will not be actively musical in subsequent life ; they will enjoy music, so far as they are able, from the passive side. Surely these sub-

merged nine tenths have some rights in the domain of music and some claims for an education fitted to their needs ; classes in *musical appreciation* are a more crying necessity than the omnipresent classes in singing.

In some of the large colleges and universities a study of fine arts is recognized as a necessary part of the curriculum. In Harvard, for example, Professor Charles Eliot Norton has broadened the culture of many hundreds, possibly thousands, by teaching how to understand the subtleties of painting, the influence of one school upon another, the characteristics of each school, the outcome of each theory. He has never attempted to teach a single student how to mix colors or how to handle the brush ; he has taught the comprehension of the art, not the practice of it. Something of this kind is needed in the musical department of our schools. We cannot make a nation of musicians (even if it were desirable to do so), but we can

permeate the educated classes with musical culture, and in producing many intelligent musical auditors we are giving the most practical uplift possible to the creative musicians of America.

It is probable that a few teachers will exclaim, against this impeachment, that they are already doing something akin to this, by giving some talks about the art, by causing essays to be written, by questioning the singers about the choruses they have sung; but the work of a course, such as is here pleaded for, means something far more definite and extensive than such sporadic attempts. It does not mean an appendix to a chorus, or a pleasant chat about a *solfeggio* exercise. It means a presentation and explanation of every class of music, it means the creation of a class of *listeners* during the musical exercises, the establishment of intelligent audition, and the awakening of an enjoyment of music without the eternal necessity of making it.

How many of the thousands of pupils, who have been singing all the way from kindergarten to college, know what a fugue is trying to tell them? How many can comprehend even the simplest orchestral composition? How many understand the architecture of music in any degree? Yet these points would be only a small part of a public course intended to teach appreciation of music. Let us then examine, in definite detail, what such a course should attempt and what product it would bring forth. It should by no means interfere with the vocal training which forms the present sum and substance of public school instruction in music (it ought to supplement that), but it should allow some unfortunates, who now howl dutifully twice a week, to really enjoy music which they are no longer to be obliged to assist in making.

In the primary school and in the lower grammar school classes the musical appreciation class ought to begin its work. A very simple course of musical acoustics might awaken the child's interest in the

symmetry of tone and chord. The Chladni plate might be exhibited to prove to the eye that noise is unsymmetrical and that tone is symmetrical. A few simple experiments in showing the overtones, in demonstrating how Nature builds her chords, might follow. The more complicated musical acoustics should come only in the higher grades of tuition.

The children should sing our national songs as an adjunct to their history lessons, and each of these songs should be made pregnant with meaning by having its story told before a note is sung, — or listened to! What a wealth of history there would be in connection with Yankee Doodle, for example. Not of the origin of the melody, for that is unknown, but of the Colonial war and of the New England troops marching into Albany and being lampooned to this tune by Dr. Shuckburgh, the English surgeon; of the British bands playing it on Sunday mornings, in Boston, to irritate the church-going New Englanders; of the ribald words sung to it by the English against John Hancock, during the siege of Boston; of its sounding forth during Lord Percy's hurried march toward Lexington to relieve Major Pitcairn, — thus beginning the Revolution; of the American bands playing it at Yorktown, at the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, — thus ending it. The mutations of the Star-Spangled Banner from English drinking-song to "Adams and Liberty," to praise of Jefferson, and to its present shape, might be explained. The rollicking naval songs of the war of 1812 might find their place here, and many another bit of historical music. This, however, deals rather with repertoire than with system, yet it deserves momentary notice as the fittest beginning of an American music course.

The architecture of music ought to be studied, at least in its elementary phases, even at this stage. Schlegel has said that architecture is frozen music (and Madame de Staël has generally been credited with the idea), but few laymen have

understood that music is tonal architecture. Wing balances against wing in architecture; theme is in equipoise against theme in much of the best music. There are many simple choruses which illustrate this fact, and many more which show the practice of the composer of ending a composition with its opening idea. After fitting explanation, part of the class should sing such a song and part of the class should listen.

The scale-construction which constitutes the language of a composition might be approached at a little higher grade. The students would of course be familiar with the conventional major and minor, but they would now be taught that other languages exist, that there was a musician's Tower of Babel, when the nations began to speak different musical tongues. The simplest of these, the pentatonic scale (our diatonic scale with the fourth and seventh notes omitted), might be explained as belonging chiefly to China, but that it is understood and used by European nations might be demonstrated by allowing the class to analyze Auld Lang Syne and Bonnie Doon, and both sing and listen to them. Many other compositions might be mentioned that would illustrate the six-toned scale, the Hungarian scale, and others.

Arrived at a little higher grade the instrumental side of music begins to claim the student's attention. A reasonable familiarity ought to be sought with the different orchestral instruments. Should there be a band or small orchestra connected with the school, as is frequently the case, the working of each instrument might be colloquially explained by its student-performer, and each band concert should become in some degree an object lesson. But eventually there should follow an explanation of the shape and technique of each orchestral instrument and its function in the concert room.

The mere hearing of a fine pianist or vocalist in the schoolroom, as has some-

times been brought about, is not to the purpose here, but the audition of a bassoonist, an oboist, a French horn player, etc., would be a practical lesson.

The tone-color of each instrument should now be studied. The brooding character of the viola, the portentous and sometimes grotesque style of the contrabass, the feverish brilliancy of the piccolo, the rustic vein of the oboe, the comic character of the bassoon, the baleful tones of the muted horns, the suspense that can be pictured upon the kettle-drums, — all these and many more effects should become recognizable to the student-auditor.

Just as the student of fine arts knows that the oil painting speaks a different language from the etching, the pupil ought now to comprehend that the orchestral work demands more of its auditor than the piano composition, and as the art-student anticipates white in a winter landscape, or green in a picture of spring, our music auditor should understand that a melancholy orchestral work would imply English horn or viola, a picture of country life would call for oboe, a military sketch for trumpet, a celestial scene for harps, or violins with flutes.

And now a very definite phase of music as a language ought to be taken up. By the development of figures an instrumental composition can often be made as logical as a sentence of words. The figure grows and is transformed into larger forms and sometimes into an entire composition. The auditor must be trained to watch the seed growing into a harvest. The entire first movement of Beethoven's fifth symphony is reducible to three figures of which one is very important; the sixth symphony begins with a movement that is derived almost wholly from a phrase about three measures long; the beautiful fugue in D major, Bach's Well-tempered Clavier, Book II., No. 5, is entirely made of transmutations of its first nine notes, a fine example of the mathe-

matics of music. This figure-language ("development," the musician calls it) is as unknown as Chaldaic to the student of music in the schools, yet it is the foundation of almost all classical instrumental music. Even in vocal music one finds much use of this figure-formation, and some songs by Robert Franz might readily be arranged as choruses and give the public school student his first induction into this attractive field of musical intellectuality.

Of course the Wagnerian treatment of figures of definite meaning, the *Leitmotive*, which causes the orchestra to speak as definitely and somewhat in the same manner as the Greek chorus in the old tragedies, must come in for its share of attention, but the full study of the theories of the different schools of composition might be reserved for college education.

It would belong to the highest studies of this course, also, to analyze the shape of sonata and symphony, to study counterpoint, not in practical composition, but in its analysis. The comprehension of the pattern of a fugue might turn much music that is now considered dry by the student into a luxuriant garden of intellectual beauties. The connection between poetry and music as exemplified in strophe-form and art-song music would bind musical study of this kind very closely to literature in these highest branches.

The above may give an idea, but in a slight degree, of what may be studied by the intelligent pupil who never expects to produce a note of music in his life. The vocal studies of the present should be supplemented by more of instrumental work, and the songs and choruses themselves

should yield more to the classes than they are at present doing.

And, in the midst of so much study of vocalism, another query is pertinent. What is being done for the pupil's conversational voice? Are we to train hundreds of singers who are not to sing, and send out still greater numbers whose unpleasant quality of speech is to be a handicap to them through life? A pleasant voice is as important in the everyday affairs of life as a pleasant face or a well-groomed appearance. Yet between the millstones of vocalism and elocution the speaking voice of the average American comes forth twangy, irritating, unimpressive.

Here we merely state a fact, but dare make no suggestion. Is education in this branch feasible? We do not know. The subject of natural voices is veiled in mystery, and the scientist has not yet informed us why Russia should be the land of basses, England of altos, France of mezzo-sopranos, why the Swiss should yodel naturally, and why high tenors are copious in North Spain. Whether this is a racial, climatic, or food question is not yet certain, and whether national voice characteristics will yield to treatment has not yet been demonstrated.

But as regards the main topic of this article there ought to be no such doubt. Let the public schools aid in training an intelligent musical taste, and the American composer will tread a much less thorny path.

Noble compositions and possibly a great American national anthem (our most noticeable musical lack) will soon follow. At present not one pupil in a hundred understands the gentle art of listening to music.

Louis C. Elson.

A LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

[Mr. Arthur Stanley Riggs, the author of the present paper in the ATLANTIC's series of letters from abroad, is an American journalist who has been successively the editor of the Manila Daily Bulletin and the Manila Freedom. — THE EDITORS.]

I.

NATURE, his environment, and the system of Spain during the last three hundred years have combined to make the Filipino, the degenerate scion of the ancient Malay pirates, typical of a racial sunset.

Devoid almost to nudity of anything even remotely approaching literature, folk-lore, traditions, or history, the Filipino people of to-day presents a pitiful spectacle. Terrorized by the Spaniard and his cruelty, the native lies stupidly, on every occasion, without the slightest regard for fact; his sole desire is to save himself a beating. By nature and heredity and environment disinclined to work hard for anything—as a race—he takes easily to theft. Never having had within the limits of his low mental horizon such a thing as education to fit him for a trade, he is not tractable, and views our efforts in this respect with suspicion and fear. As an individual, the Filipino is the most innocent and harmless of any semi-civilized people; as a race, he presents a grave danger unless handled without sentiment, unless put in his place and literally forced to prove that he is capable of further rights and privileges. Whether we shall be able to accomplish the mental liberation of this collection of tribes, raising it from the mire of ignorance in which it is steeped, rests entirely with the home government.

At the present time, under the undue liberty granted by America, the Filipinos appear to be divided sharply into two classes, which, after all, are really one. One class professes loyalty. Some individuals of this class are really as loyal as they can be; others are *buenos hombres*

during the day, only to foster rebellion at night. The other class is in open defiance of all our conceptions of law and order, setting at naught every ordinance we have established. Of the two classes, the latter is by far less dangerous. In the past year there have been perhaps an hundred convictions of individuals to death or life imprisonment for open rebellion: a few days ago one judge passed sentences of death and various terms of duress, from life imprisonment down to a year or so, on twenty of the outlaws. But of those receiving the heavier punishments, several were of the outwardly loyal class, men who secretly fomented insurrection and ladronism.

The Philippine situation has reached a stage of complexity now that is comparable with the Eastern question; the old familiar and ghostly Balkan problem is very like to the unrest that is to be found in the Archipelago. The offensive term "nigger-lover," implying one who sets the black up as preëminent, but who does not do so from any humanitarian principles, has been applied to the government here, which has also been most bitterly arraigned as un-American, autocratic, and blind to its own future. A good-sized insurrection is going on in the north; famine, cholera, ladronism, and stubborn Moro chiefs stir the south; friction locally between the various branches of the government, and between the government and the people, has brought affairs in the islands to a standstill. Commerce is dull; business houses of the first class are daily retrenching; dissatisfaction grows with the attitude of the home government, and anxiety as to what the effects of the new gold *peso* will be is stronger every day.

One of the best of the Spaniards here said to me a few days ago, while we were discussing the future of the city of Manila, that there would be nothing here for a long time. "The city is a sink," said he gravely. "You Americans have flocked in here in crowds, expecting to find El Dorado. What you have is a city you yourselves have spoiled. Shall you be here long: no — yes? Well, if you shall not stay much time more, you will do well to get out quickly. This place offers no inducements. There will be no money here made, no great positions created. Stagnation will continue to prevail. We are waiting—for what? We do not know; for something. But on account of the so great expense to live here, one must have outside means to be even fairly comfortable. If you are satisfied with what you are earning, with what you are saving, if indeed you can save anything, stay; if not, go home at once; conditions here will be worse before they can be any better."

Señor — is a gentleman who stands high with the Civil Commission, with which he is connected, and his utterances carry the more weight, coming, as they do, from a man who knows what the purposes of the government are, and what it will do. In corroboration of his prophetic remarks, "Deacon" Prautch, a Methodist who has for some time been steeped in the peculiar new sect of Catholics calling themselves *Aglipayanos*, has backslidden from rosary and censer to the canons of his old church. He tried, it is said, to settle the friar question single-handed by egging on Aglipay and his deserters from Rome, thus breaking the Vatican's grip on the Archipelago. Prautch found, after spending a few months as editor of *La Verdad* (The Truth), organ of the National Independent Filipino Church, and adviser-in-ordinary to Gregorio Aglipay, the self-consecrated archbishop of the new organization, that "my Methodist principles could not agree in perfect harmony with many of the usages and rites of

the Catholic Church." The whole scheme seems to have been a piece of purely political trickery, with its object the dismissal of the friars. Both Prautch and Aglipay expected to seduce the people from allegiance to Rome, thus making it imperative that the religious orders should go back home, defeated. The scheme was pretty, and it had a very fair chance of success, owing to local conditions, but a keener tool than Aglipay was needed to do the cutting. Aglipay's ability in his chosen field, the pastoral and polemic side of his church work, is conceded patiently, but he has no such fire of personal magnetism, no such singular attraction for the people, as have Antonio Mabini, Pio del Pilar, and even little Aguinaldo, the least conspicuous of them all.

Speaking of Aguinaldo's limitations reminds me of what an officer told me not long ago. He had been in the party that met General, then Colonel, Funston, when returning with the captured "President." Captain — was among the first to go through the insurgent's papers. Among them he found the diary kept by Aguinaldo, which showed what the man's ideas were regarding the responsibilities resting upon the leader of the new republic which he so fondly imagined could be established. He, Aguinaldo, his chief adviser and confidant, with their respective wives and a proper suite, intended to make a tour of Europe that should last at the very least a year. Other entries in the diary showed the discussions the four had had about the trip, what they should see, and how the vast moneys they counted upon should be spent. This book was begun not long after the famous Malolos Congress, and during the most critical period of the inchoative republic, the most keenly anxious moments of the ex-washerman's career. Aguinaldo, though most people, even in the islands, do not know it, was in 1896 a common washerman in the Cavite arsenal's laundry, and had so poor a knowledge of Spanish

that the Castilians themselves declared he spoke it *de cocina*, or kitchen-fashion. Like a good many other *tauos*, he was an adept at lightning political changes, and so, when he jumped from the party with which he had been connected to a new one, some time after this, and was made a *Capitano Municipal* in the same year, it occasioned no one any great surprise.

Practically every Filipino who was identified with the insurrectionist movement has since been given some government position. One is a judge of the Court of Customs Appeals; another, whose *nom de guerre* is Philip Goodroad, and whose real name few beside himself know, is a member of the Civil Service Board; still another equally well-known *filibustero* and insurgent is a member of the city of Manila's Municipal Board. Among the last of the old junta of Katipuneros is a man who has just had created for him the position of collecting librarian of the Philippines. This man was closely connected with Rizal in the propaganda of the later '90s. The new position pays a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars in gold, more than the man ever saw at one time before. He

Supreme Society of the Sons of the People. Its object was and is yet to filibuster, to get independence, if possible, for the Philippines. More properly rendered into English from the native dialect, the name means a society of the *supreme sons* of the people; that is, composed of the most noteworthy men. No exact English equivalent of the Tagalog can be given, but a prominent Spaniard of the "days of the Empire" says of the Katipunan: "A reunion or organization of the people who meet to concoct assassinations cannot be called a reunion of noteworthy people (supreme society), but rather a reunion of noteworthy criminals." To this title the Katipunan can justly lay claim, but to none other.

Strange as it may seem, this clique of would-be murderers and real insurgents is the illegitimate offspring of Filipino masonry. Some twenty years or more ago, a *Gran Oriente* lodge of the Spanish Masons was founded in the Philippines. About ten years later, by various crooked political intrigues, Filipinos managed to gain consent from Señor Morayta, in Madrid, to found "Tagalog" lodges, as up to that time only Spaniards

ently, professor of history in Binondo, the Chinese ramuros, Manila. He himo-mestizo by birth, and has ters of marque and reprisal, ravish the libraries and col- ain, France, Italy, the Con- ly, and wherever else he can manuscripts or records of and affairs in the old Islas t is a position to make the heart glad. Beside his sal- ets all his actual traveling and many an American and s most anxious to have the

and been masons. These Tagalog rouges finally split off from the parent body, the Gran Oriente, and in the course of time lost their identity as Masonic bodies completely, by reason of being merged into the *Liga Filipina*, from which was eventually constructed the grimmer Katipunan, which had as its secret purpose the assassination of all the friars, the overthrow of religion, and the ultimate independence of the islands. How successful it has been we already know, but the K. K. K. is still capable of yelling around town at night: "Hindi aco patay!" (I am not dead yet!)

Within the past six months it has been shown, by a search of old Spanish archives in the possession of the government, that every Filipino, mestizo (half-breed), and Indio of any consequence in the islands is still a member of the order.

II.
Masang Kalagayan Katipu-
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se name means, in Tagalog,

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El Kataast-
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Three of the members of the Civil Commission were in it. Dozens of others, all of whom have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, are old members.

The Katipunero's relation to the Church of Rome is that of a very precocious but also very naughty child, who has kerosene and matches in plenty, with no one by to watch his performances. Having all the supposed Masonic hatred of things Catholic as a working basis, the Katipunero circulated propaganda against the church and the friars, accusing them of having "debased the ancient and prostituted the noble customs of the country," beside which their very presence was inimical to liberty and Filipino autonomy. It is interesting in this connection to note that the ancient and noble customs of the country, before the correcting hand of Spain, iron-stern, closed over las Islas Filipinas, were, — according to old Padre Moraga, — the sale of men, women, and children as mere chattels to pay small debts of a few dollars, the practice of defloration as a recognized custom, the holding of virginity as a disgrace which would prevent the woman from going to heaven, and the right of the tribal chief or village *presidente* to hold all his people as his own personal property, with the right to kill off, maim, sell, or give away whomsoever he chose. Details of certain other well-recognized customs are so shocking as to be beyond the possibility of publication in a decent magazine.

Some idea may be gathered from this statement as to what the Filipino is when the thin veneer of European influence is burned through by the Malay instinct, the old pirate savagery. These same customs, to a limited extent, still prevail among some of the non-Christian tribes. Among the Igorrotes, who live in the northern province of Nueva Viscaya, a fever cure is practiced to-day that for barbarity and heartlessness is the equal of anything the American Indians ever in-

flicted upon their sick. An old captain of the constabulary told me about it, on returning from a recent tour of duty among the people, whom he regards as being misguided children rather than malignant fanatics. The story runs thus: —

When any member of the tribe is attacked by the low fever that prevails among the mountains of that region, the sufferer is at once taken out of his bed and put into a frame or chair that has been prepared for the purpose. This frame resembles an easel to a certain extent. Straps are tied about the patient's head, which is drawn back as far as possible, thus stretching the throat out, others are passed about the chest, and still others fasten the legs in a bent position, so that the man is half-lying, half-sitting. Then the fire which has been built under the frame is lighted, and the heat and smoke pour up around the poor wretch, who is either killed or cured in a very short time. He has the fever smoked out in from one to three applications of the cure, each application lasting from an hour to two and a half hours. This treatment is repeated at intervals of about three hours all day long, and has, in rare and stubborn cases, been applied for three successive days. Another method of applying the same cure to fevers is to make the fire hotter and hotter for the first hour, and then to put it out with water. The collection of stones which has previously been put below the fire being white-hot, the water creates a great cloud of reeking steam. This is even more favored than the other, but, being much severer, is not so frequently used. As a general rule, three patients out of five recover; the others are literally killed by the hideous torture to which the cure subjects them.

It is to people like this that Uncle Sam has come with the olive branch. Developments of the American occupation, and particularly of the past year, seem to show that our captain's estimate of the people is very correct. He describes

the Filipino as a very impudent and impertinent child, but, withal, a very dangerous one; he must be sternly disciplined, taught to respect the sovereign authority, and learn to be obedient and respectful. The average "civilized" Filipino has many good traits and qualities: he is a thief and a liar, brutal to animals, and exceptionally thoughtless; but he is clean, mentally, toward women. His evil side is not nasty. He is not of a kindly nature, but this is rather his misfortune than his fault. When he is made to realize his shortcomings and to remedy them, at least to some extent, he attains to a measure of the full stature of manhood, as has been proved in several cases.

III.

About six months ago the Commission passed what is generally regarded as the most impressive piece of legislation, from a judicial standpoint, of the year. This act empowered the governor to close any bank of whose workings he had the slightest suspicion; and he cannot be held accountable for his acts under this law. There is in Manila no power of the people or of the press to "get back," speaking colloquially, at the government. But this new law was so evidently needed, it was so sane, that public opinion for once sided with the authorities, an unusual thing indeed in Manila. A few days after the act had become a law, one of the more prominent banks, an American institution, closed the doors of its savings department, and has not reopened them under the old régime. I took the pains personally to seek out the president and ascertain the reasons for this action. After considerable fencing I learned that the deposits in the bank exceeded by some seven or eight times the amount of its paid up capitalization. The government was not satisfied that this should be the case with a small and close private corporation, whose paid up capital amounted to very much less than fifty thousand dollars. Of the personal hon-

esty of the banker there was no doubt, but it had been felt generally for some time that the institution was shaky; hence the governor's action. The old savings bank has been reorganized as a triple partnership since then, with the American and two wealthy Filipinos as the members of a regular brokerage, exchange, and banking institution.

Another law that was designed to have an important effect upon general commerce, with particular regard to the high local rates for sea freights between Manila and other coast ports, was one that gave foreign vessels the right, until July 4, 1904, to engage in the coastwise traffic of the Philippines under an American registry. It was known as the Coastwise Shipping Act, and the discussion of it was bitter in the extreme, but when it was finally brought up in the great *Sala de Sesiones* of the Ayuntamiento Palace for public and open discussion, the opposition dwindled down to a mere dissatisfied twitter. Since the act has become a law, one vessel only has taken advantage of the registry thus afforded, the Norwegian steamer *Hjelm*.

The conditions leading up to this drafting and passage of what seemed likely to be the most unpopular of laws were, and still are, peculiar. So meagre are the facilities for transportation about the islands, which number altogether nearly seventeen hundred and fifty, with a coastline more than double that of the United States, that practically everything either north or south of Manila has to be carried in steamers or in the little, bat-winged schooners that fancy they are seaworthy craft. Taking, for instance, the trade between ports like Zamboanga on the south, and Aparri on the north, with the metropolis, Manila, the freight rates are relatively ten times as great as they are between Manila and San Francisco. In some cases they are relatively twenty times higher. In the case of Manila-Iloilo cargoes, the cost is about the same for the three hundred miles as it is for

the seventy-five hundred of the Frisco-Manila passage.

To combat this, alleged by the government to be due to a pool of shipowners' interests, the new law was passed. It has brought in one steamer to compete with the local craft. It was argued that competition would bring the rates down. The new steamer runs on practically the same schedule and rates as the others. There is no pool of shipowners. Local conditions alone are responsible for the high tariffs, for many of the ports of call are inaccessible during many months of the year, and steamers sometimes have to lie offshore a full week before it is safe to land cargo.

Commercially, the year has been one of the most disastrous the islands have ever known. The rice crop has been a failure in most of the provinces; thousands of *carabao* — water buffalo — have died with the *surra*; ladronism is responsible for the devastation of province after province; money is bitterly scarce and tight, time and call loans at usurious rates being hard to get and still harder to meet; general agriculture is in a deplorable condition, though measures are now being taken for its revivification; church is at war with church, and a very deep-seated and hearty dissatisfaction obtains throughout the community.

Here the old question of sugar duties and free trade with the United States crops up again. Practically, it costs the planters at least twenty dollars for every ton of sugar they produce in the islands, including what the newspapers are pleased to call an "infamous" and "iniquitous export tax" of a dollar a ton on all sugar that is sent out of the Archipelago. The selling price hovers around the twenty-one-dollar mark. It is easy to see, therefore, that only the most powerful and wealthy of the planters can at all afford to produce. It is this that caused the demoralization of the sugar industry here last winter. Furthermore, it was stated at a meeting of the Ameri-

can Chamber of Commerce last December, in my presence, that the laws regulating the amount of land a corporation in the Philippines may hold is limited to 2000 or 2500 acres. At this meeting resolutions were passed with the object of trying to get the laws amended so as to make it possible for a company or organization to hold land up to ten thousand acres or more, according to the responsibility of the corporation. As it is now there are vast tracts of land of a good quality for cane-raising which have been refused by local companies, simply because they could not afford to do business in the face of the limit, and also because of other grave disadvantages. It is the opinion of those best versed in sugar that the sugar industry here cannot recover until tentative measures at least, like the removal of the export tax and the extension of the land holdings law, are enforced.

Rice, which is the only food of about a fifth of the natives, and with fish the staple diet of about nine tenths of them, has been the cause of much distress by its failure as a food crop. This failure has been due to a number of reasons, principal among which is ladronism. So few people know anything of the labor involved in rice-planting that it may be worth while to show the methods now in use among the Filipinos. For weeks the planter flounders in a quagmire, knee-to-waist-deep in the slime of the field. He eventually sticks in by hand, under pitiless sun or in pelting rain, each one of the eighty thousand plants in his little two-acre patch. After the crop has been tended most carefully, irrigated, flooded, dried off, he steps in once more, and cuts by hand all the suckers he planted,—that is, all that the animals and thieves have left. And for this arduous toil he earns the magnificent wage, if he be the proprietor, of fifty-five dollars in gold per annum, or fifteen cents a day. During the year just past many of the rice-farmers have refused to raise any crops: all

they did was to produce sufficient to keep life in their badly nourished but sinewy bodies. When such an one is asked why he did not raise plenty, he will reply in Spanish if he speak it: "Asi mucho ladron," or, in Tagalog, "Maramin ladrón," or if he be a Pampangan, "Tutuñ lañ dakal amapanaco" (Too many thieves).

Conditions in the southern provinces, where this effect has been most apparent, are even yet so bad that few men raise anything except what they most desperately need for themselves. *Ladrón* means thief: but it is a very flexible term, like the Turkish word for oil, *yagh*. The sneak who picks your pocket is ladrón; he also who cracks a safe, the horsethief, the looter of mails or villages or churches; he who flocks by himself in bands of fifty or more, and wipes out whole towns at a single swoop, killing, violating, burning, and stealing; the *muchacho* who has been your ever faithful body-servant for twenty years, and who at last runs off with your dollar watch, and leaves your rickety, rat-and-vermin-infested *casa* for some *nipa* shack in the *bosque*, — each of them is ladrón. Never by any possibility *a* ladrón, but simply "ladrón," without the saving grace of even that introductory "a."

In the north of Luzon conditions are different. In the Bulacan and Rizal provinces the petty disturbances and unrest of the early part of 1902 have grown into a full-fledged rebellion, an insurrection that is fought according to the rules of war, though the civil government still refuses to recognize it as such, in spite of the fact that the army has already done so. Faith! since when did common thieves march in bands of three hundred or more, in uniforms, carrying "state papers," under brigadier-generals, armed like regular troops, and bearing the dreaded Katipunan rising sun and double stripe flag of the old insurrection, yelling that keen cry, "Hindi aco patay"? These insurgents, whose general,

Apolonario San Miguel, was killed a few months ago, take nothing in their periodical raids but ammunition, arms, and enough food for their immediate needs. Members of San Miguel's and Faustino Guillermo's "armies" have been shot and hanged for the crimes of violation and looting. No white woman, strangely enough, has ever been offered any insult of this sort by any native since the American occupation. The reverse is, unfortunately, true of native women at the hands of Filipino, American, and Spanish men. The natives were told early in the war that a single white woman violated would mean the utter destruction of them and all the islands by the Americanos, who would bring *el infierno* to pass.

In connection with the ladrón and insurrection movements, the order came not long ago for the native scouts to be taken over by the constabulary under Henry T. Allen, a captain of the Sixth Cavalry, detailed to that service with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. The scouts are still fed by the army, though under General Allen's orders; this gives them an anomalous position, and they report all fights to the Adjutant-General of the Division before the chief of the constabulary gets any word. This move on the part of the administration has more political significance than appears at first sight.

IV.

Politics has presented during the year several changes that are of interest. The movements headed by the National, Federal, Liberal, and Socialist parties might be inimical to the public safety and peace if they were cohesive. As it is, party politics among the Filipinos has been made the subject of some rather ribald jesting: no one who knows the conditions as they are has ever taken the matter seriously.

The Workers' Party (*La Union Obrera*) is practically no more and no less than a gigantic labor union. Like the other unions of a similar nature at home,

it plays a sort of Ishmael part; but aside from exerting considerable influence over the working classes, it has little concern with anything but *fiestas*. It is impossible to conceive of any Filipino "nation." The native has no idea of solidarity: "party interests" are to him as meaningless as the word "snow;" never having seen either, or the effects of either, he affects a stolid indifference from which it is not possible to rouse him. Some months ago Pascual Poblete, the agitator and blowhard, announced that his "labor bureau" could furnish at any moment 200,000 men for any sort of unskilled labor by the day. Nobody took up his proposition, and now he considers that he has dealt the Chinese skilled labor importation scheme a deadly blow. As a matter of fact, he merely added one more argument to the quiverful in the hands of the Chinaman's partisans. Poblete is the Chino-mestizo of whom the Madrid Herald spoke so bitterly a year or so ago, accusing him of practically every crime a man can commit without landing himself behind the bars for life. He is a gamester, habitué of the mains, subscription-raiser and labor agitator of the most dangerous type, being, with Isabelo de los Reyes, always embroiled in some labor controversy. Poblete's subscription lists raised considerable money, and as no accounting was ever made, it is popularly believed that the cash went to the owners of various victorious roosters in the pits at Caloocan and Pasay. He is, of course, prominent in the councils of the *obrer*os, or toilers.

Of the other parties, it can only be said that they are never able to agree on anything among themselves. Doctor Jesús even, one of the most prominent of the local politicians, cannot get along with the men of his own peculiar ideas, and has repeatedly quarreled bitterly with his best political friends. So it is, that none of the parties amounts to much as a weapon.

The new democratic labor union, an

outgrowth of the older Obrera, which celebrated its first *gran fiesta* on May 1, is composed mainly of such skilled labor as the Philippines can boast. Many of the newspaper compositors are enrolled in its ranks, among them being not only Filipinos, but also East Indians, Chinese, and a few Arabs. Carpenters, machinists, carriage-builders, masons, and artisans of all trades make up the rest. There is no such thing as a separate union here for each trade; it is merely necessary that individual artisans be of the same political stripe, which covers, to the native mind, a multitude of other shortcomings. This union is, however, as arbitrary as any similar body in the United States. Some days ago, the editor of one of the newspapers had occasion to wish the dismissal of a lazy compositor. He told the man to go at once, and was informed by the union patron that the man could go if it was necessary, but that the whole force would go out in sympathy. If he was permitted to remain until Saturday night, he could be dismissed, and nothing would be said about it by the union. The man stayed. This party could have a powerful influence if elections were held and the natives enfranchised. Though experience has shown, particularly within the past six months, that the Filipino does not readily assimilate new ideas as a general rule, he picks up some things with a rapidity that is positively startling. His childish love of gaudy finery and the ease with which he is swayed by an oily and passionate tongue leave him largely at the mercy of his more educated brother, — the spellbinder would find him easy prey.

Most spectacular and interesting, from the public's point of view, have been the workings of the sedition and libel laws during the past year. These laws are somewhat similar to our old law, the difference being that they are enforced here on what seems to the average newspaper man very slight provocation. Three men are now under sentence, two for having

committed libel, and one for sedition. All three were supposed to be working against the government, and the consequence was that at the first opportunity they were made to feel the weight of the law. None of the sentences has as yet been executed, as all three cases are on appeal, and the principals are out on heavy bonds. The first case involved the former owner and editor of the *Freedom*, F. L. Dorr, and E. F. O'Brien, the editor. The other case had to do with the alleged libel of General Davis by William Crozier, proprietor and editor of the *American*. All three men have heavy fines and terms of imprisonment hanging over them, and it is generally believed that they will have to go to jail. The *Freedom* case is too well known to need comment here, except to say that the seditious editorial in question was a critique on the government of the sort that is published every day at home. The other case was different. In reviewing General Davis's review of the Glenn court martial, which disapproved the findings of the court, the *American* said editorially that General Davis ought not to have "smeared over" the findings with his comment. The charge was simple libel, but the animus of the prosecution made it appear that Mr. Crozier had been guilty of seditious libel, by holding an official up to public ridicule, hatred, and contempt. This, of course, was stated to be subversive of the general welfare of the government. The case had several features of more than usual interest, but it is not advisable to reopen the matter here. But as a plain fact, conditions now in Manila are such that no paper can tell at what minute it is likely to be summoned to the office of the attorney-general to answer for any one of a number of things it had no idea of doing, and which it did not believe were done. Retractions are as a rule fruitless, for the prosecution goes on just the same, as in the Davis case. It would be a boon for the editors were a censor appointed, as in the old days here, for

then there could be no mistakes, and no one would have to see the inside of Bilibid to know about Philippine prisons. The fact that we are all kept anxious has much to do with the rapid aging of most of the newspaper men who have come to the islands. Those who keep away from liquor fall a prey to nervous anxiety, which has an effect almost as evil and as quick.

From politics and sedition to religion is an easy step. Church and intrigue are synonymous in the Philippines. After residence in the islands, and some understanding of the native character, I have come to the conclusion that the friars do not entirely deserve their hard lot and evil reputation.

There have just come into my hands certain translations of old Spanish documents and official reports which have aided me in the formation of this opinion. These translations have been made during the last year at the instance of certain officials, if the reports are correct. They have, I believe, the formal acceptance of the authorities. They err in the respect that they are all too keenly severe on the native, or Indio, who plotted against Spain, but they also open many doors previously sealed. They afford brief but vivid glimpses of the heroic lives of many old padres who worked devotedly, faithfully, amid obstacles and dangers that the American mind can have no adequate idea of under any circumstances. There were, of course, and still are, many of the priests who are simply swine, bearing the mark of the beast writ large and clear on puffy face and distended paunch. But they and their narrow lives are overshadowed completely by such men as Padre Mariano Gil, of the Augustinians. He it was who uncovered the dastardly plot of the Katipunans, and who, for this intrepid piece of daring, was placarded. The posters showed his head at the top, with a pistol on one side and a short knife on the other, while a few significant words be-

low gave his name and title. He was parish priest of the Tondo district, a hotbed of insurrection and discontent.

Between those days, of the middle '90's, and the present there is a great difference. In some measure this is due to the presence of the Americans, with their prejudice against the religious orders, and in some measure to the keen church war that has been begun by Aglipay. Without considering the merits of the case very much, the average American has decided that the orders must go. Aglipay, after years of thought, has reached the same conclusion. The two forces, though pulling at different angles, have practically assured Rome of defeat. Just what the true significance of Aglipay's movement is, it is hard to say. Some very well-informed persons believe the movement to be purely a shift in the political game, merely a back-stairs scheme, as it were, fostered officially, for the expulsion of the friars. Others claim Aglipay to be a most genuine and honest religious leader, with no thought of anything save the work of his church and flock. Still another opinion, which seems equally well founded, though not having so much numerical strength, declares that the old insurrection spirit is recrudescing in him; that he is slowly and surely weaving about us a net, with old leaders, and others who have taken the oath of allegiance to help him secretly in the cities, and men like Faustino Guillermo and other avowed insurgents in the field, to bring the old days once more to pass, and to compel the Americans to give over the islands to the sovereignty of the Filipino.

Silly and fatuous as the latter scheme appears to be, it would yet find ready and fanatic adherents by the thousand. Let the Filipino get a really compelling leader, and the issue will be forced upon us. If it comes, — and there seems a very good chance that it may, — it will be impossible to hold in the men; they will carry into deadly effect the provisions

of Lincoln's General Order 100, with or without the consent of their officers. And any Filipino troops that have the temerity to attack ours will be wiped out of existence in smoke and blood. There will be no nonsense about it next time. This is the opinion of the army.

Aglipay has not had entirely plain sailing. He made the defections from the Roman Church so serious that Mgr. Guidi came to the islands to look after the interests of the *Gran Papa*. He stopped the desertions in numbers, but he was unable to get back into the fold those who had deserted it for Aglipay's rather homœopathic Catholicism. Meantime the latter had been strengthening his fences all along the line, and has succeeded in keeping his main body intact. It is hard to believe that he could have any grave political import or influence, not being a big or broad enough man. His doctrines are less for ritual and more for spontaneity than those of Rome. In several important respects his teachings split squarely off from those of his preceptors, and the Filipinos who found the stern discipline and forms of the Romish Church irksome were his readiest apostles and converts. He is still proselyting steadily, but the movement by which he and his church sprang into prominence came suddenly about the first of the year as a result of the *sub rosa* proceedings of the preceding six months.

V.

In conclusion, a summary of the year shows nothing particularly startling or unusual among the natives. They are always in ebullition; plots without number are being made every day to dispose of the Americans, and fail as fast as made. Holy Week was to have seen the slaughter of many; it saw a few ladrones killed and more captured. Just about that time Governor Taft issued an order that every one having firearms must register them, and get a bond of two hundred dollars in gold for permission to

have them. A considerable opposition to this was felt, but most people obeyed it.

The financial situation shows no improvement. Mexican silver is going up, but quotations are based on open markets, and what effect the gold peso will have when it and the Mexican peso are in the market together no one is prepared to say. Most of the best business men, however, hold Congress and the customs service responsible for the greater part of the depression, and say that until free trade with the United States is given them, things will be growing worse instead of better. The anomalous position of the islands is what does the mischief. The Constitution did not follow the flag in the Philippines in any respect, and until business men know what to expect, when, and from whom, trade will be dull and prospects slight, as at present. Retrenchment is the order of the day with the business houses of any value.

Nevertheless, improvements to the city during the year have been marked. Houses are going up on all sides, part of the wall is coming down, work has been begun on the new electric street railway, the most important innovation Manila has ever seen, and rents are still at high-water mark. Houses that could not be rented at all at home are considered in Manila thoroughly sanitary and clean, but the Health Department has been doing a great work, and though we still have considerable cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox, beriberi, and other diseases originating in filth, the city is now kept very clean for a tropical seaport with an unsavory reputation. The harbor works are also coming along well, and the submarine work on them is about three quarters done. When the trolley is running there will be notable changes in the present problem of transportation, which makes it imperative for every man to own at least one horse.

Bishop Brent has established within the year a settlement house and free dispensary, hospital, and school in Trozo, a section of Extramuros, Manila, which has already done a great deal of very important work among the poor. The young women of the settlement are trained nurses and teachers, and the value of their work is testified to by the crowds they handle every day, and the distress they relieve. What with teaching, healing, helping overburdened mothers, — Filipino families number anywhere from two to twenty, — and doing the little things that are so needed and usually so little thought of, these young women and their leader are doing a noble and great work.

Judicial affairs have altered but little during the year. Some of the magistrates have sickened of work and climate and have gone home; their places have been filled, and the grind goes on. The Commission has created some amusing positions during the year, one being for a deputy chief of non-Christian tribes. This man was sent down to Moroland to study the language and customs. Those who understand, envy the gentleman his chance to pick up *bolos* and collect specimens of Moro cloths.

At the moment, the raising of the old cruiser *Reina Cristina* occupies the public mind to a great extent. The government had abandoned her, and the work was done by a corporation, which has her on view now. She was found not to have been sunk by Dewey at all, but was scuttled by the Spaniards, who opened the sea-cocks and injector-valves themselves, sinking her. Her engines and hull are in good condition, as the rapid growth of barnacles and other forms of life in these waters have preserved them remarkably. The old wreck will be sold, doubtless, as junk, or for use as a coaster. Her guns and other valuable accoutrements were long ago taken by the government divers.

Arthur Stanley Riggs.

THE WIDDER.

At the time of the trial the Tombs still wore its Egyptian frown, justice was barbarously vindicated in the quadrangle, Croker was Coroner, and the New Spirit had not yet stalked in Centre Street.

But to begin at the beginning of the story it is necessary to go back to the day when Old Curry returned from the Supreme Court chambers.

Yes, Curry was an old-timer. The fashion of his clothes — the ample trousers, the long-tailed coat, the heavy cravat, only less antique than a stock, the rolling collar, the dusty, broad-brimmed silk hat that rested like Webster's squarely upon his wrinkled temples — quickly proclaimed his detachment from the modern mode.

So that the figure of Old Curry as it moved up Centre Street was in a marked way different from any other likely to be seen on that thoroughfare. With head bowed, the lank lawyer strode in an uncompromising line near the curb, his white hair fluttering, the skirt of his coat careering in the early April wind.

Turning into Leonard Street, Old

the railroad building flashed the message that passed by way of the shot tower down town to the newspaper offices in Park Row, and a murmur in the street echoed the falling of the drop, the birds would break into a merry peal until the parrot, a peevish and profane bird (the records are quite agreed about him), would be startled into speechless indignation.

Old Curry mounted the narrow stair upon which his step fell with the nervous emphasis of energetic old age. At the top of the flight a tin sign labeled the law offices of D. and M. J. Curry.

Martin Curry looked up from his desk as his father came in, then went on with his writing. In the corner was a thin boy with red hair who was laboriously devising shorthand characters on the margin of a subpoena.

"Got that transcript?" asked Old Curry of the boy.

"Yes, sir."

The old man sat down at his desk and drew a package of papers from his pocket.

"Turning into Leonard Street, Old

"Yes," returned Martin, "and Sandler's been in here and retained us."

"The deuce he has!" snorted the old man.

"And he's mad as thunder; wants blood. It's about Sandler's mule, and Kells" —

"Martin," interrupted the father, "we can't take the prosecution."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I've just agreed to look after Kells — not half an hour ago. That's simple enough, is n't it?"

"But I tell you that Sandler's just been here — been in the office; we've talked the thing over, and he's left a retainer."

"I can't help that," declared the senior partner sternly, "I've passed my word."

"So have I," the son fretfully persisted, "and talked over the whole case, — taken the price from him, and promised to be at Slote's in the morning when the case is called."

Old Curry made an impatient gesture. "I suppose we could n't drop Sandler, could we?" he demanded.

"Yes, I suppose we could if there was any sense in it. But we have n't anything against Sandler. He's been in here and acted square with us, and I can't see what we should drop him for. That's the way it stands with me. I'd like to see this office run on business principles."

"Would you?" thundered the old man. "Well, keep it up. Have all the business principles you want. But let me tell you that I'm going to represent Johnny Kells."

Young Curry looked up inflexibly, but with an uneasy glitter in his eye. "I don't suppose I can prevent you."

"And if Sandler is to be represented from this office you'll have to do it on your own account."

"I could do it," admitted Martin in a hard tone. "If it had to be that way I could manage it. The crowd over there

would n't ask anything better. There'd be a fine laugh all round."

"If you're at all sensitive about that," delivered Old Curry from his desk, "there's a way out!"

Martin stood staring through the back window, from which he had a sordid and depressing prospect. He could hear the parrot swearing downstairs. The father made ready to leave the office for the day.

As Old Curry was going out Martin swung about and asked dryly, "Is it the widder?"

But Old Curry slammed the door and almost knocked backward down the steps the future stenographer of the Supreme Court.

Curry the younger arrived at the office in the morning soon after Tanner had completed certain mystical passes with a feather duster which in the youth's mind were associated with an inconsequent obligation.

Martin spent some minutes in study of the New Code of Criminal Procedure. Of late years consulting the authorities had been Martin's particular duty. Old Curry's eyes were not the good servants they once had been. Moreover the old man's patience had been long since exhausted by the facility with which legislatures deface the noble monuments of law. In cross-examination the senior partner was a tower of strength, and in the summing up he worthily kept alive the traditions of the stalwart past. His citations were uncertain, and his temper uneven, but juries believed him, and judges remembered what he had been. If Martin sometimes winced at his father's looser technique, he had seen juries quail and the bench unbend. He admired his father.

Having finished his examination of the Code, Martin placed the volume on a corner of his father's table. Just then Old Curry came in.

The old man opened and read his letters without saying a word. He picked up the Code and peered at it for

a time. Then he wheeled about in his chair.

"Are you still for Sandler?" he asked, with an unconciliatory lightness.

Martin was actually in no mood to be obstructive, could he have seen his way out. But no shadow of compromise appeared in his father's tone, and at that moment the door swung open.

"Mornin'," said a huge, round-shouldered man with short, bristling gray hair, who loomed against the dark background of the passage.

"Come in," motioned Martin. "I'll be ready in a minute."

Sandler had already lumbered in. "I suppose it's about time t' git across the way," he said. "How are yer, Dan," he added on seeing the senior partner, and continued, with the effect of addressing the two of them, "There's one thing I forgot t' tell yer about this mule" —

"I guess you'd better wait till I get out of here," interrupted Old Curry.

"You need n't tear yourself away," observed Martin, but Old Curry had gone.

Sandler looked puzzled. "What's the matter with the old man?"

"The trouble with him," answered Martin, "is that he's going to represent the other side."

"Well, I'll be — You don't mean" —

"Yes, I do. I mean just that. Johnny Kells has got him."

Plainly Sandler was dazed as they descended to the street. On the steps of the Tombs he remarked grimly, "I can't see what Dan's gone back on me for."

They entered the shadow of the gray Egyptian corridor, and turned to the right into the police court, passed between the spectators' benches, and took seats within the inclosure. Behind the desk at the end of the room sat Justice Slote, who at this moment was asking a woman in a group before the railing, "Would you like me to hang him, madam?"

Presently Slote, whose mustache was

dyed a sinister bluish black, called, "John Kells."

Four men stepped to the bar: Kells, a short, thick-set, alert man, with an effect of restrained pugnacity; the elder Curry; Martin, a diminished version of his father; big Sandler towering over all.

"Well," said Slote taking up the papers, "what seems to be the trouble? . . . 'detain with intent to defraud deponent . . . one mule of the value of forty dollars.' . . . Kells, you are charged with grand larceny."

"To which he pleads not guilty," answered Old Curry quietly, adding, "and if Your Honor please, I must move to dismiss the complaint on the ground that it describes no crime, the complainant's redress, if any, being obtainable by civil action."

"The gentleman has evidently forgotten," Martin spoke up with some pressure of quiet, "that provision of the New Code which describes detention as larceny, for which the defendant is criminally liable. Your Honor will see by the papers" —

Justice Slote laid down his pen. "You gentlemen don't seem to be very well agreed in this matter."

"Perhaps," suggested Martin with a strained smile, "Your Honor does n't understand that we appear on opposite sides in this case."

"I — I see," said Slote, with signs of not being at all clear. "On opposite sides." He had known the Currys for twenty years, and the situation naturally struck him as peculiar. He indicated by his later manner that it also struck him as amusing. In the matter of Old Curry's motion, he remarked that it was denied. The New Code distinctly characterized such detention as larceny.

Old Curry shrugged his lofty shoulders, and seemed about to speak, when Slote pushed forward an open copy of the Code, decorated with crosses, index fingers, and other marginal aids.

The old lawyer, without looking at the book or at his son, remarked casually, "I understand there is some doubt as to the value of this mule."

"There ain't no doubt about it," broke in Sandler; but young Curry, subduing his client, very deliberately moved to amend the complaint so that it might read "twenty-four dollars," and Old Curry grinned under his bristles.

The change made the charge one of petty larceny, and sent the case to Special Sessions instead of to the Grand Jury in the County Court. Martin had no heart for the ordeal of the County Court. "I'd rather pay you the difference myself," he afterward growled to Sandler.

It was thus that the case of *The People vs. Kells* came to trial in the adjoining chamber of the Tombs two days later, — came to trial with the father on one side and the son on the other; with Sandler, big and fierce to the fore, and Johnny Kells defiantly amiable first to last.

They called it a memorable day in that Egyptian cavern (the Bridge of Sighs opening on the left) not alone for the trial itself, — which was, after all, but a short affair, — but for the audience it evoked. Four aldermen had come in with Supervisor Jo Budd; and the Dolan boys. Under Sheriff Shane shuffled through the door after Wun Lung the Chinese interpreter, tossing the last of a cigar behind the rear benches. Here, too, was Coroner Croker, and the great criminal lawyer Stenthorne himself.

It was not remarkable that Malsted, fattest of the three magistrates who occupied the bench, should awaken from his doze and mutter to Corwin, "What's Stenny doin' here?"

"Dunno," returned Corwin, "unless to see the fun in the Kells case."

After it was over, word went about that the Mayor and the District Attorney had been seated in the outer crowd.

At all events the world seemed to have learned that Old Curry and his son were

to fight a case in the Special Sessions. The place would hold no more. Even the corridor creaked with the would-be spectators, so that it was a momentous matter for Old Curry to get in and to make a path for the Widow Kells, who was a resplendent person that day, her black silk rustling richly as she struggled to her seat within the rail, her tumultuous bonnet shimmering gayly in the grim place.

Big Sandler made a significant grimace when he saw the widow come in, and Old Curry before her making a path. As for Martin Curry, he had no stomach for the business from that moment, though a high rebellion of battered pride remained with him to the end.

The justices had no disposition to hurry matters. The mere situation, quite without regard to the details, was too entertaining. Martin Curry knew this so well that he became nervously eager to finish the affair before it had begun, and he was as curt in his examination of big Sandler as if that large person had been a hostile witness. Moreover he was sure of his case. The ruling of the examining justice had fortified him. Detention was larceny. There was the end of the matter. He had an angry pity for the old man, who must come to the end of his rope before long.

Sandler told the simple story of the mule; of its purchase from Kells; of his later finding of the animal in Kells's stable near the Bend; of his demand for the delivery of the mule, a demand made in peaceable terms; of Kells's outrageous "strike" for money, and his own indignant refusal to pay the same; of Kells's criminal withholding of the mule to the present hour.

Old Curry arose in great pomp for the cross-examination. He was as little in haste as the Court itself. Yet his questions were few. Sandler admitted his ignorance of the precise manner in which the mule came to be in Kells's stable. He admitted that Kells's demand for money

was in the form of a bill for feed. But the price — two dollars — was exorbitant and ridiculous.

"Did you see the mule in Kells's stable?" asked Old Curry.

"I did."

"How did he look?"

"Look?" — Sandler stared.

"Did he look as if he had been well fed?"

"I'm no judge of looks," retorted Sandler, "or I would n't have bought him."

"He wore a cheerful appearance?"

"I dunno. I would n't call him a cheerful mule, not by a good sight. He's an ugly beast. Kells knows that. If I'd known what I know now" —

"Never mind the 'ifs,' Mr. Sandler. I'm asking you whether the mule looked as if he had been abundantly fed. He was n't emaciated, was he?"

"He looked just as ugly as usual," snorted Sandler.

"Very well. Let me ask you — do you know how much that mule can eat in fifteen hours?"

"No."

"You never happened to give him all he could eat, did you?"

Martin was on his feet expostulating. "If Your Honors please, are we to be insulted? I submit that the question is grossly irrelevant."

Old Curry frowned, and the Court asked the purpose of the question.

"My purpose, if the Court please, is to show that this man Sandler" —

"I object to counsel's phrase!" cried Martin Curry. "It is highly improper."

The old man nodded. "Counsel withdraws the phrase. My purpose is to show that the complainant so far underestimated the needs — if Your Honors choose, the capacity — of this mule that he (the mule) was in danger of slow starvation, and that his condition, as Your Honors will soon learn, led directly to the circumstances out of which this charge arises."

The Court doubted, but admitted the testimony — on probation.

Sandler, eager to answer, then declared that he had given the mule nearly twice the quantity of feed he gave his horse.

"Only twice?" asked Old Curry impressively.

"Nobody could give that mule all he wanted," blurted Sandler.

"You admit that you gave him less than he wanted?"

"I gave him a proper amount," declared Sandler. "I think I understand my business."

"That may be, my friend," murmured the questioner solemnly, "but you don't understand this mule. That is the sad feature of the situation, as I shall show the Court later on. And I shall not ask you another question."

A little man with a big voice, who had accompanied Sandler to Kells's stable, testified to recognizing the mule there detained as the mule Sandler had owned for five days.

Old Curry fixed the little man with his cavernous eyes.

"How did the mule look?"

"He was n't lookin' that I know."

"Didn't he wear the appearance of a well-fed beast?"

"He was n't wearin' nothin' just then."

Corwin suppressed the general titter with a bang of the gavel. A vast dyed mustache saved his own dignity.

Old Curry's lips twitched. "He did n't look hungry, did he?"

"I never seen him look no other way," announced the witness, and Corwin brought down the gavel once more.

"Did you ever see him while Kells owned him?"

"No."

"You mean, then, that he has always looked hungry since Sandler has owned him?"

"I object!" shouted Martin. "The Court will decide what the witness means."

The objection was sustained, Old Curry waved his hand, the little man stepped down, and the case for the prosecution was closed.

"And now, if Your Honors please," said Old Curry, "deferring a motion to dismiss this extraordinary complaint, I will place before Your Honors, with great brevity, certain facts which in justice to the defendant should be made known. I call as a first witness Mrs. Kells."

All eyes were upon the widow as she arose from her seat by the rail and came forward in her resplendent raiment to the witness chair. The fat policeman who held the Bible opened the volume as he administered the oath, and gallantly submitted to the widow's lips an unsoiled page within.

Mrs. Kells was not yet forty-five, and still capable, as the day proved, of making a potent impression.

"Mrs. Kells," began Old Curry, a new note in his voice, "please tell the Court what you saw on the afternoon of April 7."

The widow complied, with animation. What she saw — from the second-story window of her house — was the advent of the mule, the mule her son had sold to Sandler five days before. The beast was strolling down from Mulberry Street, — just as he used to when Kells had left the truck at the shed, — and when he came to the alley, turned in and went straight to the old stall in the stable.

"I will ask you," resumed Old Curry, "whether any one urged, guided, called, or constrained the mule to take this step?"

"Not a soul," answered Mrs. Kells, a trifle abashed by some of the words.

"That is all."

Martin arose with an irritated stiffness.

"Will you kindly inform me, Mrs. Kells, where you were sitting when you saw this mule?"

"In my own rooms."

"And you could see what happened at the side of the house?"

"Sure! I sat by the window that opens on the alley, and I says, 'Holy saints! if there ain't Johnny's mule going back to his old stall!'"

"To whom did you make that remark?"

At this the widow lost a trifle of her radiant assurance, and Old Curry impressively protested.

"I had company at the time," defiantly volunteered the widow.

"Of course, madam, if you have any reason" — began Martin.

"I withdraw my objection!" thundered the father. "You will answer counsel's question."

"I do not desire it," insisted Martin.

"But I do." Daniel Curry tapped the table with his fist. "Answer him, madam. Who was present?"

The widow snickered becomingly. "Mr. Curry."

Corwin smote the desk, and when silence was restored, "You mean," said the Justice, "counsel for the defendant?"

"Yes, sir. He had just called."

"I see," mused Martin, with an icy evenness, "the mule and the gentleman for the defense."

"Keep to your case," admonished Corwin sharply.

"Begging Your Honor's pardon," interposed Old Curry, "that is impossible. The gentleman has no case."

"My opponent may change his mind," retorted Martin.

There were certain other perfunctory questions by the defense, and the widow, with restored radiance, left the stand.

"John Kells," called the accused's counsel, and Johnny bristled to the front, eager to tell how he found the mule in the stall, — found him looking wasted for want of food (objection), with a famished look in his face (objection); how he fed him and fed him, and in the morning doubled his allowance; how Sandler came with rough insinuations (objection — "Give his words, sir!") and wanted to take the mule without paying the bill

for feed and care, a thing which he could n't have done if he (Sandler) had been eight feet high.

"You did n't steal this mule?"

"The mule did it himself."

"You are ready to give him up when the bill is paid?"

"Yes — paid up to the present time."

"Of course — of course," nodded Old Curry. "Quite right. By the way, this mule is a good feeder?"

"You can't fill him. That's one of the reasons" —

"Never mind," interposed Old Curry, but Martin added, — "why you got rid of him."

"But since he had come back," and Old Curry raised his hand, "since he had come back, half starved, you felt a humanitarian impulse to give him all he wanted?"

"I did."

"Not to mention," added Martin, "an impulse to feloniously withhold him from the custody of the owner."

Old Curry flared in a way to suggest that his rather mellow manner had its limits. The widow and all the world were looking on.

"Drivel!" he said.

The cross-examination of Kells was brief, the old man having broken in with, "We admit possession. The mule is still with us." The case seemed to be closed, when Old Curry arose, and remarking, "I call myself as a witness," took the stand, solemnly affirmed, and deposed: —

"I called on Mrs. Kells on the afternoon of April 7. I was sitting near the middle of the room when Mrs. Kells, who sat near the window opening on the alley, said" —

"I object," snapped Martin. "Neither the complainant nor the defendant was present. Remarks between these persons are entirely beside the issue."

"The witness may state the remark," said Corwin. "Counsel for the prosecution himself brought out the remark

which the witness undertakes to corroborate."

Old Curry smiled. "'Holy saints!' Mrs. Kells said, 'if there ain't Johnny's mule going back to his old stall!'"

With this Old Curry turned to his son. "Cross-examine."

Martin looked surly. "You did n't see this mule?"

"No."

"You did n't participate in the — acquisition?"

"No."

"Your call, then, was not in relation to the matter at issue?"

Old Curry struggled to reconcile a smile and a frown. "It was in relation to quite another matter," and for some reason every one who could do so decently scrutinized the widow. The widow blushed like a girl.

But it was Old Curry's summing up that introduced the most interesting incident of the case. In a summing up Old Curry was quite at his best. Martin might wince at his father's citations, but he could not escape an emotion of pride in the venerable lawyer's slashing eloquence, an eloquence not to be quenched or diminished by the insignificance of his theme. Martin had become content to watch prejudice wilt under the hot earnestness of his towering parent, to finger the statutes, to book-mark the law and the records in readiness to the veined and leathery fingers reached forth in the crisis of argument. The father was the Voice. The son was the Hand.

Many a spectator in the courtroom that day remembered the triumphs of Old Curry's earlier days, — before and after he was District Attorney. Old Curry knew that these spectators were in hearing. He also remembered at every moment that the widow was there.

It was the widow, perhaps, more than any other who helped him to forget that the issue was trivial, the scene tawdry, the immediate situation awkward, and that the Court was to be suspected of a

grin. His review of the testimony was touched with a scathing humor. He characterized the complaint as malicious, the complainant as hot-headed, the prosecution in general as a blunder. He sent a fine storm of words swirling about the heads of Sandler and the younger Curry.

With a quaver in his voice Old Curry rose to the top of his appeal:—

“And Your Honors will be informed by my distinguished opponent that the law puts a condemnatory construction upon our conduct in the matter of this mule; that the matter is not one of civil recourse, but of criminal import; that our detention is larceny in the full meaning of the law. The New Code”—

Old Curry’s nervous fingers flickered over the table. He lowered his look to scan the space before him. Martin, sitting in sullen profile, saw the movement in the corner of his eye, and caught himself together for a resentful second.

The Voice, under the weight of long habit, had turned to the Hand. The Hand was not there.

At the close of this moment Martin relaxed, turned slightly, and quietly pushed across the table the open and labeled Code.

There was another second, or less, of pause, in which Old Curry’s eyes shifted and his fingers halted. Then his head went up.

“I will not weary the Court with citations. Your Honors are entirely familiar with the new codifications, with the new-fangled equivocations in the statutory laws. These flippant intrusions upon the temple of jurisprudence do not, I rejoice to say, invalidate the fundamental principles of justice and good practice, nor those older and wiser statutes under which our peace is preserved and the stability of our property is assured. I call Your Honors’ attention to the fact that in 1867 an act was passed in this state under which we take our stand, and by which the absolute integrity of our position is made evident. This act, so

familiar that we require no book-marks nor page numbers to recall it, states explicitly the status of those who give asylum to strayed beasts, since it declares, with no modern evasions, that ‘such person may have a lien upon such beasts, by reason of their so coming upon his land, for his reasonable charges for keeping them and all fees and costs made thereon, and he may keep such beasts until such charges, fees, and costs are paid, or until such lien is foreclosed.’”

Old Curry gave a sonorous ring to the words. “And this statute, Your Honors, is still on our books to confute and confound the quibblers and quarrelers who bolster their effrontery with the rickety scaffolding of new codes and sinister schemes of personal revenge. I leave this matter with Your Honors, entirely assured that my client, who has been subjected to an infamous imputation, will receive the vindication of an honorable acquittal.”

The counsel for the defense sank into his chair amid an approving murmur, and young Curry, who had the last word, arose to say it. He said it lamely, fumbling with his narrative, protesting awkwardly against the intrusion of “antiquated statutes,” and the substitution of vociferous abuse for legitimate analysis. It was of no use. He could acquire no heat. He was discomforted and acutely conscious of an incredulous audience.

He sat down amid silence. The justices were already parleying in whispers. He knew what was coming and turned his head away.

“Dismissed,” remarked Corwin quietly, as if reading his own entry on the papers.

There was a stir of satisfaction, and Old Curry rose up in a great glow, buttoning his long coat. Martin and Sandler were already at the green gate.

The crowd made way for Old Curry and Mrs. Kells. Near the outer door father and son came shoulder to shoulder.

“It was the widder!” said Old Curry.

Alexander Black.

WHITE-THROATS IN FRANCONIA.

IN the rose-flush of morn,
As the mountain mists rise
Wraith-like, kissing the skies, —
As the peaks one by one
Bathe their crests in the sun
Lo, a voice from the woods,
Thrilling, delicate, clear,
Dwells trembling in the ear,
And, like a faëry horn,
Melts on the solitudes.

Surely the mountaineer
Never returns in dreams
To the old, birch-hung streams —
Never in visions sees,
Bounding the lofty trees,
Blush of a dawning day,
But that ethereal strain
Thrills o'er his heart again,
Spirit-like, silver-clear,
Sky-born — the white-throat's lay!

Dora Read Goodale.

READING OUT OF DOORS.

FEW can doubt that at least two persons are necessary to the real life of a book, — the author and the right, predestined reader. Without the latter a book is as a room barred from the outside, or as Tantalus forever athirst. But there is a third essential perhaps less commonly given its due. It is the situation of the reader; he must read the book in a fit season, in a fit place, with nicely adjusted circumstances of light and shade, of company or solitude. The right book in the right place is neither an easy nor an oft accomplished bliss. The principle is, I think, inexpugnable. Adonais is not to be read on the platform at Waterloo, and it is not unlikely that something would happen in a Morris-decorated room where

Hall Caine was being devoured. On the other hand, it may fairly be maintained that there is always a place so extravagantly wrong as to be irresistible. Catullus has been read in a waiting-room on a wet, Sunday, suburban evening; Izaak Walton, with one leaf always in the plate, at a restaurant in Soho; and once, on looking over the shoulder of an opium-eating gambler who was unmoved by his losses, I saw one finger and one eye fixed upon the dialogue of Phædo. But these conjunctions must be discovered by each for himself, and a romantic eye may find out many a rare enjoyment, as an epicurean will take the choicest ices after a coffee warmed to the borders of indiscretion. This is, however, a rash happi-

ness, balanced above the pit of grief, and by a sane mind not to be compared with that of listening to the voice of the book, saying, —

“Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre.” . . .

Such a star was the inn at Llangollen where Hazlitt read the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, on his birthday, “over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken.” Such, too, is the forgotten library, —

“The haunt obscure of old philosophy,”

with sounding and invisible trees below, where I read Sir Thomas Brown. Gilbert White is delightful anywhere. But I like best a Surrey farmhouse, worn by the delicate waste of ages, where even the poultry seem to crow and cluck in accents of a century ago. So, also, the true appreciator of a book is most often he to whom it has come in the right place as from the clouds. And those old authors are continually rediscovered — (I had almost said) remade.

I was shocked once to find myself reading Huysmans in a summer wood! Yet on returning to a fairly ample library it was hard to choose a book that would “go with” the woods more pleasantly. I had indeed hit upon perhaps the one moment in a lifetime when that author could be read in the open air. Reading out of doors is a fine and difficult art. I do not mean lounging with an opened novel or an unopened newspaper on the downs near our great shrimp resorts. Yet I know the pleasure of going miles through a various — solemn and delicate — country, lingering at every stile to look behind, and count the gold of what is past, and guess at what is to come, with a precious book fast-hidden in the pocket, —

“Until we cannot so but feel that it is there.”

The feeling of that book is something, though it remain untouched. The author-ess of Elizabeth and her German Gar-

den confesses that she always took a volume of Spenser or Wordsworth or Thoreau under the trees. That is one taste. For my part I have ever found that my own thoughts, or those which the landscape and the air thought for me, were far beyond the range of such as they. There is more wisdom in the amber maple leaf or the poise of a butterfly or the silence of a league of oaks than in all the poems of Wordsworth. The poet has indeed made a shrewd copy of some of this wisdom, but how little even he has remembered of what has been heard by those who perforce forget! Under an elm, or beside the sea, I have been many times a great poet of Nature or essayist. Yet have I found little inclination to open a book when I have been emulating the nettle or the grass in making much of the sun. The poets who are most happily read out of doors are the courtly writers, the men of wit and fashion, for whom no praise was loud enough in their own time, whom the nineteenth century tried to blow out with sentiment. Nature does on their behalf as she does sometimes for cheap architecture. She festoons them with ivy flowers; the birds sing and build close by; the Moon will rest there in her pilgrimage. I have taken Mr. Prior’s verses out a dozen times into the fields, and found a place that was kind even to this, —

“When Cloe’s picture was to Venus shown;
Surpriz’d, the Goddess took it for her own.
And what, said She, does this bold Painter
mean?

When was I Bathing thus, and Naked seen?

“Pleas’d Cupid heard, and check’d his Mother’s
Pride:

And who’s blind now, Mamma? the Urchin
cry’d.

’Tis Cloe’s Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and
Breast:

Friend Howard’s Genius fancied all the rest.”

And so with Voltaire, and with all poets who have been born in ages that cared little for flowers except in hats, — who, not gathering flowers in their life, have, as it were, got moss and lichen after death.

I have been disposed to conclude that there is a real need of Nature in all poetry : and if we search the greatest, who amongst them is not indebted to her abundance? Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, to name only those who need not be named — are supreme in no vein more than in this. Books that have grown old and have some of the pathos of old things are still more at their ease “on the lap of earth.” Above all, the *Morte Darthur*. Hundreds of older books have not the same flavor of age. Virgil, for example, or Philostratus, or almost anything in Greek and Latin save Hesiod and Cato, never seems anything but fresh, separated from us by the space rather than by the haze of years. We cannot, I think, imagine them as old, any more than the friends of our childhood whom we have never seen since they were pink-faced and golden-haired. The books that grow old are oftenest such as reflect exclusively the contemporary taste ; as a rule, they are unimportant. Cibber and Savage after all show us more than Gray what the eighteenth century thought. To take an extreme case, a quinquagenarian book of fashions will seem immensely old. Among famous books I could put down several ; but the *Morte Darthur* is the perfect book to be read out of doors. Immediately it is on

the grass, the wood sorcery catches it. The birds fill with their softest notes the pauses of his halting stories. The flowers and the trees are glad to find the place in these stories, which Malory rarely gave to them, fine though his gift be in that kind. Malory had the good fortune to be known to four centuries in black-letter, which — on that amber-colored page — harmonizes well with the branches and the leaves and their shadows, — much better than our spidery modern type. Perhaps for some good deed to a flower, I have been singularly happy in reading Malory out of doors. There the casual mention of a lord or lady, who never appears again, receives full justice from the imagination and its following. One day, I learned that there is really no hiatus in this : —

“Sir Pelleas that loved the lady Ettard and he had died for her love had not been for a lady of the lake, her name was Dame Nimuë” . . .

Cherry flowers threw a delicate gloom upon the grass. There were faint clouds in the sky, and I only knew they were there, because they sometimes disappeared and showed a deeper blue. And there may be other cherry orchards and other clouds that can weave the story of Nimuë and Pelleas.

Edward Thomas.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

SOME FICTION, MAINLY SERIOUS.

THE present commentator had been looking forward to this moment with some confidence ; it seemed to him that he had for once a straight road before him. He was going to say things that nobody could consider either ill-tempered or pessimistic ; he was going to express pleasure and nothing more, to make of his small round of criticism, in Mr. Dow-

den's phrase, a record of delight. He had, in fact, just come upon several story-books which seemed fresh and original and satisfying, not great perhaps, but surely not petty ; books which other story-lovers might like to know about.

In taking a summary and complacent view of them, however, as, perused and sequestered, they stand for the moment

in the place of honor upon his shelves, the reviewer becomes disconcertingly aware that most of them are not the kind of thing story-readers as a class can be counted on to enjoy. They do not turn out right; either the people do not marry at all, or they do not marry and live happy ever after. Books in which such a condition of things is permitted cannot very well appeal to people who demand "something light and pleasant." The demand comes not only from the vast number of over-buoyant (let us not say silly) persons who read nothing except fiction, but from a considerable number of the over-sorry, who expect it of fiction now and then to divert them from the sadness and complexity of actual life by the soothing purr of the romantic ideal. Probably nobody, not even the writer of "realistic" fiction, fails to see the value of romance in performing this office. Not even the romancer would restrict the art of fiction to the manipulation of romantic properties. If *The Three Musketeers* and *A Tale of Two Cities* are triumphs, so are *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*. It is a good thing to be amused, and it is also a good thing to be set thinking and feeling. There is no reason why anybody should read either kind of fiction if he does not care for it, but there is something to regret if he does not care for both kinds.

I.

But, we ask ourselves at this point, why should not serious fiction be encouraged to turn out right? Is it not more wholesome, as well as more comfortable, to cherish the conviction that virtue is rather in the way of being handsomely rewarded for its trouble in the end? Why, in order to be serious, is it necessary to be pessimistic and morbid?

It is true that most of the stories which we have in mind are based upon

a sober view of life. In some instances it is even a sombre view; and in one book, at least, we come upon traces of that diseased sensibility which we call morbidness. But the book as a whole is not morbid, it is not sickly or untrue, it will not (unless the reader is a little morbid himself) leave a bad taste in the mouth.

The sobriety of Mr. Henry James never quite amounts to sombreness, perhaps; his method is a little too calmly intellectual for that. On the other hand, it does not mean much to call him "cynical" and "pessimistic," as the verdict of the afternoon tea has often put the case against him. Even his air of aimlessness is misleading. His detached manner of toying subtly and deliberately with situations which appear to call for emotion may easily be taken for indifference, though it is really due to his abnormal preoccupation with secondary motives and events. Several of the stories in his latest collection,¹ while they are not altogether pretty or agreeable, must quite escape the charge of either cynicism or aimlessness. The opening story is especially straightforward and distinct; there is even some promising marrying done, or implied. The narrative has to do with two persons who have had a young success in art, and have been kept apart by a common sense of unworthiness until, meeting once more in middle life, they make the discovery that there has been no such success on either side as to have made it necessary for them to deny themselves the human happiness of failing together. The situation could occur only in the atmosphere of "the better sort," but there is nothing super-subtle in its development.

In sophistication, in subtlety, in sedulous avoidance of the obvious, the Jacobean method has been approached in several interesting novels of the past season. In *The Modern Obstacle*² the

¹ *The Better Sort*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *The Modern Obstacle*. By ALICE DUER MILLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

difficulty proves to consist in that familiar obstacle to marriage, comparative poverty on the part of the wooer. The theme is not treated in a commonplace way. The case of the person who by training and circumstance is led instinctively to insist upon the possession of wealth, or of "what wealth brings," is illustrated with essential simplicity. There is no officious moralizing on the part of the author; but at the very moment when wealth and indifference to wealth have at once come to the woman's hand and mind, the man dies; and it is left for us to surmise how far the woman's grief is likely to be embittered by the harassing indirectness of her responsibility for the catastrophe. Such a sorrow would be part an irony and part a judgment; and the question remaining is whether the woman's love has become pure and strong enough to make her suffer as she ought — and as we hope she will not.

The element of irony is much greater in *The Joyous Heart*,¹ and the element of judgment, one thinks at first, is hardly present at all. Good fortune and bad are for the just and the unjust as the whim of fate may determine. Things happen and persons are as it may chance. Some things are to be desired and some persons admired; and, for the rest, there is not much to be said. Such, at the outset, seems to be the point of view from which the tale is told. "*The joyous heart*" is a charming Southern woman, whose life, begun under a hereditary cloud, is a succession of unpleasantnesses varied here and there by actual misfortune. In the end she dies under the shock of a fancied wrong at the hands of the only person who has ever given her much to be joyous about. It is hard to forgive the author this final stroke; there seems to be something a little wanton in this sudden malicious blighting of a flower which has stood firm and fair in all weathers.

¹ *The Joyous Heart*. By VIOLA ROSEBORO'. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

It seems the product of a pessimism which is perilously near morbidness and decadence. One's resentment itself confesses the vitality and charm with which this central figure has been endowed. Vella Carruthers has one of those elemental natures which defy the anatomist. How much of her personality is temperament, how much character? It really does not matter, she is extraordinarily real and human. And if one can bear to consider the things that happen for the sake of the person to whom they happen, there is a chance that the things themselves may in time take on meaning. Such a process has taken place in the mind of Vella's creator, and passionate as her sympathy is for the ill-starred possessor of "*the joyous heart*," she does not fail in the end dimly to surmise the significance of her life: "When Vella vanished forever out of the world, she left behind her, even among the remote and the indifferent, a compunction that they had not loved her more. . . . Her disfigured outward history, touched with horror, smirched by the faithlessness of others, at crucial turns warped into ugliness, could never reveal her to those who had not known her; but those who had, even acquaintances of the outer circle, when she was dead, awoke to a mysteriously quickened comprehension of her light, dauntless courage, and utter genuineness, and boundless kindness; and the things that had made against her in her lifetime, her unconscious moments of brutal frankness, the caprices born of her unquenchable spontaneity, her failure to seek any suffrages in her will-o'-the-wisp course, — all were seen for a time (as long as thought of her lasted) as virtues, or the shadow of virtues. . . . When the story of that last hour crept about, there was something in it, in that crushed and beaten woman's complete acceptance of the order of things, in her inarticulate, matter-of-course faith in the incomprehensible good of it all, that moved even those whose very religion biased them

against such faith; and here and there were hearts who lived their lives out, a little stronger, possessing something more of sorely needed fortitude and cheer, because of the blithe harmony of the most ill-fated soul they had ever known."

As these sentences indicate, the style of the book is not simple, but its consistency convinces one that it is unaffected, if not always spontaneous. One further distinction the story has: the scene is laid in the South during the civil war time, yet there is nothing said of campaigns and generals; and it dawns blessedly upon one that, even then, there must have been multitudes of human lives not altogether untouched by, but altogether unmerged in, the public issue.

II.

*Life's Common Way*¹ is a story of less complexity in theme and in manner. The uncommon and tragic events which make up the tale of *The Joyous Heart* have no parallel in this narrative of modern town life. The reader simply meets a group of persons, becomes intimate with them, and is gradually led to perceive the meaning of their lives. It is given to none of them, as it happens, to know radiant happiness. Indeed, the moral of the book, if we are to use the word moral, appears to be that the best of what one may be confident of meeting in the common way is not utter joy, but the delicate compromise between will and circumstance which we call peace. The great familiar truth, sadly in danger of growing tiresome as an abstraction, we may well wish to see often embodied in literature, in the hope that there, at least, we may discover it to be something more than a theory of pessimism or a religious platitude. Ursula, the central figure, has ruined her chances of joy by a hopelessly wrong marriage, and there remains for her only the victory of self-renunciation.

¹ *Life's Common Way*. By ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

"I have found out that it is not important for me to be happy, you know," she says simply; and after that discovery, peace becomes possible: "One by one things took their places in the scheme of her existence . . . assumed their proportion in relation to what she was convinced was best in life."

In the volume entitled *The Roman Road*,² the first two stories are really sombre in tone. The third is one of those sporadic incursions into the field of fiction "for the young" which few modern story-tellers seem able to resist. The titular story is varied, but hardly enlivened, by certain touches of that chill educated humor which Mr. James and Mr. Howells have taught us to believe that we enjoy. Here, for example, is a characterization in small compass which has to be smiled at without being quite relished:—

"The Bevans, people of no extraction but much wealth, — which latter, if report spoke the truth, had been smoked in some fashion out of bloaters, — had lately bought Blaize. Their coming had put Miss Skiffington, a stickler for birth, into a cup and ball of two minds whether to call on them or no; but moved perhaps by the thought that a bloater once in the form of herring swam in the sea, and thus established an indirect claim upon her hospitality, Miss Skiffington had ordered out the yellow barouche and driven Miss Maria over to Blaize. From this point any less far-seeing than Providence might well have expected things to work smoothly; but the Bevans were out, and when on making inquiries they found that the Miss Skiffingtons were poor, middle-aged, and did not entertain, they failed to return their visit, contenting themselves with sending a footman round to the Miss Skiffingtons' back door with a card. Such conduct might well leave an indelible mark on any woman's

² *The Roman Road*. By ZACK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

mind, but human nature, Groot observed over its beer, has fences that the Almighty could n't cross, and while the elder Miss Skiffington had been constituted so that she could not forget a slight, Miss Maria had so been fashioned that she could not remember one. For her sister's sake she honestly tried, but never could recollect whether the Bevans had or had not returned the call, and always ended by recollecting wrong. Miss Maria's question had bare time to settle acidly down in her sister's stomach before the yellow-wheeled barouche drew up at the lych-gate, and Miss Skiffington, gathering her skirts together, stepped out to make her weekly call upon the Almighty."

It would be misleading, however, to suggest that this sort of cool analysis is the only thing to be found in Zack's stories; though it would be fair to say that, as a whole, they reveal, rather than articulate truth. In the second story, the hero is physically in love with a woman who is more of a man than he: —

"A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over Richard, and with it a sense of his utter helplessness and a longing to seek aid from some one stronger than himself.

"I am a drunkard," he said hoarsely, 'and out there is drink.'

"No sooner had he asked for help than his humiliation swallowed up his need of help, and straightening himself, he turned and gazed sullenly into the fire. The woman went on with her knitting, the lines of her face iron-cast in rigidity.

"Richard wanted to humiliate her also; to drag her down into the dung where he himself was; he would have liked to have torn to rags her self-respect, and thrust her dignity and reserve to the door. He waited for her to speak, but not a word did she utter.

"You were young once," he exclaimed. 'What did you feel like then?'

"The woman's still lips worked, as if words came seldom and with difficulty from them.

"I have never thought over what I felt," she answered. 'The doing o' such has not been given to me.'

"Richard laughed. 'What,' he said, 'has life given you?'

"It gave me my man; and it gave me my lad."

"Your husband," Richard asked harshly, 'what of him?'

"The woman was silent. She looked as if the Book of Life were open before her and she were reading it page by page.

"Well," exclaimed Richard, 'what of him?'

"I ain't got the gift of the teller," she answered at last. 'But he was a plain man and good to his stockings.'

"The woman shamed Richard, and not Richard the woman; and he felt a cleaner man for having been thus put to shame by her."

The *Untilled Field*¹ is the work of a man whose heart is heavy with the sense of human, and more particularly racial, mischance, and apathetic to the compromise of peace; an unhopeful endurance is the only quietus he can offer to the anguish of comparative failure. In these striking Irish stories one finds very little hope for Ireland. The author has no dream of a Celtic revival. On the other hand, he refuses to be embittered by the failure of a type; and even refuses to see failure where most of the world may be expected to see it: —

"A soft south wind was blowing, and an instinct as soft and gentle filled my heart, and I went towards some trees. The new leaves were beginning in the branches; and sitting where sparrows were building their nests, I soon began to see further into life than I had seen before. 'We're here,' I said, 'for the purpose of learning what life is, and the blind beggar has taught me a great deal, something that I could not have learnt out of a book, a deeper truth than any

¹ *The Untilled Field*. By GEORGE MOORE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

book contains.' . . . And then I ceased to think, for thinking is folly when a soft south wind is blowing, and an instinct as soft and as gentle fills the heart."

III.

If these books are really among the best examples of current fiction, the fact remains that they are of a sort which will fail to attract a large audience. This would not be true of several books which one wishes to speak of here, and which may be guaranteed to provide entertainment mainly, if not merely. Even in these tales there are some passages which may yield a very pretty immunity to the too gay or too serious persons who insist on having things "turn out right."

In *The Under Dog*¹ Mr. Smith is deliberately speaking for the unpleasant class of persons who do not succeed, and who have the bad taste to be down-trodden. In several of these stories he even drops his palette and emerges from the white umbrella which is the familiar sigil of his literary adventures. He speaks out, he says uncivil things about judges, jailors, and the law, and it is rather a relief to find him back under the umbrella, and giving agreeable expression to the variety of studio and café sentiment which he has helped make so popular. Mr. Smith is by instinct an entertainer, and, for better or worse, people do not need to be persuaded to admire his books.

Of greater force, on the whole, and of not less attractiveness, is Mrs. Steel's recent collection of tales.² We are relieved to find that the Anglo-Indian vein, so long abandoned by the prospector who first struck it, is still yielding pay ore. Mrs. Steel deals here with the very materials of which the Plain Tales from the Hills were built: the Anglo-Indian official and

soldier, their wives, their ayahs (not to speak of their punkahs), their blue-eyed children who have to be sent "Home" to school, and the condescended-to native. Yet the book is not at all of the warmed-over sort; there is not, as the vaudeville posters say, "a dull turn in it;" and the most amusing story of all (which is, it must be said, the most like Kipling) is called *The Most Nailing Bad Shot in Creation*.

*Cap'n Simeon's Store*³ is the first book of a writer who possesses an unusual talent. Of late, there has been some sort of reaction against dialect stories, due to the abuse of dialect by half-informed writers. Dialect, one realizes, is not an affair of information at all, and less of imagination, but an affair of expression. One must have learned to think in dialect before he has the least right to attempt to make literary use of it. Everybody remembers how flatly, with all his cleverness, Kipling failed to get the flavor of Gloucester speech. Nobody, on the other hand, can read Mr. Wasson's tales without being sure that the author thinks as readily in the dialect of his Maine fishermen as in what is called "standard English." It is not enough to say that he is familiar with his subject: he *is* his subject. While he speaks, he is in point of view and in speech a Killick Cove mariner, "found" with the mental and lingual habit of his kind. The result of this peculiar intimacy of the writer with his theme is one of the best collections of dialect stories ever written.

H. W. Boynton.

No book-lover, who would "possess a library the most august and ample that hath ever been erected," can safely overlook the advice

¹ *The Under Dog*. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *In the Guardianship of God*. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

³ *Cap'n Simeon's Store*. By GEORGE S. WASSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

⁴ *Instructions concerning Erecting of a Library: Presented to My Lord the President De*

to that end offered in 1627 by Gabriel Naudé, and "interpreted" in English in 1661 by that diligent and voluminous worthy, John Evelyn. It is to be hoped that the four hundred fortunate possessors of this beautifully printed and quaintly embellished edition of Evelyn's work will lend an ear to Naudé's solicitous plea that all owners of libraries graciously instruct their "Protobibliothecaries" to afford free access to their treasures for all who would peruse them. To one who likes the mellow flavor of age in his reading, who has eyes for the wide vistas that open from any honest book, — however little and old, — and who cares for queer, vital personalities, the Erecting of a Library will bring as keen a pleasure as it will to the lover of noble printing and the comely page.

Evelyn's part in the making of the book was far from inconsiderable. He contrives to get in two long and exhaustive dedicatory epistles, and his rather cavalier handling of his original is distinctly engaging. He is aware that the best way to surmount a difficulty is to skirt it circuitously, and he is quite ready to pervert, or omit, his author's meaning where his own theological or political prejudices are at stake; yet his version has a charm that is not easily neglected. Evelyn, like all the early members of the Royal Society, held a clear ideal of the perfect literary manner. Indeed, he was one of a dozen men who were loudest in advocacy of that "naked and natural" way of speech, which became the chief merit of the great English prose of the following generation. He writes with the lucidity and briskness which distinguished the best literary work of the Society, but he has a lingering regard for the big, old word with its burden of meaning, which gives his page a color that did not always grace the writing of his fellows.

It is, however, the curiously furnished *Mesme*. By GABRIEL NAUDEUS, P. And now interpreted by Jo. Evelyn, Esquire. Cam-

mind of Naudé that gives the book its greatest appeal. He was a librarian of the most admirable type, in whom a ripe and unaffected love of learning was united to an equally ripe and unaffected zeal for its diffusion. This tract, written while he was still a young man, a score of years before his great achievement, the organization of the Mazarin Library, is full of the wide sympathy and vigorous discernment which later called forth the admiration of Sainte-Beuve. There is much of the catalogue in his work, yet even this could ill be spared. How pleasing is his lament that "men have come to neglect the works of Albertus Magnus, Niphus, Ægidius, Saxonia, Pomponacius, Achilinus, Hervicus, Durandus, Zimores, Buccaferrus, and a number of the like, out of which all the great books which we now follow are for the most part compiled and transcribed word for word."

It must not be inferred from this that there was aught of the pedant in Naudé. He had, indeed, a scorn of pedants, and most of his quite charming traits were the reverse of pedantic. He was all for little and usable books, and his dislike of "monstrous and gigantine books" is expressed with emphasis and point. Worth noting in connection with this is his account of a dictionary scholar, "who, having encountered a difficult word at the first offering of the Book of Equivocals, as it was presented to him, he had recourse to one of these Dictionaries, and transcribed out of it above a page of writing upon the margent of said Book, and that in presence of a certain Friend of mine and of his; to whom he could abstain from saying, that those who should see this remark, would easily believe that he had spent above two days in composing it; though he had in truth but the pains onely of transcribing it."

The openness and candor of Naudé's mind, despite his remote and recondite learning and professional enthusiasms; bridge: Printed for Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at the Riverside Press. 1903.

his shrewd remarks on the Aristotelian logomachies, which were only just ceasing to constitute the intellectual life of Europe; his eager wish to put the best books in the hands of fit readers; all these traits show him as a superior man and

an ideal librarian. It is to be hoped that the perusal of his labor of love will remind all Protobibliothecaries that literature antedated the card catalogue, and that there were libraries before library schools.
F. G.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Lady
Alone at
Night.

I AM a lady, and a coward. The two facts have no relation to each other, but both are necessary to a comprehension of my sentiments about to be delivered. Soberly revolving the universe in my mind, I find only one thing of which I am sure I am not afraid, and that is — dying. I mean merest dying, for I am as fearsome as any of being tossed in air, *disjecta membra*, by an automobile; of furnishing lingering sweetness to an epicurean tiger; of being played with, and pawed and tweaked by disease, cat-and-mouse-like; it is only the actual slipping by the portal of which I am not afraid. With this sole exception, I am afraid of everything: firecrackers, reptiles, drunken cooks, dogs, tunnels, trolleys, and caterpillars. About ghosts I am a little uncertain; experience leads me to conjecture that ghosts are usually your own fault: that is, they are a little like rattlesnakes; if you don't intrude, neither will they. But that circumstance which is to me the very quintessence of terror is Night and A Man. I speak hypothetically — it has never happened.

Strange what a difference mere plurality of a noun and mere presence or absence of an article make to my mind. Now Men, Man, and A Man stand for most diverse conceptions. *Man*, — I think of Mr. Alexander Pope, and of a creature of watery intellect, whose vitality is something between that of a frog and a jumping-jack, and who is diddled

puppet-wise by an equally anæmic deity. Man is humanity dehumanized, but Men are about the most human thing there is. Men are the big people, clean-scrubbed spiritually and physically, who come to see you and take you about, and look after the universe, and keep it in a good humor; who, when you are making a fool of yourself, laugh at you in a genial, masculine fashion. In a thin, tentative, feminine way, you try to imitate, and the effort, however quavering, somehow makes you feel better. *Men*, of your own family or out of it, sometimes put you on trains, and take care of you — sometimes. Thus Men.

But *A Man* — ugh! I saw him first in a nightmare when I was six. He wore a black Prince Albert, and on his head three high hats jammed down one on top of the other. He stood on the cone of a hill, black as a coal against the red light of fires in the rear. From under his three hats he grinned at me, and on that black hill, against that lurid sky, he danced and danced and danced. He frightens me still. It is since then that Night and A Man have been my crown of terrors. A Man lurks in every darkened doorway, stretches an arm from every tree trunk, pursues me, — pat, pat, pat, — and fades into the common light of lamp and fire only when I am safely under my own roof-tree. Even in the daytime, A Man never deserts me: he haunts the solitary country lanes, lush and lovely with spring; he pops out

upon me from mountain woods ; on the stretches of beach he lurks just around the point. He is always there ; at least, I suppose he is, for I never am — alone.

By day, A Man is a leering horror, but at night he becomes, like that figure in my dream, pure devil. I am a suburbanite, and as I said before, a lady, a laboring lady. This is why I find myself not infrequently alone at night. The alarm set a-quiver when I descend from the social, bright-lit, suburban car and plunge forth into the dark is something that custom cannot stale. Yet sometimes the spell of the night is as a buckler against fear, making me wonder if solitude is really terror, genuine solitude, solitude belonging to me, and not to A Man. I remember one early winter evening, white with a recent snowfall ; there had been an ice storm, and our trees were all incased, each tiniest twig, and the full moon rode low : I forgot A Man, in every nerve I was glad to be alone, but hark, a step in the distance, and earth again !

It is worth some study, the sensation of that approaching step, that emerging shadow, — bifurcated or petticoated, two feet or four ? I am never afraid of two men : neither actually nor grammatically can A Man be two. Joseph and the Babes in the Wood for precedent, dissension steps in between violence and its victim so soon as the aggressive party is multiplied by even two. And as for a group of men, whatever their caste or condition, however socially uncouth, by mere virtue of numbers they become a protection rather than a peril ; by mere aggregate of protective instinct, *A Man* sufficiently multiplied equals *Men* (*supra*).

In addition to these distinctions in regard to the number of your potential aggressor, there are also distinctions geographic and geometric. I appeal to any lady of my sex and condition, whether there is not the greatest possible difference in amount of peril to be inferred between the man who is walk-

ing in front of you on a lonely street, and the man who is walking behind. If a man paces on soberly and regularly some few discreet rods ahead, straightway he is enhaloed with succor and salvation, — you are safe, you need only to call him in your need, and he will save. But should he go more slowly, fall behind, then in the very instant of passing you this same protecting saint becomes decanonized, and worse. There is nothing so suspicious as this dropping behind. True, you preserve a bold back, walk no faster, — note, sir, my valiancy, my unconcern, — but still your knee crooks for flight, and your vocal cords contract for that scream you wonder if you could ever really utter. A corresponding transformation in moral intention, blackguard and chevalier, is possible for the man in your rear. On a recent evening I was hurrying home along the solitary street — steps behind ! Flying, pursuing steps ! Nearer, nearer ! Upon me, and my heart sickened and stopped beating ! But past me, fleeting on and on, disappearing, oh, too swiftly ! For as he left me so quickly again to solitude, I could hardly resist an impulse to gather up my skirts and scamper after, after my retreating protector. I think he made his train.

I have been at some pains to prove the second of my introductory assertions. The reason I have not tried to prove the first is explained by the difference between the Contributors' Club and polite society. In polite society, one is under the obligation of confessing one's virtues, not blatantly, but none the less persistently, wearily, — one's dogging old virtues, as if it were not enough of a bore to live with them in private without having to be seen with them in public. In the Contributors' Club one may have the exquisite pleasure of confessing one's vices. Such is the relief due to the anonymous. To be sure, there are the editors, but then, I don't know the editors ; they are not in our set.

If the shade of Jeremy Bentham ever revisits this planet, and ever **The Delectable Farmhouse.** condescends to ponder over lesser issues than Utility, there is one chapter which he must recognize ought to be added to his Book of Fallacies. This chapter might be called the Fallacy of the Delectable Farmhouse. Most professional and business men have made the acquaintance of this fallacy, when with their better halves they discuss the matter of the prospective summer vacation. There is a distinctively feminine obsession that *somewhere* there must be a farmhouse, delightful for location, the joy of the whole world, with broad and inviting verandas, ideally favored with mingled light and shade, and with an adjacent garden which teems with fruit and early vegetables. In this "haunt of ancient peace" the rooms are cool and spacious, old-fashioned to be sure, but restful, especially the bedrooms where the fitful fever of modern city life flies at the first touch of the lavender-scented sheets. No less remarkable is the portrayal of the proprietor of the Delectable Farm, and of his wife. He has apparently stepped right out of the Saturnian age, and as yet has never been beguiled by the seductive charms of gold. He is thought of as, —

"A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities," —

of which last, city boarders are supposed to stand high in his favor. His wife, one is led to understand, is a sort of benignant divinity whose honest motherly instincts flow as largely as the sea, especially toward the children of strangers temporarily domiciled in the rural homestead. The worthy pair are supposed also to welcome guests to their home for the summer, not primarily for any such sordid considerations as pay, — though, of course, one could not trespass so long on their hospitality without some sort of a pecuniary return, — but mainly because of the pleasant companionship

which their city protégés are sure to afford.

To dissipate the allurements of this intellectual mirage there are in all two ways, and it is largely a matter of masculine temperament which of the two is first attempted. One method consists in certain carefully concealed but intrinsically caustic reflections upon the aforesaid Philemon and Baucis. One may, for example, point out in the true spirit of scientific comparison that the estimable couple are markedly unlike the farmer folk with whom we happen personally to be acquainted. The altruistic disposition which is said to characterize the honest farmer and his spouse is conspicuously absent in Aquarius, our milkman, and in Lupus, the huckster within our gates. Moreover in the absence of ties of personal affection, one may observe with a show of philosophy, it is to the self-interest of strangers, and not to their benevolence, that we habitually appeal, if we are to entertain any confident expectation of counter-service.

These considerations, it must be admitted, while seemingly indisputable, do not always carry conviction to the feminine mind. The uniformity of human nature is a postulate which with them is not beyond question. A second method of logical treatment therefore is outlined. It may be designated the geographical method, and is to be employed as follows: "Granted for the sake of argument that there is such a farmhouse, tenanted by such and such persons, by what railroad line is it to be reached?" From this point on, the logical halter may be drawn as tight as one pleases; for, as one may pleasantly remark, "Arcady is not located on any of the terrestrial maps; the only railroad that touches it is the Utopian Central whose ticket office is not given in the city directory." It will sometimes happen that feeble objections to this argument may be interposed, such, for example, as that there undoubtedly *have been* just such

places, that an account of exactly such a rural paradise appeared last year, or the year before, in the now missing files of a religious weekly, or that a former acquaintance, now dead, had once spent a summer in just such surroundings. These vain obstructions, however, yield invariably to the mild persistence of the query "where?" Thereafter the previous question of "mountains or shore" comes up for prompt adjudication.

Despite the logical triumph which this method is guaranteed to produce, one is bound to admit that victory is often purchased at a high cost. In the victor's subliminal consciousness there is often the disquieting reflection that the grosser considerations of time and place and money have somehow or other blinded his mind to the insinuating beauty of a vision of ideal loveliness whose disturbing influence upon the practical problem of a summer vacation may doubtless be neutralized, but whose power over the pure imagination cannot be broken. It may not be altogether absurd to conjecture that such a pictured paradise is an essential part of the mental make-up of all highly wrought and imaginative souls, whether it go by the name of a heavenly city, a golden age, a fountain of perpetual youth, or merely a delectable farmhouse.

Does it pay to be good? We are all struggling on a darkling plain
Penalties of Precision. if we do not think so. Is there any reward for precision in the use of language? I sorrowfully confess that I have never found any. Let me assure you at the beginning that I have, as we are fond of saying in my part of the country, "no kicks coming." I have not a single rejected manuscript in my cupboard, and in all ways my outlook on life is cheerful. You might say, if I were to throw down my mask, that I am no credible witness, and not entitled to a seat at this board; and yet, to cite Falstaff, he only hath Honour that died o' Wednesday, and as I write on Monday there

are, perhaps, only two days intervening between me and the goal. It was thumped into me in my youth that although I might speak with the tongue of Chrysostom and yet had not accuracy, my utterances would be merely the hollow clang of beaten brass or the silly tinkle of shaken cymbals. So I burned much midnight tallow in pursuit of a method. I played the sedulous ape to royalty at the court of letters; I carried water for the elephants of precision until my back ached; and it profited me, — not at all! One of my literary neighbors, whose name is familiar to students of "best selling" lists, says that polishing and revising bore him; he has a typewriter copyist that does all this to his entire satisfaction. He is a wise man in his generation, and the time he saves by avoiding the drudgery of the desk he needs for the clipping of coupons.

In my own case, I am like the boy that spent a week studying law, and then, on giving it up, said he was sorry he had learned it! I will not say that I am sorry I was ever so foolish as to take pains, but I am a good deal less enthusiastic over art for art's sake than I was in the good old summer time of my youth. Having, several years ago, written a little book at a considerable cost of time and money, and with no thought of pecuniary return, I posted a few copies off to literary friends and sat down to wait. I did not care whether I pleased the public or not; but I did care to please a few of the People That Know. My first acknowledgment came from a man of fastidious taste, who writes always with grace and sometimes with charm. He liked my book well enough; but it pained him to note my misuse of the word avocation. Otherwise he thought the book creditable. Now I had written the sentence in which the offending noun occurred with a feeling of triumph. Did I not know the difference between avocation and vocation? I certainly did, and I had used avocation as the purists direct. Since

then I have had other maddening experiences of the same kind. I find that it is extremely hazardous to use certain words and phrases that have been marked with the red flag of danger by the compilers of books on "English as She Should Be Written." The word transpire, for example, always arrests the eye of the fussy editor or the nervous proof-reader. I have grown tired of having it queried on my proofs, and I shall never use it again.

The same dread hangs over epithet. Because many people have heard that the word is misused, without remembering wherein or why, it is safer to avoid it altogether; and it is really of no use to try to distinguish between sarcasm and irony, unless you are willing to state in a footnote that you own a copy of *A Million Words Misused*, and know what you are doing. A friend, who is famous for his writings in one of our American dialects, tells me that his literary career has been one long struggle to get his manuscripts printed correctly. Certain elisions are not always observed in this dialect, even in the same word when repeated in a single sentence, but may yield to exact literary usage, following, in fact, some rough law of rustic taste. But this is something that my friend has had to explain and defend through many years. A member of the faculty of an ancient and honorable institution of learning, who once read over a set of my proofs, evidently had never heard the phrase, "judicial knowledge" as commonly used, and suggested that I use judicious

knowledge instead! I sat for a time under the preaching of a clergyman who, on one occasion, built a long sermon on two lines of Tennyson, which he misquoted thus:—

"And one far-off divine intent
To which the whole creation moves."

I suspect my fellow parishioners of rank Philistinism, and doubt whether any one shared my misery at hearing these lines repeated and played on thunderously for thirty minutes. But I am older now, and I can see that exact quotations are dangerous; they may lead one into schism and heresy. It is better to be steadfast in error than to take any chance of being misunderstood;—better a speculation about an intention than a description of a real event!

There are people that think they are masters of all the arts if they have trained themselves to flinch at the sight of a split infinitive, and others that are greatly concerned lest the adverb usurp the office of the adjective; and from these and their kind I devoutly pray to be delivered, for they are usually the ones that really know little and are sure of nothing when pressed for reasons. And so it goes. Why, I ask, when nobody really knows, should one trouble about precision? Your answer, O patient sharpener of pencils, that it is enough if we satisfy our own consciences, fills me with weariness; for we do not put on our good clothes to please our private mirrors, but that we may stand in the glare of the lime light and be admired by many.